THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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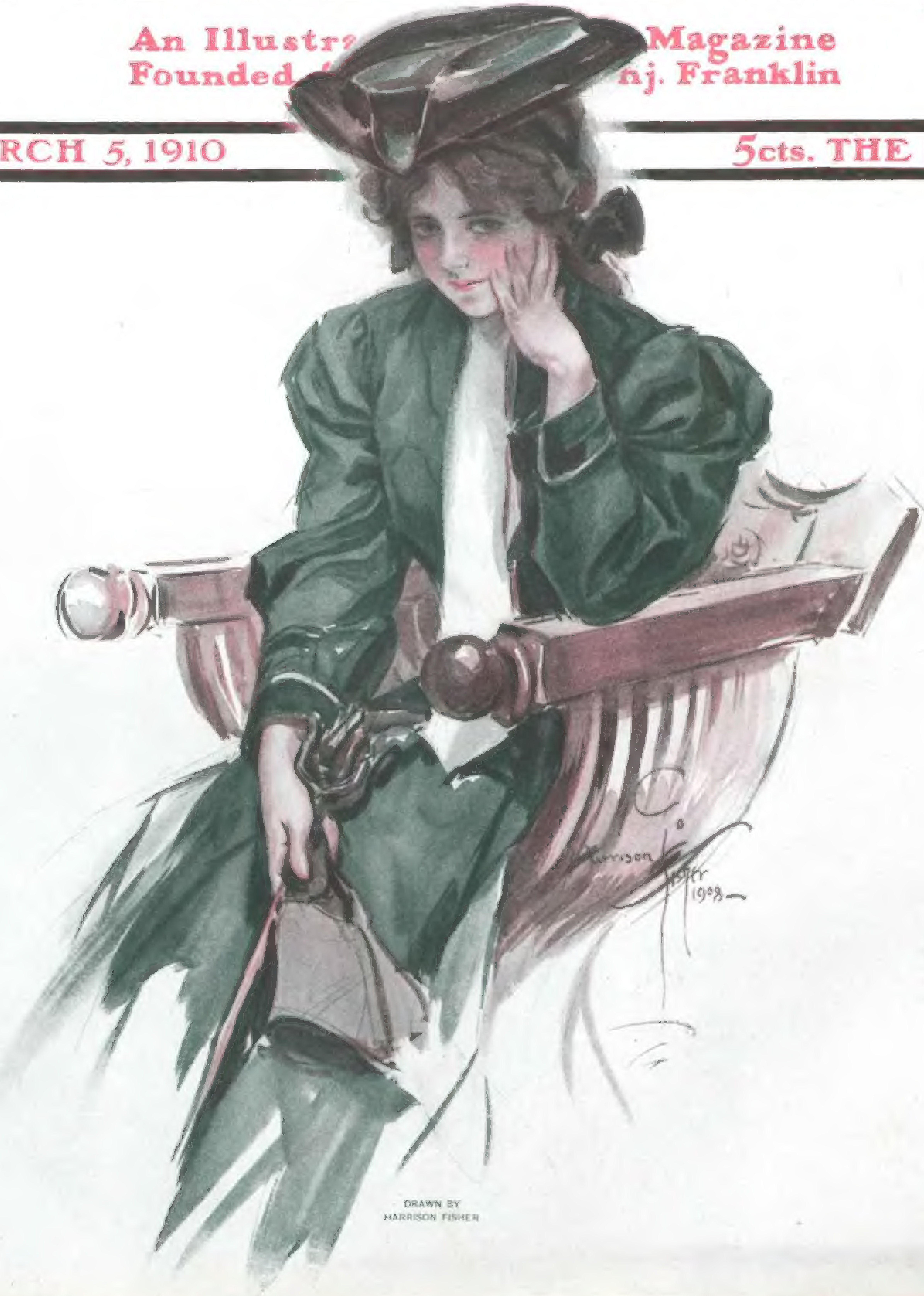
Harrison Fisher 1908

DRAWN BY
HARRISON FISHER

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Study This Astounding Photo of

Detroit-Fenestra

(Patented)

Solid Steel Window Sash in Standard Sizes

WE reproduce here a remarkable photograph. It shows you the unmatched strength of Detroit-Fenestra. The particular attention of *architects* and *engineers*—and of *factory* and *mill owners* is called to this. Also of *contractors* and *owners* and *superintendents* of *warehouses*, *foundries*, *car shops*, *power stations*, *garages* and *industrial* and *public buildings*.

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It is made in standards. This is a radical departure. It insures immediate deliveries and quick construction.

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Daylight for Factories

Low Cost—Permanency—Certain Fire Protection—Employés' Efficiency Increased

104 Standard Sizes and Near Standards Ready for Shipment

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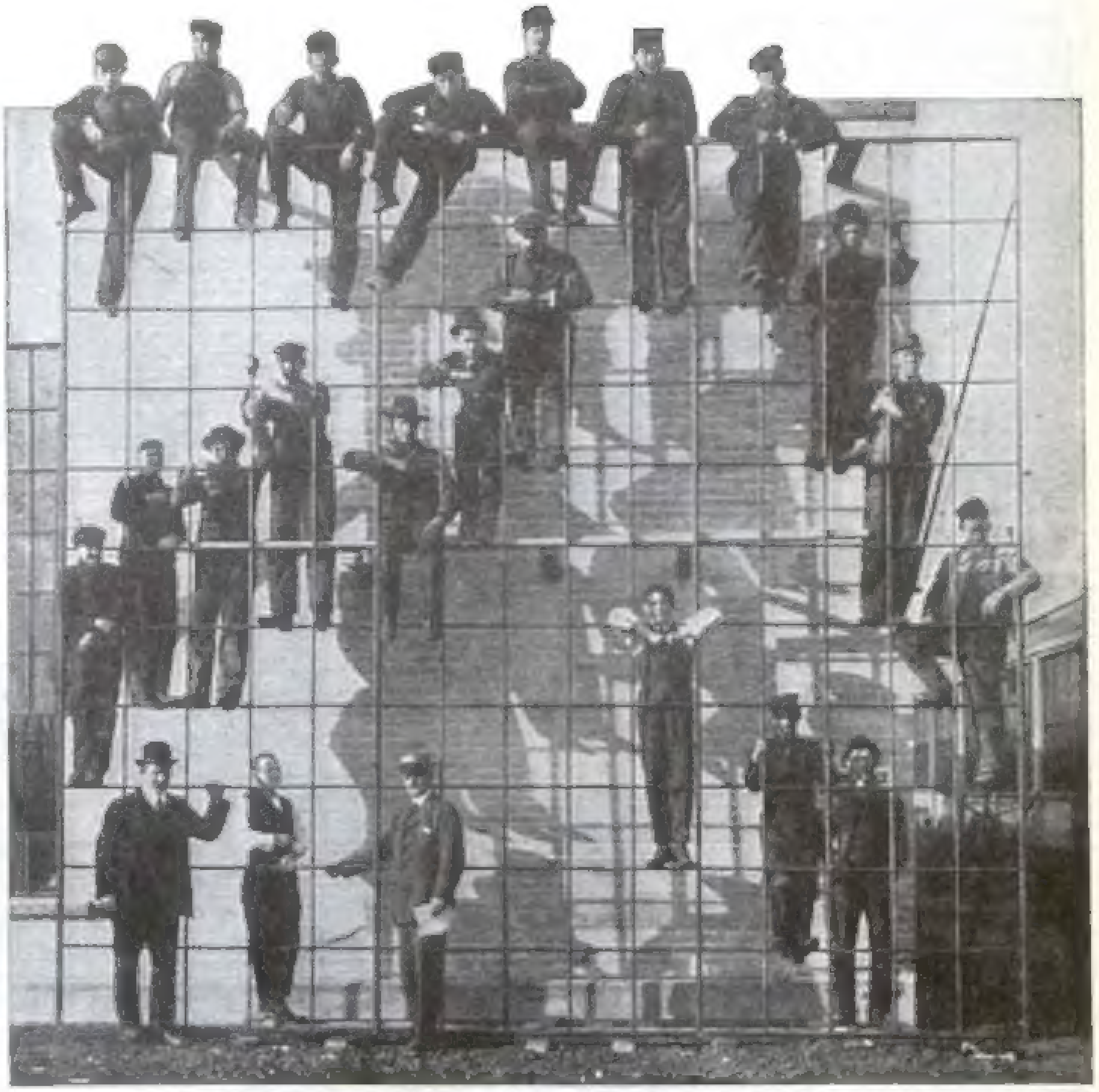
Detroit-Fenestra endures under all conditions. It is absolutely fire proof. It safeguards your machines, materials and employés.

A factory is made light—with sunlight. You can throw the walls almost entirely open to the sun. Immense window openings can be filled by Detroit-Fenestra without the use of obstructing frames or heavy mullions—thereby saving their cost and delivering 25% more light than ever before possible.

Efficiency of employés thus is improved vastly. Your cost of production will show a decided decrease.

Our interesting Pamphlet Y tells you all about the "Fenestra" Joint and Detroit-Fenestra. It includes diagrams and full details and dimensions of various standards, with instructions for erecting and glazing. Send for it today.



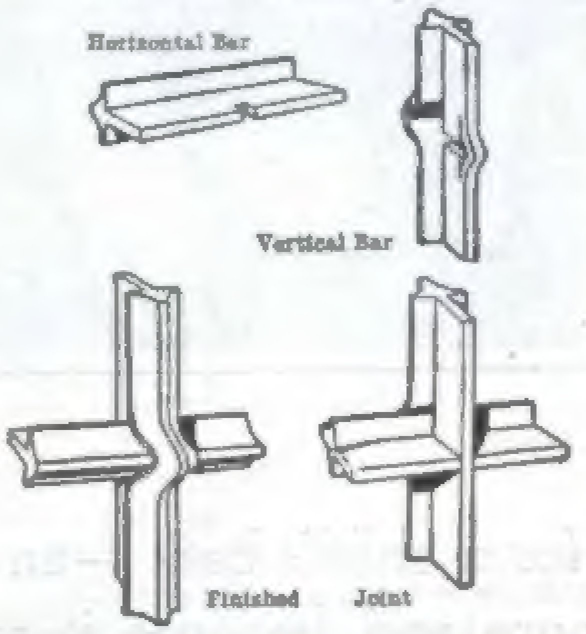
The Strength of the "Fenestra" Joint Illustrated

This "Detroit-Fenestra" Solid Steel Sash is approximately 18 feet square and was made up from standard sections. It is shown supporting 20 men.

Some Notable Users of Detroit-Fenestra

U. S. Steel Corporation, Gary, Ind.
Mitchell Motor Car Co., Racine, Wis.
American Optical Co., Southbridge, Mass.
Minnesota Steel Co., Duluth, Minn.
General Electric Co., Pittsfield, Mass.
Carpenter Steel Co., Reading, Pa.
Peninsular Stove Co., Detroit, Mich.
Beaver Power Building, Dayton, O.
Mengel Box Co., Louisville, Ky.
Rice & Hutchins, So. Braintree, Mass.
Dodge Mfg. Co., Mishawaka, Ind.
Solvay Process Co., Syracuse, N. Y.
Kinnear Mfg. Co., Columbus, O.
J. R. Little Wheel Co., Quincy, Ill.
Stroh Brewing Co., Detroit, Mich.
Detroit Edison Co., Detroit, Mich.
Detroit United Railway, Detroit, Mich.
Erie Railroad Co., Buffalo, N. Y.
Hupp Motor Co., Detroit, Mich.
Nairn Linoleum Co., Kearneys, N. J.
Spencer Wire Co., Worcester, Mass.
American Sterilizer Co., Erie, Pa.
Carnegie Steel Co., Bellaire, O.
Chicago & N. W. Ry. Terminal, Chicago, Ill.
Northern Pacific R. R., St. Paul, Minn.
American Radiator Co., Kansas City, Mo.
U. S. Navy Dept., Boston & Portsmouth Yards
Ford Motor Company Foundry, Detroit, Mich.
St. Louis-Southwestern Railway, Tyler, Texas
Gillette Safety Razor Co., Waverly, N. J.
Metropolitan Electric Co., Reading, Pa.
American Car & Foundry Co., St. Charles, Mo.
J. M. Kohler Sons' Co., Sheboygan, Wis.
Fiat Automobile Co., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
Buffalo Pumping Station, Buffalo, N. Y.
Minnesota State Penitentiary, Stillwater, Minn.
N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R., West Albany Shops
C. T. Patterson Building, New Orleans, La.
Michigan Alkali Co., Wyandotte, Mich.
Grand Rapids Pumping Stat., Grand Rapids, Mich.
Corsicana Gas & Electric Co., Corsicana, Texas
Ireland & Matthews Mfg. Co., Detroit, Mich.
Hammond, Standish & Co., Detroit, Mich.

The "Fenestra" Joint



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Manufacturers

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Draw up no plans—erect no building—until you know all about "Detroit-Fenestra." Send for pamphlet today. It is free.

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You may send me, free, your Pamphlet Y and details of "Detroit-Fenestra" Solid Steel Window Sash in Standard Sizes.

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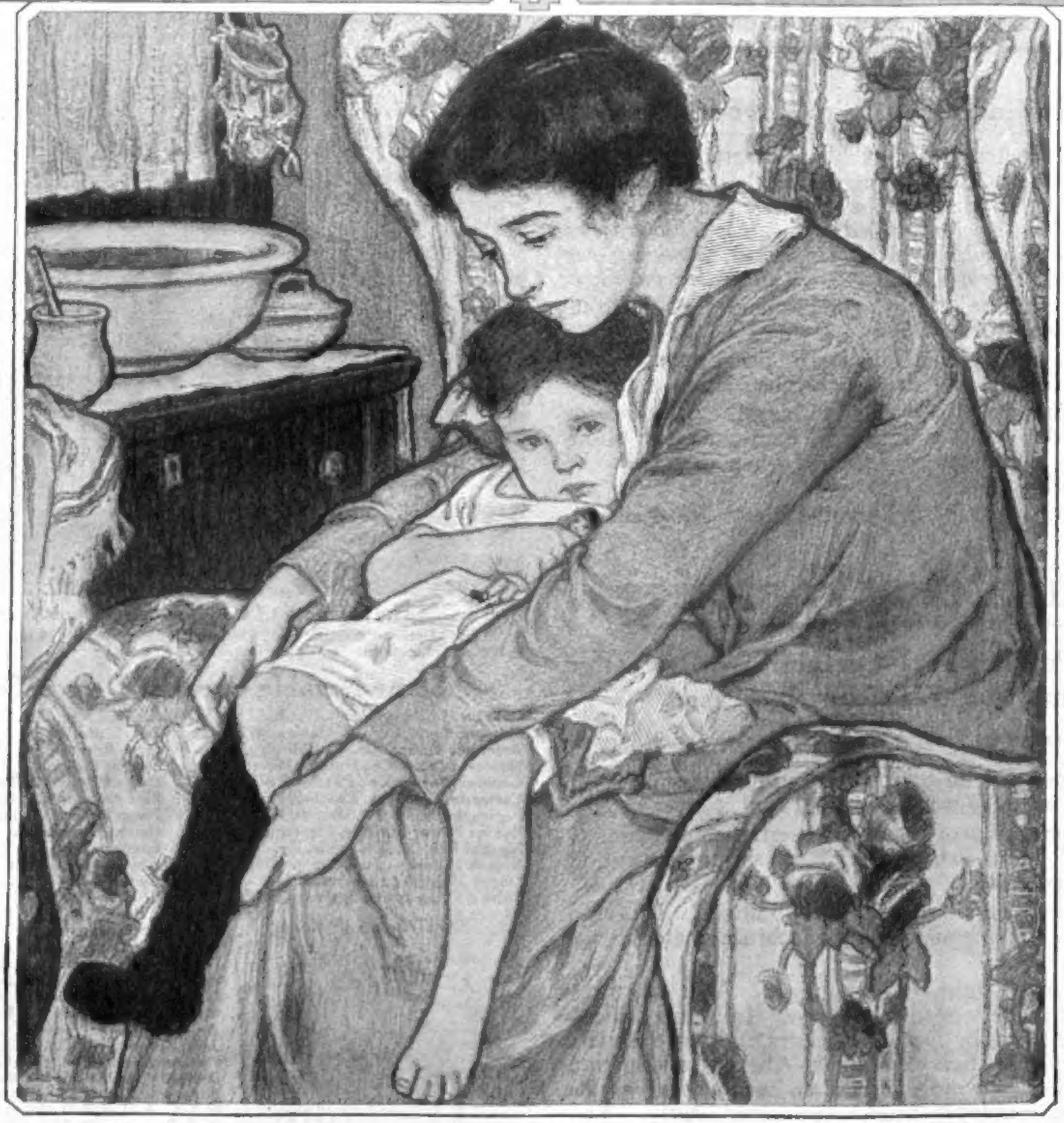

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THAT AWFUL NIGHT

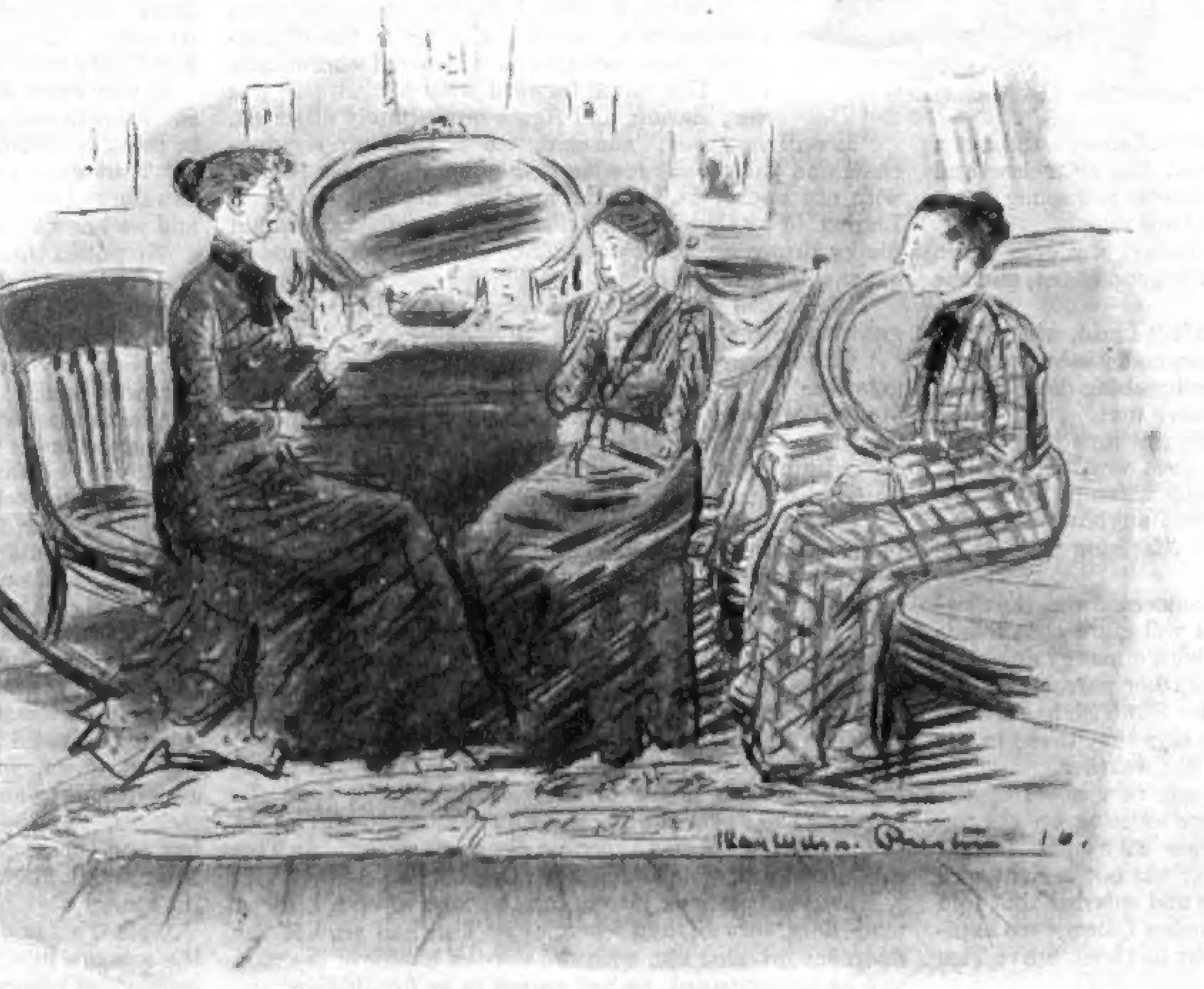
Three Old Maids in a Boat—By Mary Roberts Rinehart

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

NOTHING would have induced me to tell the scandalous story had it not been for Letitia's green kimono. But when it was found at the Watermelon Camp, two miles from our cottage, hanging to the branch of a tree, instead of the corduroy trousers and blue flannel shirt that one of the campers said he had hung there over night, it seemed to require explanation. For one of the men at the Watermelon Camp knew the kimono.

He brought it up the next morning, hanging over his arm, and asked Letitia for the trousers and shirt! He said that the young man who owned them had to wear a blanket until we returned them, not having any other clothes in camp. Also, he said there was a particular kind of bass hook in one of the pockets, and if there was any reason why we could not return the trousers, would we be kind enough to send back the hook.

Now Tish is a teacher in the Sunday-school and has been for thirty-five years. But she looked up from the bowl she was wiping—we had made a pretense at breakfast, although nobody could eat—and she started to lie.



May Wilson Preston 10.

"It's All Very Well to Sit Here in a Rocking-Chair and Talk About Rowing Four Miles to Sunset Island"

"I don't know what you mean by coming here for your corduroy trousers and flannel shirt," she said, with a three-cornered red spot in each cheek. "As for that kimono, I never saw it before!"

Then she dropped the bowl. She had to pay twenty cents into the cottage exchequer for it afterward, and she explained that she felt the bowl going, and the falsehood slipped out before she knew what she was saying. Anyhow, it did no good, for the young man in knickerbockers and a bathing-shirt held up the kimono, grinning, and pointed to the laundry tag. It said "Letitia Carberry" very plainly.

Aggie weakened at once. It is always Aggie that weakens. She sat down on the porch step and began to cry. She had been crying off and on all morning, having lost her upper teeth when the boat—but that brings me to the boat. Just as Aggie threw her apron over her face we saw old Carpenter, the boatman, coming up the path. I caught Tish's arm as she was escaping into the house. "Not a step," I whispered sternly. "If they arrest one of us they take us all."

"You see, it was like this," the young man was saying. "Carleton, one of our fellows, was out in his motor canoe last night, and it upset. When he came in he says he hung his trousers and shirt out on a branch to dry. Anyhow, when he got up an hour or so ago his clothes were gone, and this—er—garment was there instead." He was staring very hard at Tish. "He didn't notice the change, being half asleep, and he got his feet in the sleeves all right, but when it came to drawing it up he noticed something strange about it."

At the name Carleton, Aggie threw me an agonized glance from her apron. She would not speak without her teeth, and Tish was stooping over the pieces of the bowl. I am a Christian woman, but, seeing Aggie weak-kneed and Tish as shaky as gelatin, I hoped that Carpenter, the boatman, would have apoplexy or fall and break his leg before he reached the porch. I turned on the young man at the foot of the steps.

"If you think," I said indignantly, "that three ladies, past their youth and with affairs of their own to look after, have nothing better to do than to wander around at night stealing clothing that they could not possibly wear, and leaving in exchange articles that they—er—cherish, go in and examine the house."

Carpenter had come up and stood respectfully by, listening, and to my horror I saw that he held the other half of Aggie's broken oar.

"He won't go into my room!" Aggie said suddenly and with amazing clearness, considering her teeth.

"Nonsense," I snapped. "This young man has seen an unmade bed before." But Aggie had gone pale, and suddenly I remembered. The handle of the very oar Carpenter carried was laying on a chair beside her bed. All that terrible night she had held on to it as a weapon.

The young man in the bathing-shirt only smiled, however, and shifted Tish's kimono to the other shoulder.

"Certainly, if you say you haven't seen Carleton's clothes," he said easily, "the matter is settled. No doubt the same breeze last night that blew the kimono down to the camp and hung it on the branch of a tree took the trousers to make a sensation on one of the near-by islands. I am sorry Carleton didn't know they were going traveling; he would at least have had them brushed."

While I was glaring at him Carpenter stepped forward and placed the oar blade on the edge of the porch. When Aggie saw the name Witch Hazel she opened her mouth like a fish, and I dare say if I had not pinched her she would have told the whole miserable story then and there. Not that I am ashamed of it—I am not too old, thank the Lord, to know real love when I see it—but Aggie has no sense of proportion, and in her telling what was pure romance would have become merely assault and battery, with intent to compound a felony.

"I reckon, Miss Lizzie," Carpenter said, addressing me, "that you and Miss Tish and Miss Aggie didn't take the Witch Hazel out last night and forget to bring her back, did you?"

Aggie shut her mouth and swallowed.

"Certainly," I retorted sarcastically. "We decided to take a midnight row yesterday evening, but the boat leaked. In the middle of the lake it filled and sank under our feet."

Tish gave me an awful look.

"I suppose if we'd taken your boat out we'd have brought it back, not being mermaids," she snapped.

"That's what I argued down at the camp," he meditated. "I said to them: 'You boys have been up to some devilment or other, and I'll git you yet. It ain't likely that them three old—them three ladies, that can't row a stroke or swim a yard, would take the Witch Hazel out in the middle of the night in a storm, sink the boat, and swim home four miles in time to put up their crimps and get breakfast.'"

"Thirtainly not," Aggie said, with injured dignity. "I can't thwim a thtroke."

Carpenter spat on one of our whitewashed cobblestones. "It's what you might call reemarkable," he observed. "Not another soul on the island, and won't be till the Methodist camp-meeting next week; one of the boys at the Watermelon Camp with a blanket on instead of his pants and a bandage on his head, and the Witch Hazel stole last night by somebody who cuts through her painter with a pair of scissors and takes her out with two oars that ain't mates."

The young man with the kimono dropped it carelessly into Aggie's lap and straightened, with a glance at her stricken face.

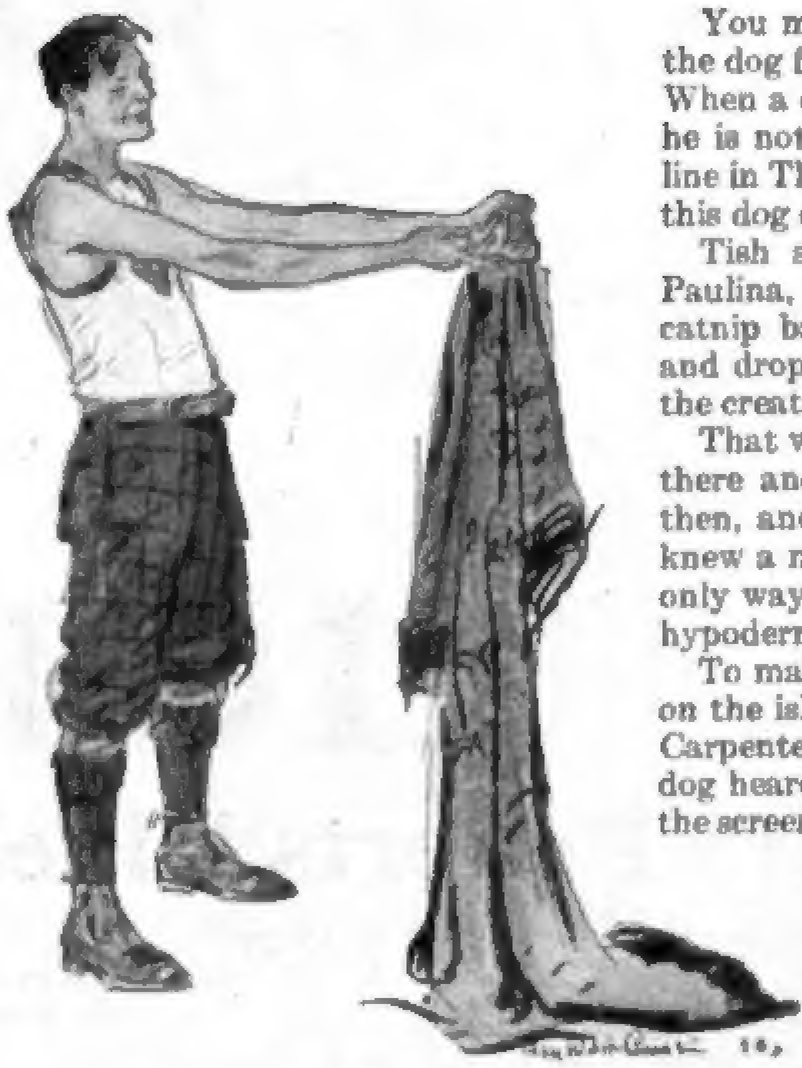
"Scissors!" he repeated. "Oh, come, Abe, you're no detective. How the mischief do you know whether the rope was cut with scissors or chewed off?"

Abe dived into his pocket and brought up two articles on the palm of his hand.

"Scissored off or chewed off!" he said triumphantly. "Take your choice."

There, gleaming in the sunlight, were Tish's scissors and Aggie's upper teeth!

"Found them in four feet of water at the end of the boat dock," he said, "where I left the Witch Hazel last night. If them teeth ever belonged in a fish, then I'm a dentist."



It Said "Letitia Carberry" Very Plainly

I remember the next ten minutes through a red haze: I knew in a dim way that Aggie had clutched at her teeth and disappeared; I heard from far off Tish's voice explaining that Aggie had dropped the scissors in the water the previous afternoon and had lost her teeth while lying on the dock trying to fish them up—the scissors, of course—with a hairpin on the end of a string. And finally, with the line of the waterfront undulating before my dizzy eyes like a marcel wave—which is a figure of speech and not a pun—I realized that Carpenter and the sleeveless and neckless young man from the camp were retreating down the path, and I knew that the ordeal was over.

I believe I fainted, for when I opened my eyes again Tish was standing in front of me with a cup of tea, and she had been crying.

"You needn't feel so badly about it," I said, when I had taken a sip. "There are times when to lie is humanity."

"It isn't that," Tish whimpered, breaking down again, "but—but the wretches didn't believe me!"

"No," I echoed sadly, "they didn't believe you."

"I could think of so many better ones now," she wailed.

"Never mind," I said, with a feeble attempt to console her. "They won't jail us for lying, anyhow. We are reasonably safe, Tish, unless Mr. Carleton has Aggie arrested for assault and battery."

But he did not. The only court concerned was the marriage-license court, from which you will know that this is a love story. Even if it does begin with a mangy dog.

At least Aggie said it was mange; her parrot had the same moth-eaten look before it died. But Tish has always maintained that it was fleas. She says they breed in the grass and attack dogs in swarms in hot weather.

The dog was put ashore under our very noses by the crew of a passing launch. We were knitting on our veranda that afternoon, looking across at Sunset Island, which is four miles away. Carpenter was not in sight, and from down the beach came the yells and splashes that told that the college boys at the Watermelon Camp were bathing. We were sitting with our backs to them, when Tish said suddenly:

"There is a launch coming in."

There was—a very fine one, although handsome is as handsome does, as the colored man said about the hippopotamus. For as the launch steamed past a man in a white uniform threw something with a thud on to the dock. It was a dog. The next moment they headed out into the lake again, paying no attention to Tish, who ran down the path and tried to signal them with the raffia basket she was making.

The dog came up and sniffed at her.

Now, we never have any dogs on the island, even in the season. Tish's uncle had been bitten once by a dog and, although he never had hydrophobia, he was always strange afterward. They say that when he coughed it was exactly like a bark, and the very sight of a cat upset him terribly. Also, although the family never said much about this, I have heard that after he died they found a collection of bones in his upper washstand drawer. And my grandmother saw him once eating raw meat mixed with onion, between slices of bread! So when we bought the island and sold parts of it for cottages we always put in the agreement of sale: "No intoxicants, no phonographs and no dogs."

You may imagine how we felt, therefore, when we saw the dog following Tish up the path and biting at her heels. When a dog bites at your heels and isn't wagging his tail he is not playing—he is in earnest. It is much like that line in The Virginian: "When you say that, smile!" But this dog did not smile.

Tish shouted to us, as she came, to run and shut Paulina, her cat, in the spare room, and to give her her catnip ball—the cat, not Tish. And then she came up and dropped on the porch step and covered her feet, and the creature sat down before her and dared her to move.

That was the most terrible afternoon of my life. He sat there and drooled over the step, and growled now and then, and Tish told about her uncle, and Aggie said she knew a man who had been attacked by a bulldog, and the only way they got him loose was to give him—the dog—a hypodermic of poison and pry him off after he died.

To make matters worse there did not seem to be a soul on the island. The boys from the camp had disappeared; Carpenter's cabin was closed and locked. At teatime the dog heard Paulina wailing upstairs and he made a hole in the screen door and went after her. He had chewed almost through the guestroom door before Aggie called him off with the chops for supper.

That decided us.

About eight o'clock that evening, while the creature was gnawing at a leg of the dining-room table, we held a whispered conference, and Tish came forward with a plan. It was very daring, and Aggie immediately objected.

"It's all very well," she said, "to sit here in a rocking-chair and talk about rowing four miles to Sunset Island, with not one of us knowing anything about a boat and Lizzie told by that fortune-teller last spring that she would die by drowning. Not only that—how are you going to get the dog into the boat?"

Tish leaned forward cautiously. The dog was still gnawing in the next room.

"Chloroform him!" she whispered. "Wait until he gets sleepy. Then take Lizzie's bath sponge, soak it with your chloroform liniment, Aggie, and when he's stupefied carry him down and dump him in the boat."

"Why not let Carpenter do it in the morning?" Aggie objected. She was green with nervousness.

"Carpenter!" Tish snorted. "If he ever sees that flea-bitten creature he will keep him."

Carpenter, being an original settler, had never subscribed to the liquor, phonograph and dog clause.

At eleven o'clock the dog turned over on his side and went to sleep. We were ready. My sponge, saturated with Aggie's liniment and impaled on the end of Tish's umbrella, was held to his nostrils, and we each drew a long breath. But we had counted without Aggie's hay fever. Just as the creature seemed about settled and was growing limp, Aggie began to sneeze, and by the time the paroxysm was over the dog was awake and had eaten part of the sponge. It was a terrible disappointment. As Tish said afterward, we should have anæsthetized Aggie first.

However, perhaps it was for the best after all, for it made him very ill, and when, after Tish had washed the floor, she prodded him with the wooden handle of the mop and he only groaned, he had ceased to be formidable.

"It's now or never," Tish said with determination, and put on her overshoes. It had been raining, and luckily Aggie put her plaid shawl around her shoulders. What we should have done later without that shawl I shudder to think. Tish put on a knitted cape, and I tied a scarf over my head. Then, with the dog—no longer a capital D—wobbling at the end of a clothes-line, we started.

At the last minute Tish had a spell of conscience and hunted up a bottle of cleaning fluid to put in the boat.

"It's mostly gasoline," she said. "If it's mange it won't do any harm, and if it's fleas it will kill them. We can put it on just before we leave him on Sunset Island. You start pouring it at his nose and work along his back. The fleas will drop off his tail. Every creature deserves a chance." None of us thought of the ether in the stuff, although, as it turned out, it did not hurt the dog. It was never used on the dog.

We got to the dock without incident, Aggie ahead with the dog, and Tish and I feeling for the rope of Carpenter's skiff. Tish had the scissors in case we couldn't untie it. Just as we found it and stooped, something splashed. Tish straightened and gripped me by the arm.

"Did you throw anything in?" she demanded in an awful tone.

"Stop pinching me, Tish Carberry," I snapped, "or I will!"

There was a silence for a minute; then there was a swirling, whitish appearance at our very feet, and something dark raised itself up in the water and stood waving its arms. Then it gave a gurgle or two, choked, coughed and finally sneezed. We knew the sneeze: it was Aggie!

It was when she got her breath that she said the thing she flatly denied afterward, but for which she was obliged to pay five dollars into the fine-box.

"That devil's imp pulled me in!" she gurgled. "I've thwallowed ——" She clapped her hands to her mouth and we knew at once. Her teeth!

We pulled them both out grimly—Aggie and the dog—and Tish ordered Aggie to the house for dry clothes at once. "And it might be as well, Agatha," she added coldly, "if you would wash your mouth out with soap. You can buy new teeth, but you cannot buy another immortal soul."

Agatha sloshed a half dozen steps up the dock. Then she turned on us both in the darkness.

"If you had thwallowed two gallonth of dirty water, tho that you can feel it thaking in you when you walk, and had lotht your thell back-comb and your betht upper-teeth, you wouldn't care, Tith Carberry, whether you had an immortal thoul or not."

Then she thtalked—stalked, I mean—up to the house. Tish was furious, but luckily I have a sense of humor. With Aggie's soul hanging fire, so to speak, I sat down on the dock in the rain and laughed. That was the beginning of my deterioration; from that instant, when I braved rheumatism and Tish's displeasure, to that later moment just at dawn, when we came back to the dock again, draggled, dirty and guilty, I was forty-nine years young—reckless, disdainful of consequences, unmindful of wet feet and the proprieties, forgetful even of law and order. That awful, glorious night when young Love—but that's the story.

Well, Tish and I got the boat loose, and Tish dropped the scissors into the water. Then when we got in Tish insisted on rowing with her face to the bow of the boat. She said she couldn't see where she was going if she didn't, which, of course, was true enough. We dragged the dog in by his tail and then sat and waited for Aggie. When she did come she was sulky, and almost the only words she said that entire night were "Kill him!" And that was under stress of great excitement, at three o'clock in the morning.

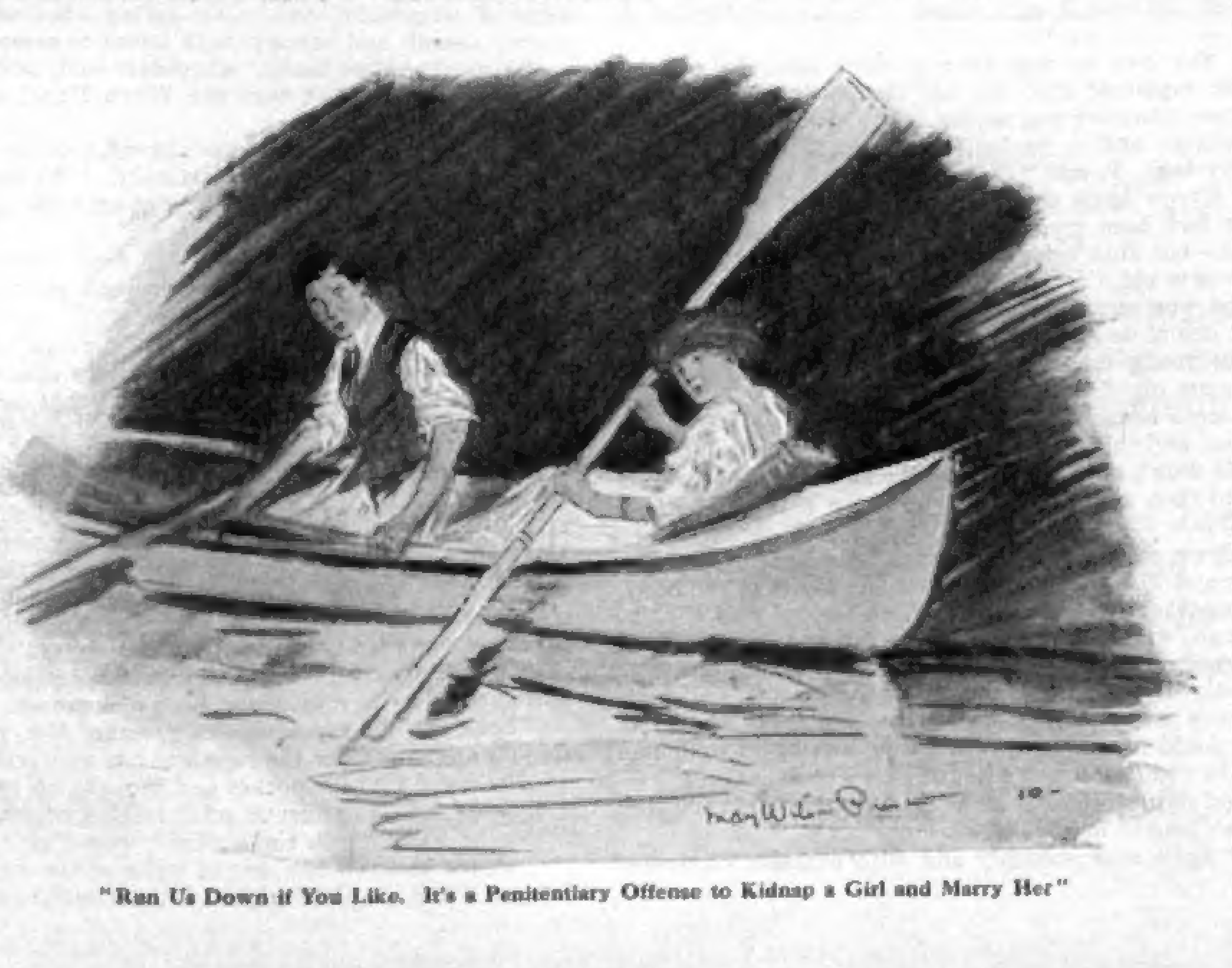
The night was very black, but a light on the boat landing at Sunset Island gave us our direction. Tish and I rowed, I behind her; and as she had an unexpected habit of scooping the top off a wave with her oar and throwing it over my face and chest, finally, in desperation I turned my back to her. It was really easier rowing that way, although we did not keep very good time. But as I explained, when Tish objected, it was really safer, for by rowing back to back we could see in both directions at once.

When we were about a mile from shore Aggie spoke for the first time.

"The boat'th leaking!" she said.

"Gracious!" I exclaimed, and felt my petticoats. They were sopping.

"Nonsense!" Tish sneered. "It's the water Lizzie's been ladling in with her oars." Then she



"Run Us Down if You Like. It's a Penitentiary Offense to Kidnap a Girl and Marry Her" caught a wave with her oar and poured it down my back. At that minute the dog moved uneasily in the bottom of the boat and crawled up on the seat in the bow, where he sat and wailed.

We should have gone back; I said so then, but Tish is like all the Carberrys—immovably obstinate. When I tried to row back to the landing she was rowing for Sunset Island, and all we did was to make as much splash as a paddlewheel steamer and not move an inch in either direction. And just then Tish broke an oar.

"There!" she snapped, turning on me, of course. "Just look what your pig-headedness ——"

She never finished. She was staring, petrified, at the rim of the boat. There were two white splotches on it that looked like hands! The more I looked, the more I knew they were hands! And then the boat tilted to that side until we all screamed, and a head and shoulders appeared, fell back out of sight, upreared themselves with a mighty heave, and—dropped into the boat.

It was a man—a young man. Even in the darkness he gleamed white from head to foot. We shut our eyes and screamed. When we stopped he had sat down on the dog, discovered him, slid him with a splash into the bottom of the boat and had settled himself in the bow.

"I'm sorry I frightened you," he was saying, "but—I'd been swimming for a good while, and your boat was an oasis in the dusty desert."

"Get back into the water instantly!" Tish commanded, turning her profile to him. "Have you no shame?"

"Oh, as to that," he said, aggrieved, "I—I have something on, you know. Of course, they are wet, and they stick to me, but ——"

"Give him thith," Aggie broke in, and unwound herself from her shawl. I passed it to Letitia over my shoulder, and Letitia averted her face and held it out to him.

"Thanks, awfully," he said. "After all that exercise the night air is cold on a fellow's back."

At that Letitia turned on him in a rage.

"Will you open that shawl out and cover yourself?" she asked furiously. "*Cover yourself.* Your back! Look at your legs!"

"As long as you sit quiet and behave you may stay in the boat," I added, with as much composure as I could get over my trembling lips. "Otherwise, I warn you, we have a dog."

At that I think he prodded the dog with his foot, for he set up a nauseated whine—the dog, of course—and the young gentleman laughed.

"Your dog is quite safe, madam," he said. "I wouldn't bite him for anything." Then he leaned forward in the darkness and stared at Tish and myself.

"Upon my soul!" he muttered; and then aloud: "How in the name of all that is nautical did you ladies get as far from shore as this, when you are rowing in different directions?"

Tish refused to answer, and fell to rowing madly with her one oar, so that we turned around and around in a circle. Aggie had not said a word. She was sitting in the stern with her jug in her lap and her handkerchief over her mouth.

"This is a wonderful piece of luck," he said finally. "I must have been blown up the lake and I'm pretty nearly winded. I hope I didn't startle you?"

"Not at all," I said, as coolly as I could. At least he didn't have a revolver; there was no place to hide one, or a knife either. "Are you out for a pleasure trip, or did you have any definite objective point?" This scathingly.

"Just land," he said. "Any old land will do," cheerfully. "Preferably near a boathouse, if possible."

"We are going to Thunthet Iland," Aggie lisped, encouraged by his good humor.

This seemed to surprise him, but after a minute he threw back his head and laughed—it was almost a chuckle. Certainly, if he was a lunatic, he was a cheerful one.

"Kismet!" he said. "To Sunset Island, then! Forward! And God with us!"

The rain was over, and by the starlight we could make out a little more about our intruder. He seemed large and not bad looking, and he had a nice voice. It was a disappointment, when we finally saw him in the daylight, to find that his hair was red, but it was offset by an attractive smile and exceedingly good teeth. Next to a nice nose, I like a man to have good teeth. But of course some of the greatest rascals have all the physical attributes at the expense of the moral ones. As to his good humor, every one knows that a man can smile and smile and be a villain still. He wanted to take the oars, but an oar is a mighty effective weapon—neither Tish nor I would give ours up. Finally ——

"I suppose you haven't any gasoline with you?" he said, leaning forward and hugging the shawl under his chin.

"There'th a quart bottle of cleaning fluid ——" Aggie began, but Tish interrupted her.

"Agatha!" she said.

"I suppose you don't know of a boathouse near, where we could steal some, do you?" he reflected.

We!

Tish lifted her oar out of the water and leaned on it. There is no space here to set down what she said, but she did it thoroughly. She told him what she thought of his going around in his present costume; she told him that two of us were Methodist Protestants and one an Episcopalian, and that we would not assist him to steal anybody's gasoline, or wife, or silver spoons; and she ended up by demanding that he go back where he came from immediately; adding that we could not compromise ourselves by landing him anywhere in his existing undress—only Tish called it negligee.

He listened meekly.

"If that's the way you feel," he said finally, "of course I'll drop back into the water. Drowning's an easy death. But if, during your excursion, you happen to come across a motor boat containing a girl with a red-striped awning. I wish you would tell her that I did the best I could."

He stood up and began to take off the shawl. Tish poked at him with her oar.

"Don't be a young idiot," she snapped. "We're not making you walk the plank. What about the young lady?"

"It's rather a story," he said, drawing the shawl around him again and sitting down. "But the idea is this: When a fellow starts to elope with a girl and then funks it, by getting drowned, or running out of gasoline, or anything of that sort, and leaves her sitting in a dead motor boat in the middle of the night, she's—she's apt to be touchy about it."

"Lord have mercy!" said Tish. "You were abducting a young woman!"

"Penitentiary offense," he confirmed coolly.

"When she didn't want to be eloped with?" I added. I confess I had a queer thrill up and down my back.

"Well," he considered, "hardly that. She only thought she didn't. She has been told so many times that she mustn't like me that now she thinks she doesn't. Pure power of suggestion. If she hadn't pitched a can of gasoline overboard in a temper we'd have been miles away by this time," he finished, with his first suggestion of gloom.

In the darkness I heard Aggie draw a long breath. Aggie is romantic, having been engaged a long time ago to a young man in the roofing business, who fell off a roof.

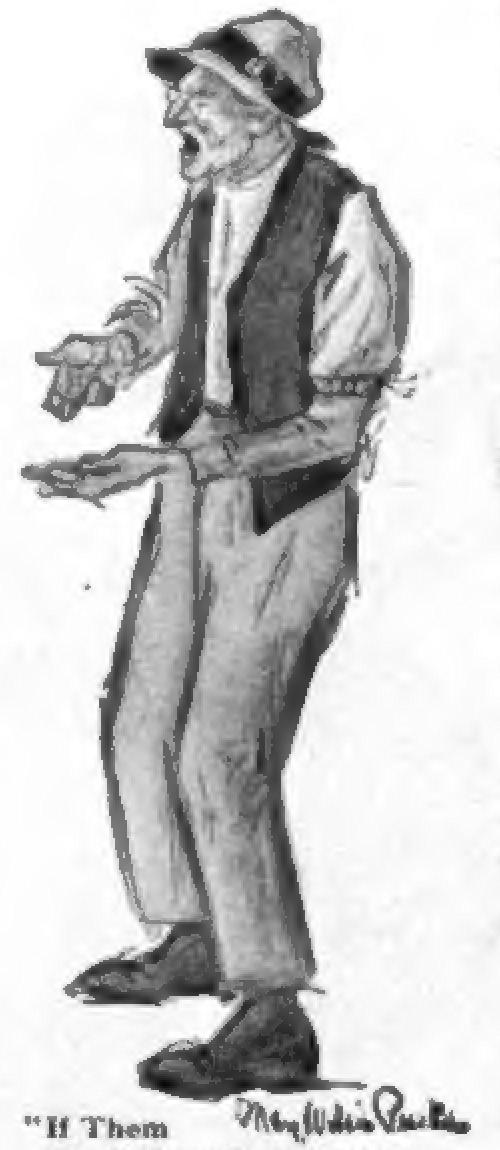
"How you mutht love her!" she said; and one could imagine her clasping her hands. "And how alarmed the mutht be for you."

"She said she hoped I would drown," he said, more cheerfully, "but that's only girl's talk. When she gets over thinking she doesn't like me she's going to be crazy about me. When a girl hates a fellow she's next door to loving him."

"'Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings,'" Tish snorted with scorn, and just then the dog began to whine again and tried to crawl up into Aggie's lap. The young man in the shawl started to say something about having a minister waiting at Telusah, and stopped suddenly.

"It isn't raining now," he said, "and yet this boat is filling. Does she leak?"

She did; we knew it then. The water that had been sloshing around in the bottom was almost to the top of our overshoes, and an instant later Aggie, with a fine disregard of the proprieties, had her feet up on the thwarts. We are all vague about the next few minutes, but after a great deal of screeching and tipping of the boat, our young man, with the shawl belted around him as a petticoat, was in Tish's seat rowing like mad, and we were all bailing with our rubber shoes.



"If Them Teeth Ever Belonged in a Fish, Then I'm a Dentist"

We headed the boat straight for Sunset Island, which was as near as any place, but in spite of us it kept on getting fuller. And just when Aggie had lifted her jug into her lap to lighten her end of the boat, and the water was well above our shoetops and climbing, and Tish was muttering the alphabet under the impression that she was praying, the boat stopped suddenly, and the young man said:

"Why don't you women bail? What are you doing? Tickling the ribs of the boat? We'll never get to shore at this rate!" Aggie began to sniffle, and the young man in the shawl stood up and peered over the water. "Lillian!" he shouted, "wave the lantern! Coo—ee!"

We all heard it. From far down the lake came a distant "coo—ee" that was not an echo. The Shawl Man muttered something and lurched where he stood; the boat tipped, of course, and more water came over the edge.

Aggie began fervently: "For what we are about to receive, O Lord, make us duly thankful," when the boat bumped without warning into something.

It was just in time. As I, the last, was hauled into the motor launch, the Witch Hazel slid greasily under the surface, to rise no more.

The loss of the Witch Hazel was deplorable, and later we sent Carpenter, anonymously, money to buy a new boat. He has one which he calls the Urticaria, but the ghost of the Witch Hazel still walks in his mind, and he has never solved the mystery of its disappearance.

It was some time before we could realize that eternity had ceased staring us in the face and had taken a back seat, so to speak. The first thing Tish said was that, man or no man, her shoes were going to come off; and while Aggie was alternately wringing her hands and her petticoats, I happened to notice the Shawl Man. He was standing holding his garment around him and staring ahead.

"You needn't feel so badly," I said to him. "We're only glad Aggie had the shawl, and now, if you can run the launch, why don't you hunt up your own, with the young lady in it?"

"This is the boat!" he said heavily, and, sitting down, he dropped his chin in his hands.

Well, there was no girl. Dark as it was, we could all see that. Tish looked up suspiciously from where she was stuffing her wet shoes with her stockings, to keep them in shape.

"I don't see any clothes either," she said tartly. "I suppose your lady friend tied them into a bundle and swam ashore with them in her teeth!"

"I left her there in that chair!" he affirmed. He looked dazed. "She—she

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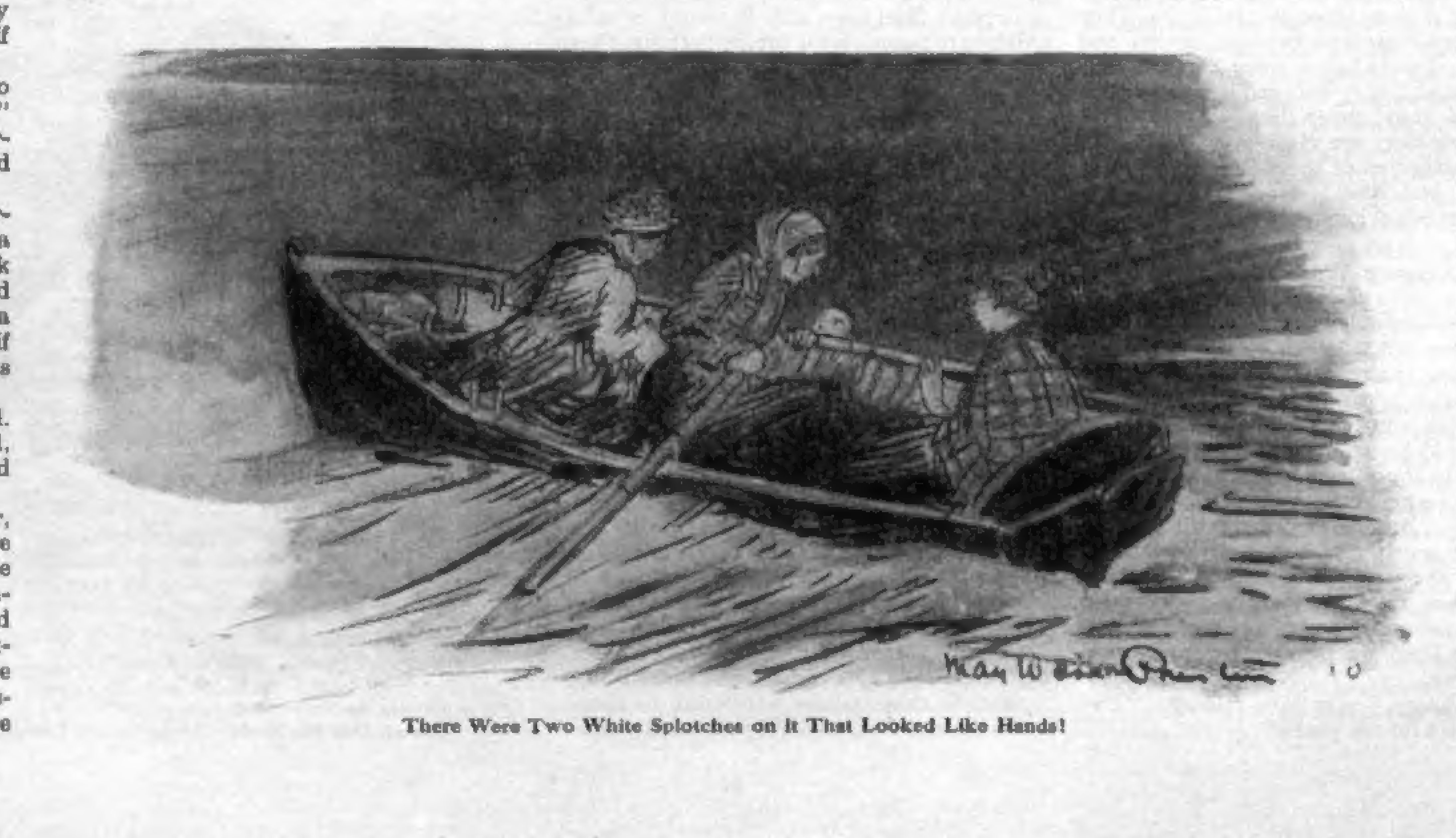


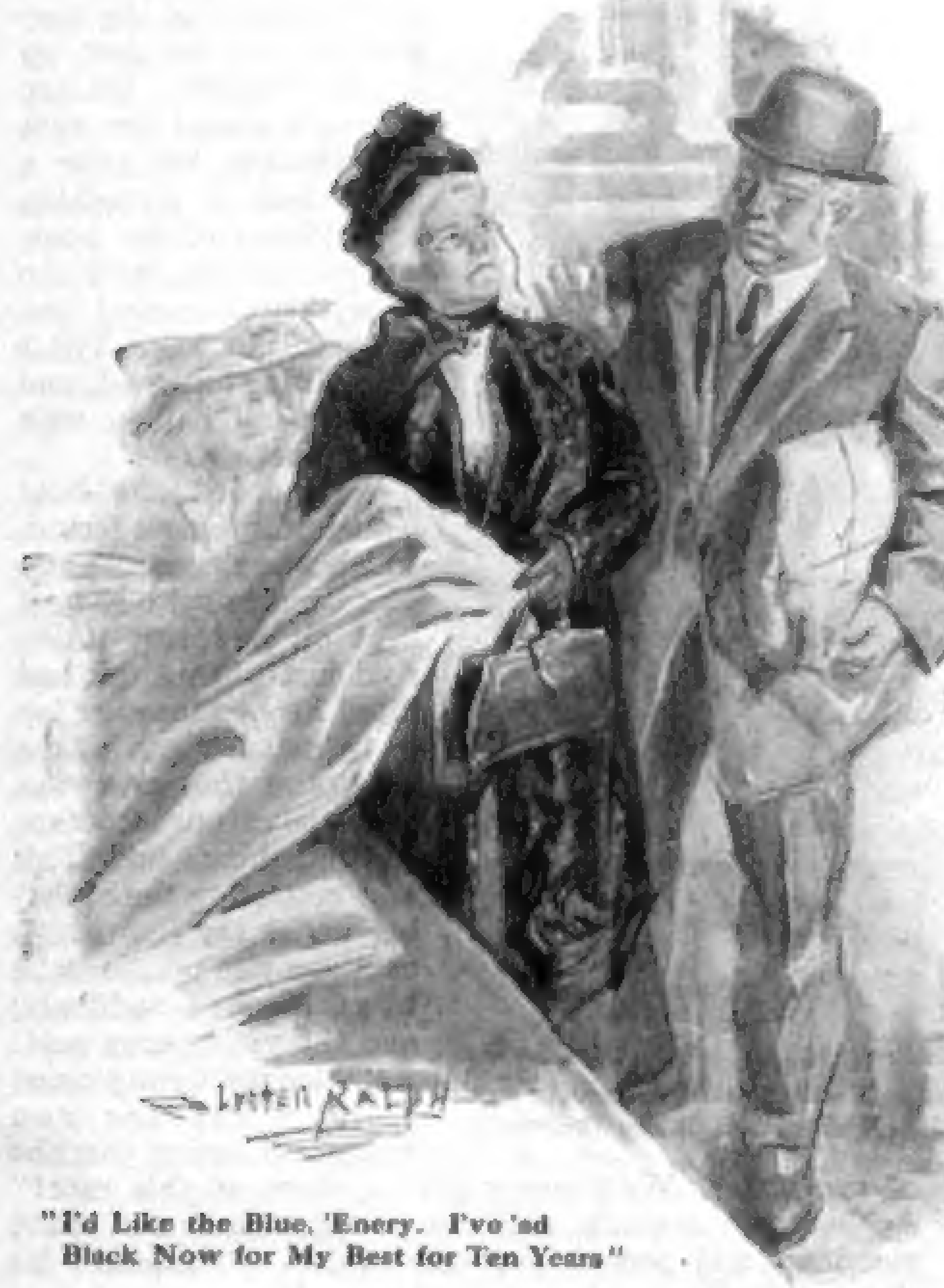
There Were Two White Splotches on It That Looked Like Hands!

WIVES ACROSS THE SEA

How the Recording Angel is Domesticated Abroad

By MAUDE RADFORD WARREN

ILLUSTRATED BY LESTER RALPH



"I'd Like the Blue, 'Enery. I've 'ad Black Now for My Best for Ten Years"

THE European man says to his American brother: "You spoil your wives, and you don't know how to bring up your children." The American says to the European: "Your wives are either toys or dull housewomen, and our children love us when they are grown up."

The American woman says to the European woman: "Your husbands over there are so gallant; they don't stop making love—the French and Italians, anyway; they always hold the doors open and pick up handkerchiefs, and they don't forget the little intimate anniversaries." The European woman says to the American woman: "How much freedom you have; your husbands let you do as you choose."

Since every nation, however inconspicuous, thinks of itself as the real norm of civilization, it follows that each considers itself the model for successful domesticity. This is notably true of the Englishman, who does not trouble himself to examine into the domesticity of other nations before deciding that his own is better.

He has a coast-bound mind. He prefers to be insular, believing that the Englishman who stops at home is superior to the Englishman who travels. Nine out of ten Englishmen who do travel have not the object of enlarging their minds. They come to America in order to go home and write a book about it or to shoot in the West. They slip over to the Continent some time between autumn and spring, when their own climate has so worn on them that they would be asphyxiated if they endured it longer. And when they are abroad they never dream of adapting themselves to the people they are visiting. They fail to consider what may be expected of them in a country not their own—if history had been properly managed it would have been an English colony, anyhow!

Why Mrs. 'Enery Wore Black

IN HIS own home the Englishman is absolute king. In the very lowest classes this is shown by the wife's partially or wholly supporting her husband. Whether she supports him or not he has the privilege of beating her; but in a country so overrun with women as England is, perhaps, the superfluous sex should be willing to pay extra for the privilege of marriage. In the middle classes the kingship of husband and father is equally marked, though it is not shown in the same way. Among the comfortably off he not only decides how much his wife shall spend for housekeeping, but how she shall spend it: just what sum she may have for clothes and what she shall wear. Go into almost any of the second-rate shops in London, and you may see a family lined up before a counter, with Father buying the clothes.

"I'd like the blue, 'Enery," says Mrs. 'Enery. "I've 'ad black now for my best for ten years."

"The black is a ha'penny cheaper," says 'Enery, kindly explaining. "Besides, I am used to you in black. Young Milly may 'ave the blue if she's a good girl. She'll take less than you."

Young Milly's eyes fill with tears, for she wants red, and has boasted to the other school-children that she was going to have it. When she stammers her request her father replies:

"I'll 'ave no circus-riding colors in my 'ouse. You can 'ave the blue, or you can go on wearing your old plaid."

The fact that Mr. 'Enery buys the supplies is in some ways a comfort to Mrs. 'Enery. She never has to say, after the fashion of some American wives: "Johnnie must have new shoes this month. Now, don't ask me how he comes to wear them out so fast." Mr. 'Enery knows when young 'Enery's shoes are due to wear out, and as English tradespeople, including cobblers, tell the truth about their wares, young 'Enery is not ahead of his schedule. It may be that if Mrs. 'Enery had a chance to exercise her feminine love of trying new things England would be less conservative. There might be fewer advertisements reading: "We make the soap your grandfather used" and "Three generations have slept on our beds." And, perhaps, baggage would be checked instead of being handled as it was in the old coaching days, when it was all put in the boot and at the end of the journey every one picked out his own.

Mrs. 'Enery's husband chooses not only his wife's clothes, but also her friends and her ideas. Young Milly and the rest of the brood inherit the same friends and the same ideas. This is one phase of the English habit of solidarity. Mr. 'Enery, coming home a bit earlier for tea than his wife expects him, surprises her as she is scuttling away from the back fence where she has been chatting with a neighbor. Despite the fact that the meal is ready and that she whisks on an extra plate of cake for him, he says:

"I see you were gossiping with Mrs. Wickens. I don't 'old to your wasting time that way, and your darning basket so full up."

"I was just getting her receipt for meat pie."

"That receipt of my Great-Aunt Sarah's is good enough for me," decides Mr. 'Enery. "You can do your talking to Mrs. Wickens Sunday, walking 'ome from church. That's enough to last the week."

Mrs. 'Enery is acquiescent; whether on this point she is obedient when he is out of sight is another question.

Even among the upper classes the wife is not so much her husband's companion as she is his most trusted subordinate. When an Englishwoman of any position marries she literally becomes part of her husband's family. She does not add her people to his; she subtracts herself from her own family. His mother is hereafter more important than hers, and it would be advisable for her children to resemble the family that gives them their name. To be sure, a few Englishwomen have a unique independence in the fact that they are influential politically, particularly women of families who have made it their vocation for decades to combine charm and politics. Further, there are many who exercise the feminine wile of indirection; who, under a submissive surface, get their own way as successfully as if they were Americans. But, in general, the wealthy and aristocratic woman defers to her husband just as her poorer sister does; he expresses his wishes and she carries them out. She usually has an income of her own, but she is not supposed to have views that differ from her husband's. He may take her children away from her if he does not like her religious beliefs or her associates. He may bring all sorts of evil companions into their house, and she has no redress unless she can by witnesses prove both cruelty and infidelity. Yet he can get a divorce for infidelity alone. The Englishwoman has been educated by her men to a respect for facts, and expects to be ruled by her husband and, in case of his death, by his or her nearest male relative till her eldest son is of age. This uncompromising masculine rule may be narrowing to men and women, but it results in peace and poise.

Who shall say that the Englishman is not great? By the help of a climate which dims and dulls his life, but which only the fittest can survive, and by centuries of meat-feeding, he has become unimaginative, stolid, honest, thrifty and absolutely single-minded. He controls his family utterly, because nobody and no circumstance could make him think he was in the wrong. And what helps make his attitude toward his family so unbending is his attitude toward his country. Just as he must rule his wife and children, so his nation has the divine right of the white man's burden, and should rule not only over inferior colored races, but over white ones which he considers inferior—such as the Germans. Germany would make a fine colony for England. To whatever class he belongs, he is devotedly loyal to royalty and to nobility—the lower middle classes have as great a reverence for my lord as my lord has for himself. The representative principle which the English put into government is the foundation, also, of his domestic psychology. What atones to the lower-class man for his servility must be the feeling that, however humble he may be, England stands for him, just as he stands for his wife, and just as royalty and nobility stand for England.

The Nation Behind the Man

A CERTAIN Englishman was going to Turkey to investigate some historical ruins. It was against the law for him to carry weapons, yet not only his clothes but his pack-saddles were padded with firearms.

"But weren't you examined at the border for weapons?" he was asked.

"They questioned us, of course," he replied.

"Did you say you had none?"

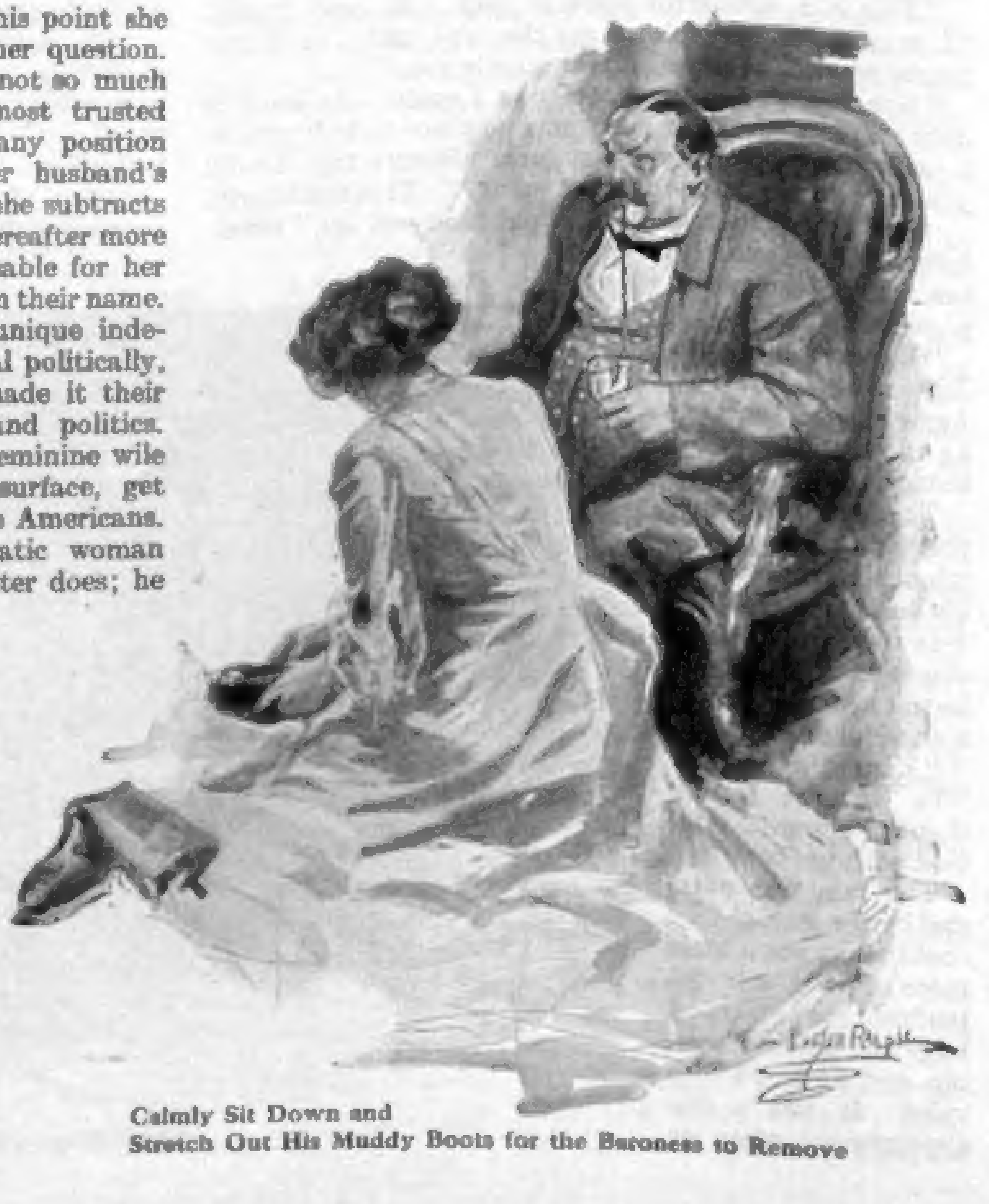
"Certainly. One wouldn't deceive a white man, of course; but these were natives—very suspicious, too."

"But didn't they look into your things?"

"Touch the luggage of an Englishman? Lay a hand on the person or property of a man with two hundred millions of people behind him? My hat!"

That in a nutshell is the Englishman's attitude. His nation is the greatest in the world, and he himself is a person with whom no liberties may be taken because he has his nation behind him. "Britons never shall be slaves," and that is why they must rule their wives.

Across the British Channel is the race the English call "the excitable French," though with all their excitability



Calmly Sit Down and Stretch Out His Muddy Boots for the Baroness to Remove they don't beat their wives. A paradoxical race, the French. They seem absolutely frank, delighting in self-expression, and yet one can live for a long time in France and know the people only on the surface. In their family life and ideals they are even more reserved than the English. Their very houses have a sealed look, with the blank wall going down to the street and the high fences around the gardens. They are said to be cowards—to be afraid of sports: and certainly, to go to some of the *lycées* where the Government has now introduced games, and watch French boys from fifteen to seventeen playing ball as long as the usher keeps his eye on them, is a sight to touch one to tears. Yet the French are fine riders and daring automobilists, and Paris has the largest aero club in the world. They fence well, but they avoid serious duels. They are good shots, yet they don't hunt in the English sense; and, indeed, in most sports they do not get beyond the experimental stage. Their ways are constantly contradicting each other. Their open-air life is a gentle, tranquil thing, but they like the country. It is the ambition of every tradesman in Paris not to be rich but to make enough money to have some day a house in the country, with a garden where he can cultivate his own little fad of roses or green peas. Until he can achieve that he takes his Sundays and holidays in some country town near Paris.

The Frenchman is proud of his country and his domestic ways, but not just as the Englishman is. The Englishman believes that no country is so powerful as his; the Frenchman, in the back of his mind, thinks no country but his is really civilized. He speaks of Paris as the City of Light, diffusing culture over all the world; and his Paris is also the city of happy bourgeois homes. It is also, like all the rest of France, a model of shrewd economy. This economy, especially as it applies to domestic life, is more graceful than sordid. For example, the Frenchman does not eat so much as the Englishman or the German, but he eats with more daintiness, and he distinguishes between a meal and a dinner. His breakfast and his luncheon are light and easily catered for, but his dinner is a sacrament. Again, all Paris lives in flats beautifully arranged, but so small that there is no room for guests. It is rare, indeed, for one to be asked to dine and sleep or to spend a week-end in Paris. This means fewer servants and less furnishing.

A Fair Exchange

IT IS in his family life that the Frenchman is, perhaps, most interesting. Where in our country the individual is the unit, in France it is the family. In England a mother-in-law says: "My son and his wife." In France she says: "My children." When a Frenchman marries he does not subtract his wife from her people, as the Englishman does; he marries her kin. During his engagement, when he never sees her alone, he puts in a great deal of time paying ceremonial visits to her uncles and aunts and cousins. As French people are sociable and affectionate this sort of thing is a pleasure to the fiancé. It is to laugh when one thinks of a young American man in the same situation.

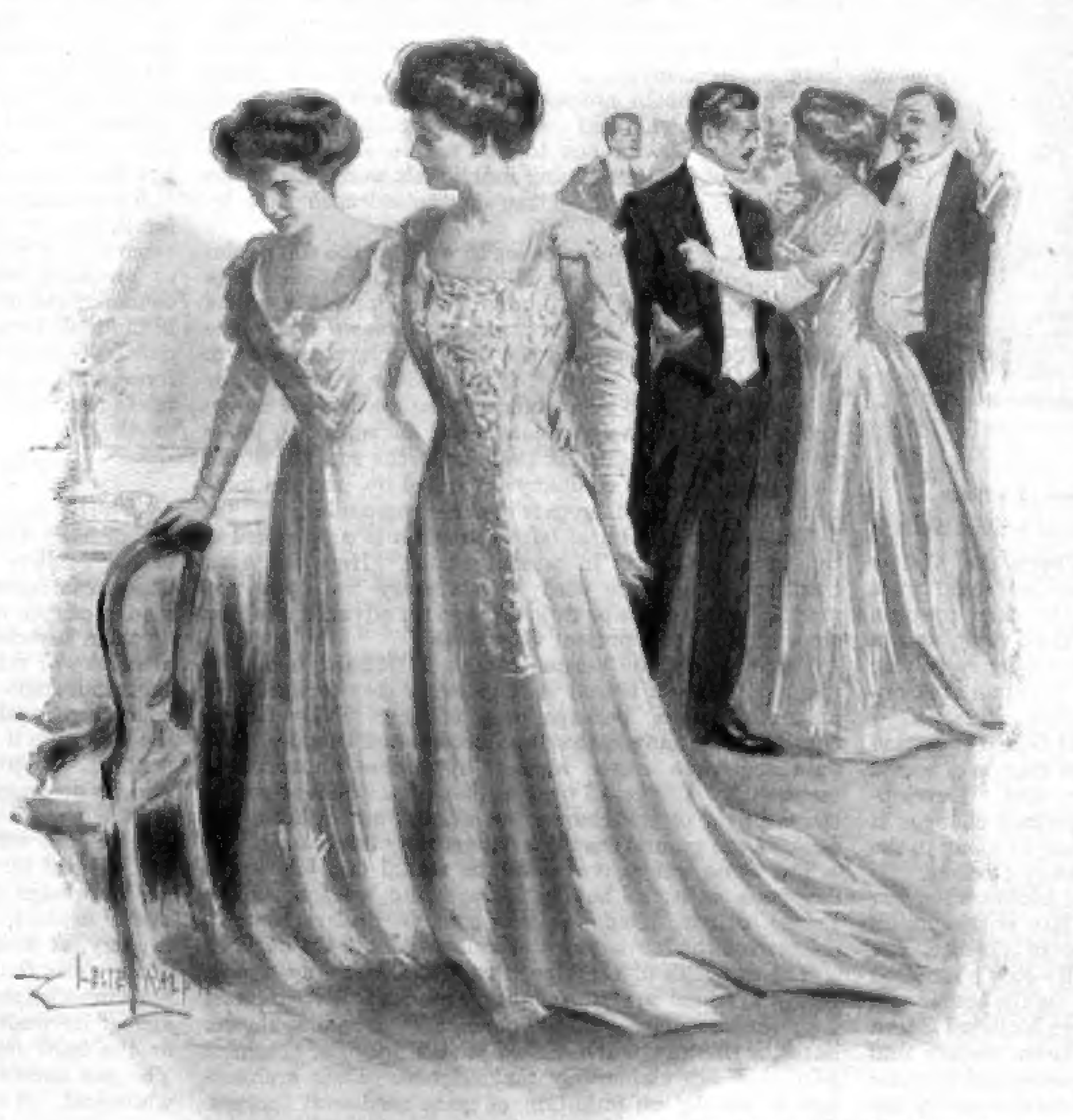
As all the world knows, marriage is far more an affair of the friends and relatives of the young couple than it is their own. These marriages of convenience usually turn out very well. A young man generally has his wild oats sown before his mother suggests a wife to him: he expects to be a faithful husband and, at any rate, is an adorable one. Being adaptable, he can love any nice, adaptable girl with a suitable *dot*. His relatives, having lived a longer time than himself in this gay world, are better qualified than he is to make the selection. They are on more intimate terms than he is with the various persons concerned, and can more perfectly control the delicate process of elimination which will win him a wife. Once engaged, it is well-nigh impossible to become disengaged.

Only last year, two brothers of twenty-three and twenty-five were affianced to two sisters of eighteen and nineteen. There had been, of course, no chance of love-making, but all four were satisfied with the arrangement. Henri, aged twenty-five, was to marry Clotilde, aged nineteen, while Leon was to marry Renée. At a dinner where all four met, heavily chaperoned, Henri suggested to Leon that they change brides; he rather thought he should prefer Renée. It was all the same to Leon, but it caused the elders the wildest excitement.

"But impossible! The engagements have been announced! The presents have arrived! The trousseaux are being made!"

Henri was respectful, but firm. He considered Clotilde charming and could give no reason for preferring Renée, but he thought he'd like to change. After a great deal of vivid talk the matter was finally referred to the head of the family, a third cousin in Gascony, aged eighty. This patriarch was old enough to believe that nothing mattered much: if the sisters were equally charming Henri might as well be given his choice. So the change was allowed, and, so far, the marriages have been very happy.

One reason why these marriages are so happy is because of the training of the young girls. It is a commonplace that they are very much repressed, are kept in a state of almost unbelievable innocence and ignorance. They have no animal spirits like English and American girls; they are endowed with sweet reasonableness and are fed on nice, conventional theories, as, for instance, that it is the duty of woman to suffer and love and be unselfish. They are never taken to the theater, and that is why the plays of France are made for adult minds. A sophisticated Frenchwoman who saw Camille in New York was overcome at observing young girls and young men sitting together and viewing that play with its unmentionable setting. It seemed to her that we were training our young immorally.



"But Impossible! The Presents Have Arrived! The Trousseaux are Being Made!"

The girls read Coppée and some of Rostand, and they have something of a sense of their own virtues. But being human, they want a sense of identity, and they know they can have it only through marriage. Once she is married a Frenchwoman is given far more consideration and freedom than an Englishwoman enjoys. What wonder that she looks upon her husband as a liberator and is ready to forgive him his faults and magnify his merits? Marriage is the crown of her life.

The lot of a French girl with a dowry too small to win an acceptable offer is, indeed, a sad one. Though she looks on the situation as inevitable she chafes under it none the less, and a bewailing family does not ease the case. A certain Mademoiselle Aimée, of Paris, aged twenty-nine, was still unsought. She was beautiful and she sang well, but she could be given only sixty dollars a year—about enough to pay the cook's wages. In spite of her age she was never allowed to leave the house unattended, had never been taken to the theater, and read only the books her mother chose for her. In these books her mother pinned down pages which mentioned the word love or alluded to such indelicate matters as a woman nursing her child. One day Aimée's father, ordinarily very dignified for a Frenchman, clattered up the steps of the apartment of his brother, the head of the family, and, bursting in, kissed his brother on both cheeks and wept.

"It cannot be——" began the head of the family.

"It is; but it is, Victor, an offer for Aimée. Oh, the happiness!"

They both wept, and at home Aimée wept with joy. The offer came from a consumptive who had heard her sing three years before, and happened to remember her one day when his people were making for him a list of possible brides. That money was no object to him atoned to the girl's family for his bad health. Three days after she was married Aimée went out shopping alone, lunched alone, and in the intervals read Madame Bovary and ordered the works of De Maupassant and Catulle Mendès. She was emancipated—to live at last!

Three months after marriage a Frenchwoman is very worldly-wise indeed; her husband has instructed her. He has also given her a place of the greatest importance in his affairs. She is not the subordinate creature the English wife is; like the American wife, she is the companion of her husband. He has the greatest respect for her opinion. She reads with him and talks with him; she is a born cook and a born dressmaker, and she tries to be attractive and capable in his eyes. If she has social ambitions they are modest; she does not wish to climb out of her own circle, she only desires to shine in it. Together they plan their affairs. If they are tradespeople she helps him in his business, often managing the finances. If the French wife refuses to be parted from her husband on vacations it is not only to keep him true to her, but also because she is afraid he will spend too much money if she is not at hand to look after him.

Charming French Husbands

THE Frenchman is an ardent lover, expressing himself freely and not being afraid of making himself ridiculous, as is the Englishman. He does not believe in Platonic friendship; he wants nothing but fervent love; he is jealous and devoted. If he is untrue to his wife he is never brutally so, as the English husband is sometimes said to be. He must be deferential to her, for she is the mother of his children, his legal companion. If he does not love her he is at least gay and entertaining. He brings her flowers and pays her compliments. This may be small solace for a broken heart, but at least the wife has more compensations than the English wife. From her children she has even more deference. Her son is not supposed to marry without her consent, no matter what his age is. If she is unreasonable in her objections he can "respectfully summon" her before a court, but this he rarely does. Bouguereau, the painter, was sixty when, after his mother's death, he married a woman she had for years objected to. Children and parents are equally devoted. On the birth of each child the parents begin to save a competence for it. If they are humble people, like the inevitably named François and Françoise who do *concierge* work in apartment buildings, then they give to this baby whatever they gain from blacking the shoes, and to that whatever tips they get from opening the doors late at night. No sacrifice is too great to make for a child.

We cannot understand the Frenchman; we don't like his scheme of morality; we don't like the fact that seven-eighths of his literature deals more or less unendurably with the sex question. We know that he is often cruel, though, perhaps, with the cruelty of a perpetual child; we know that he is sometimes false or insincere or over-demonstrative, because he is concerned with doing the agreeable thing, just as the Englishman is concerned with doing the proper thing. But leaving out the nobility and the mob, and considering the various divisions of the *bourgeoisie*, it must be admitted that just because of his genius for the amenities, the Frenchman has some sterling domestic qualities. He has, too, splendid business ability, a respect for science and for literature, and such manners, such talk and such charm as make him a joy forever.

"The house is woman's home and the world is man's house," say the Germans, and "Our women understand and comfort us."

If being a doormat means comfort and understanding then the German wife is the comforter *par excellence*. She

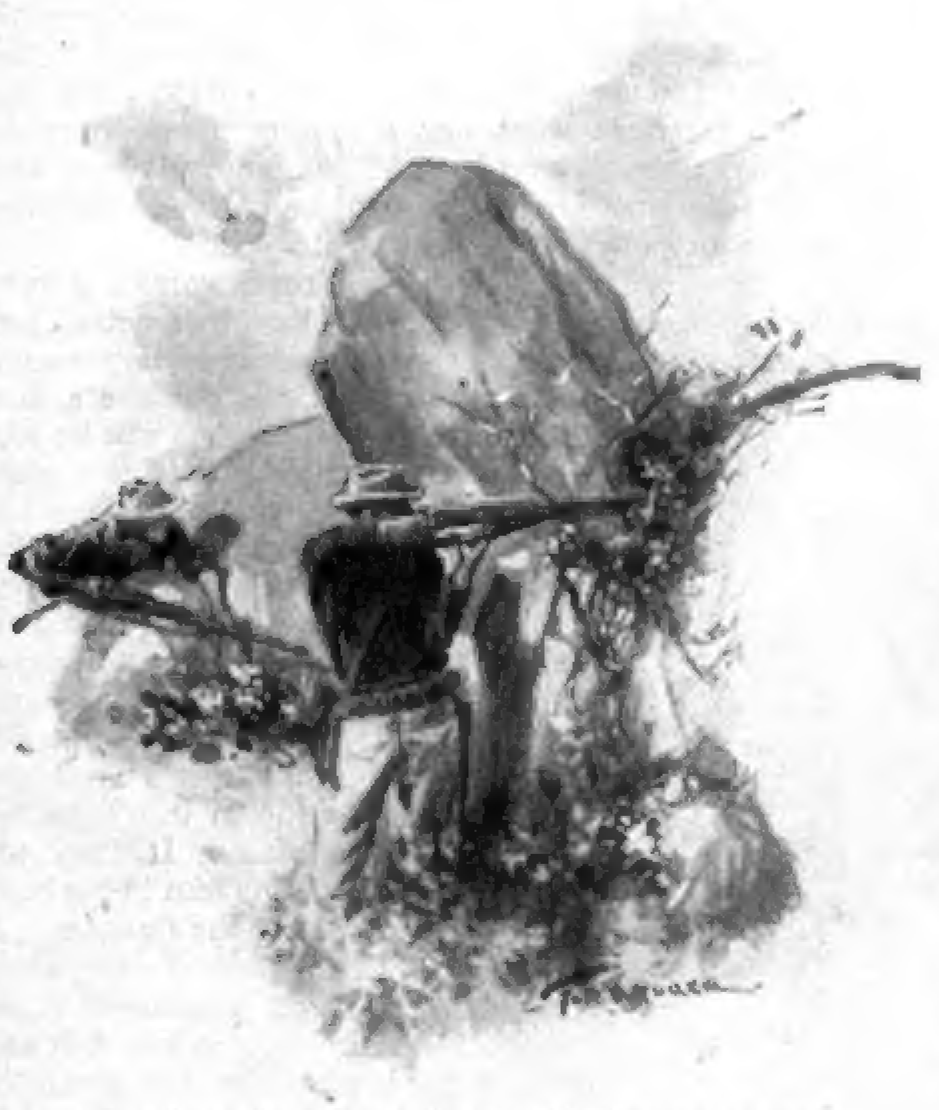
(Continued on Page 52)

What Our National Guard Needs

Teaching the Militia More About Fighting and Less About Parade

By RUPERT HUGHES

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER



The Next Step Should be the Selection of a Place to Shoot From

MY RECENT article, entitled What's the Matter with the Militia? evoked some approval from Guardsmen, but more protest, the chief protests being that in the first place the Guard is all right, and in the second that any criticisms tend to render recruiting more difficult. Perhaps, if the training were more reasonable, it would be easier to enlist reasonable men.

There is no denying that the National Guard is getting better every year, but unfortunately the science of war is growing more complicated every year, also. Developments of destructive engines require constant changes in tactics and strategy, but our militia straggles along in the ruts of yesterday, carrying baggage already obsolete.

The regular army is only a drop in the bucket when war breaks out—even a war such as our late onslaught on decrepit old Spain. The second line of defense, the National Guard, is itself helplessly small—only a hundred thousand or so—and it will of necessity be the source and school of the main body of officers. When National Guard colonels are made generals, when citizen majors and captains are commissioned to lead regiments, and privates are jumped from their armories to commissions in the field—then the trouble begins. For the officers find themselves equipped with no useful knowledge and with bad mental habits. Suddenly become teachers, they must begin their own A B C's.

Target Scores That Prove Nothing

ONE of the worst features of the case is the contentment of many officers with such improvements as have been made. The recent enthusiasm for fine shooting has so infected the Guard that target records are accounted proofs of efficiency. As if bull's-eyes were dead enemies.

Some time ago an officer at a national rifle competition at Sea Girt made this wild statement, and it was quoted in General Orders:

"If a man is a good rifle shot it will be easy to make him a first-class soldier for the line of battle within twenty days."

Colonel Pettit, of the regular army, correctly labeled this as "astounding," and said that such statements "chill ambition and arouse indignation. To the public they imply that the army is an inconsistent mass of humanity jabbering to the winds, wandering like nebulæ, without head or destination."

The National Guard has gone madder still on the subject of target stunts. Of course, the fact that a man can keep on hitting a stationary bull's-eye at a known range of exactly one thousand yards is so much in his favor. But it no more proves him a soldier than a record as a racing jockey proves a horseman fit for the cavalry.

An ability to shoot ducks or stalk big game is infinitely more useful than target skill.

As it is, we have far too little rifle practice in the National Guard, and what little there is is wrong, both in the end that is sought and in the means employed. Vast quantities of ammunition are fired off under conditions that have no relation whatever to battle conditions. After the winter months are spent in more or less desultory shooting at an elliptical target in the gallery, one day in the summer is given over to field exercises. Half of this day is devoted to qualifying individuals as marksmen on targets, the other half of the day to skirmish runs by companies.

This last has some semblance to war, for the companies go forward in short dashes, lie down and fire at silhouette targets representing the human figure, prone, kneeling and standing. But the exact ranges are known in advance and marked by posts, and the field is as level as a lawn. There is absolutely no effort to take cover or intrench, or to train the soldier or his officer in estimating the range; and there is absolutely no chance for the soldier to judge the effect of his shot. At the end of the run the bullet holes made by each company are added up, and the total compared with the aggregate of other companies.

This pale imitation of battle progress is supplemented by the armory drill in normal attack. Here not even blank cartridges are used; the armory walls are not marked with figures or targets; and an advance of a few steps is taken to represent fifty yards.

Furthermore, the normal attack is finished in a few minutes, while in actual warfare every step forward is a matter of hours, perhaps even of days. The Russo-Japanese war proved that two determined enemies must approach each other almost by inches, intrenching incessantly. It is small wonder that some critics advocate the removal of the chapter on normal attack from the book on the ground that it is dangerously misleading.

The same war proved that the actual decision of the day rests with the bayonet—the white weapon, as the French call it. And our new book of drill regulations omits even the few bayonet exercises given in the old!

The armories of the Guard are fundamentally wrong. Many of them are enormously expensive, but at most they contain offices, locker-rooms, a gymnasium, shower baths, a rifle range and a shed to drill in. For the most part they are elaborately maldesigned. Their architecture is usually an imitation of some mediæval fortress. The huge, castellated structures are only too symbolical of the obsolete ideas practiced within.

In some of the Western states where armory facilities are inferior the regiments have made a virtue of deprivation and profited by the loss, their attention being forced to the more practical phases of soldiering. The First Battery of New York, under Captain John F. O'Ryan, has bought a farm of rough ground near the city and the results have been splendid. In the Boston manœuvers this Battery did really excellent and intelligent work and had never a man sick.

But laying aside further criticism, let us sketch out a course of drills that shall teach only the things useful in actual service, and teach as many as possible of them. The subjects are admittedly too large to be mastered in any such way, but every smattering that remains in the memory is of vital value in war. And successive years will constantly enlarge the fund of wisdom instead of merely renewing snap and precision in handling the rifle and the feet.

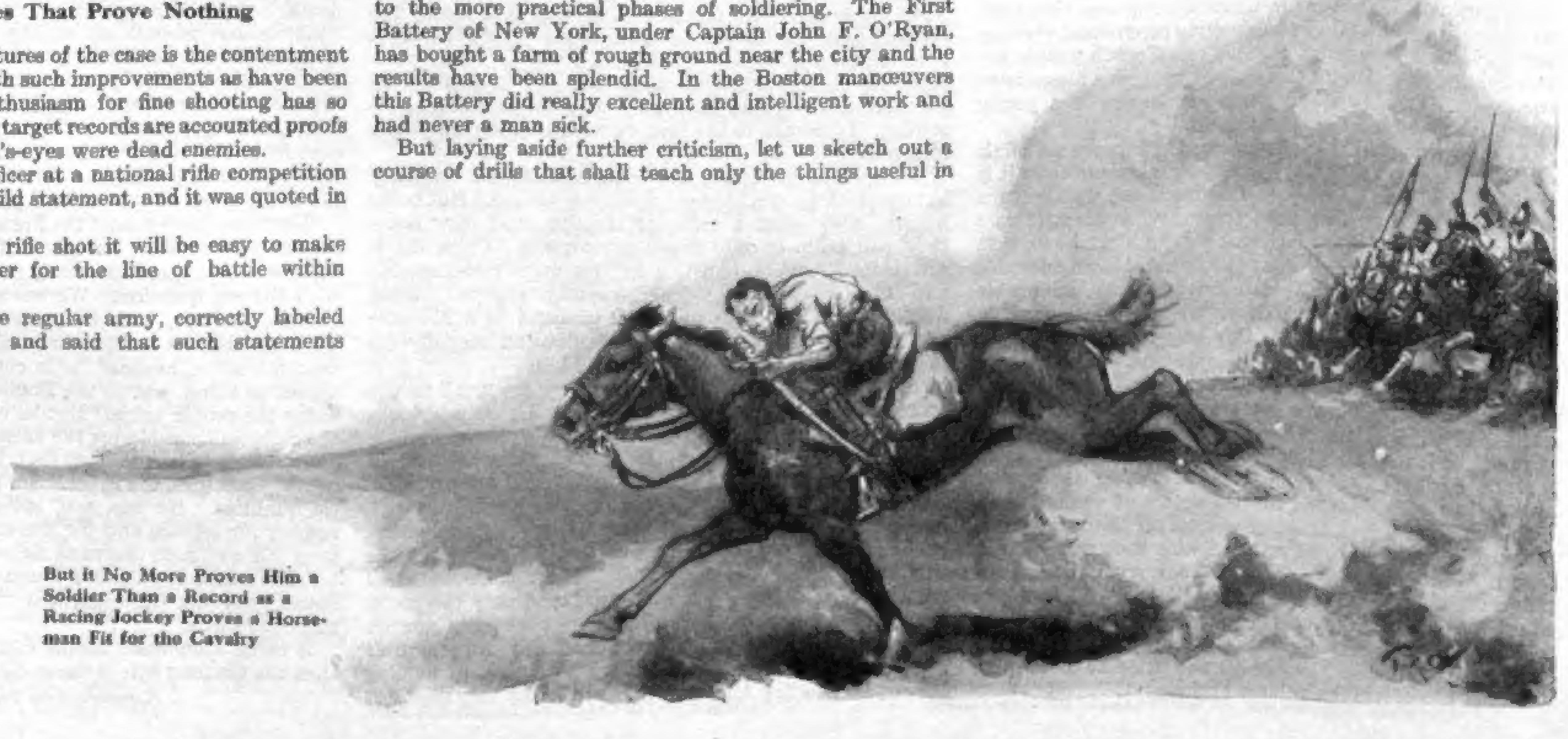
At the first drill, and for a few minutes at the beginning of each successive drill, the company should be formed and exercised in facing to the right, left, and about; in coming to the right and left shoulder arms, in the present, the salutes, and in a few of the simplest formations of line and column. This is necessary to keep them in hand, to move them about, and to give them self-respect in parades; but they should not be kept at it too long at a time.

A few minutes should be given, also, to extended order formations of line of squads and their deployment and assembly. These should be done without much attention to precision, which will be attained sufficiently in the course of the drill season. Precision in these movements is the least important thing. Success in modern warfare does not depend on moving the men in rigid and solid formations of machine-like motion, but in the individual intelligence of each man.

Lessons in the Mechanism of the Rifle

AT THE first drill the rifle should be thoroughly explained. It is inconceivable how little the vast majority of our soldiers know of their weapons or ammunition. They even become good shots without knowing the name, model, caliber or construction of their guns. Thousands of them become fine target shots without knowing the principles of raising and lowering their sights or of using the windgauge. They do not know whether to push the windgauge against or with the wind, or how to modify the elevation if the wind is coming from in front or from behind. They rely on the coaches, as Colonel Evans said, to do everything but pull the trigger.

Of course, few pianists know anything about pianos, and not one virtuoso in a thousand could tune or repair one. But if the pianist's life and prosperity depended on his knowledge of these things he would learn them. The soldier in the field often finds himself in a rolling, shrubby country, at a distance from his fellow-privates, and in a din so great that he cannot hear half of his officer's or his non-commissioned officer's commands, even if both are alive. He finds that firing from the soft rim of a trench or the hard rest of a rock or a fence-rail alters his aim. The sun comes in and out of the clouds. The wind is whimsical. It rains and it drizzles. And all these things



But it No More Proves Him a Soldier Than a Record as a Racing Jockey Proves a Horseman Fit for the Cavalry

"If a Man is a Good Rifle Shot it Will be Easy to Make Him a First-Class Soldier Within Twenty Days"

affect the trajectory and the drift of his bullet in its course to that invisible and intelligent enemy who wants to kill him and to save his own life, and otherwise comports himself as unlike the target he practiced on as an Apache comports himself unlike a cigar Indian.

The soldier's gun jams or goes wrong somewhere. It needs cleaning. It grows as whimsical as the wind, and he lies in a trench, cursing his thirst and his hunger and the danger zones to the rear and in front, but cursing his own ignorance most.

At the first drill every soldier should be taught to know his rifle, to take it apart, to grasp the mysteries of such things as the bolt, the sleeve, the sleeve-lock spring, the mainspring, the firing-pin, the philosophy and practice of the safety lock and the magazine cut-off. He should be taught to put the piece together, to oil it, to clean it of fouling and rust, without scratching it or harming its exquisite muzzle with the cleaning rod. Whelen says that more damage is actually done to rifles in cleaning them than in any other way.

Every soldier should be taught something about the cartridge and the clip. Yet it is an absolute fact that very few of our Guardsmen could be trusted even to rub the rust from their own rifles, to say nothing of refilling a cartridge. Such great haste is required to get every man qualified with certain scores at certain ranges that no time is left for instruction. The coaches are rather nurses than teachers. The instruction should come in the drill hour, for there is no other time to spare.

The second drill, beginning as before with a little manual and a little marching, should be devoted to the principles of aiming the gun. There should be targets in human silhouette on all the walls of the drillroom, and in all the firings of imaginary cartridges at imaginary ranges the soldier should aim at some definite object and his sight should be inspected. The officer should announce various windages as well as the ranges, and the non-commissioned officers should make sure that these directions are understood and followed.

First Lessons in Marksmanship

THE next instruction should be in the methods of loading the piece. This is simple. But the proper position in aiming is not so simple. Holding the rifle is vitally important. By merely varying the pressure of the grip the shot can be sent wild. The use of the gun sling is always advisable and should be taught in all positions.

The ability to hold the heavy rifle with a frozen rigidity is a matter of muscular training. The setting-up exercises prescribed in the regulations are of little value for acquiring this. Control of the trigger and the ability to exert a firm, steady squeeze on it without flinching when the explosion comes are vital to successful shooting. They can be achieved by nervous men only after practice.

The recruit should be perfected in his position and in aligning the sights without canting the barrel to one side before he ever fires at a target.

The men should then be taken to the gallery and taught to shoot at a bull's-eye. From the first they should be taught to call their shots before they are marked. Every sharpshooter knows just where he was aiming when he pulled the trigger. He may be disgusted at his moral weakness in pulling when he did, but he should know and remember the exact point on which his sights were aligned. To quote Whelen again: "A recruit should never, if it can be avoided, be allowed to take up range practice until he has learned to call his shots; otherwise it is simply a waste of ammunition." The reason for this is plain. Unless he can call his shot he can never know whether he missed because he fired too soon, or because his sight had the wrong elevation. He is helpless to correct his own mistakes

Gallery practice, however, is only a preliminary. Its conditions are so false to reality that almost any other method is preferable. The main thing in battle marksmanship is to adjust one's self to irregularities of ground and weather.

The difficulties of providing a suitable range in a city accessible to the brief leisure of citizen soldiers are very great. But even in the galleries in the armory basements it is possible to provide targets of diminished size which shall appear and disappear at different points in order to train the rifleman to make quick decisions. As matters are, the recruit would do better to spend his shooting time in one of the cheap rifle galleries, where one may shoot at moving ducks or dancing globes, than in the average armory range.

At all costs, the men should be given increased practice at moving targets in rough country. The drill hours in camp are nine-tenths wasted. The greater part of the time should be spent in teaching men to take cover, to estimate distances, to discount conditions, and to fire at moving range.

Here again, since ammunition is expensive and state governments are stingy, an inspection of sights is almost as good as a counting of bullet holes. Here, also, there should be the fullest explanation of the effects of wind, of weather, of light, of mirage. There should be practice in firing downhill and uphill, for in both cases the tendency is to overshoot. This is true, also, of firing from a roof or at a man on a roof—and in the case of a street fight the National Guard regiments are likely to have need to know this.

The importance of moving targets cannot be overestimated. In Europe they are very largely used. They are of various sorts. They are always in the human image, and they usually fall when hit. They are arranged as single figures or in groups, and are placed on irregular lines so that their range is not known to the marksmen. They are manipulated often by wire ropes and winches. In some cases they are on metal runners or sleds. They come forward, rise to view, disappear, reappear at another range, and disappear again.

Finding the Range

THE officer in command of a company halts his men, estimates the range, orders trial shots made, and changes the sights till the range is secured. The men then fire and the targets fall or disappear, only to reappear in new places, when the range must be reëstimated and the targets knocked over again.

This sort of training for men and officers is so close to war conditions that it is invaluable.

Success in such work implies and requires an ability to estimate distances which should be the matter of constant attention. Yet it is a subject absolutely neglected in our Guard.

The Germans have five or six of the best guessers in each company make estimates of distances. The commanding officer strikes the average and announces that as the range. Commander Gérard, of the French navy, invented a really simple spyglass that measures ranges. He calls it the telemeter. This, or something of the kind, should be with every body of troops

In modern war one of the chief difficulties is in getting ammunition from the rear to the firing-line fast enough

for the needs of rapid fire. A still greater difficulty is in getting the ammunition from the firing-line into the persons of the enemy. Most of the shots are as indefinitely aimed as if one were to address a letter to "John Smith, Europe."

In long-distance shooting—say, at a thousand yards—the bullet describes such a curve that the whole space a few yards from the muzzle and a few yards this side of the target is not a dangerous zone at all. If your sight is fixed at a thousand yards, and your enemy is only eight hundred yards away, the better you aim the safer he is. The estimation of distances is of infinite importance.

That is why it took five thousand bullets to kill every man killed in the Civil War. The best battle-shooting ever known was that of the Boers at Colenso, yet they spent six hundred cartridges for every British soldier put out of action. The worst shooting was, perhaps, that of the Moroccan soldiers who, in 1907, attacked Raisuli and sixty-five of his bandits in trenches, and fired eighty thousand cartridges, eight hundred Maxim projectiles and one hundred and twenty shells without hitting a man.

It is not possible to surpass this one hundred per cent record of misses, but some of our Guard regiments are in training to equal it, for they have absolutely no drill in estimating distances.

There are certain helpful tricks of judgment. For instance, the flash of the enemy's gun shows his position, the report follows at the sound rate of eleven hundred feet or three hundred and sixty-six yards per second. A rough calculation of distance is easy by counting the seconds. The army regulations give a table of distances as follows: At thirty yards the whites of a man's eyes are visible. At eighty yards his eyes are just visible. At a hundred yards minute details of uniform are distinguishable. At two hundred yards rows of buttons look like stripes. At four hundred yards the face is a dot. At six hundred yards details of form are not distinguishable. At eight hundred yards men in a group cannot be counted. At eleven hundred yards a line of men resembles a broad belt. At twelve hundred yards men on foot can just be distinguished from men on horseback.

But these ranges are altered by variations of eyesight, of atmosphere, of landscape and of color of uniform or of ground.

Now, these things are published in the handbooks, but they are not memorized or put into practice. Hence, in action, they will be as things never heard of.

In England there is a musketry distance-judging practice every month. Baden-Powell, in his book, Aids to Scouting, recommends constant practice in estimating distances, then pacing them off. Instinct develops wonderfully by practice, and we see in billiards and in piano-playing a strange enlargement of the powers of subconscious computation. The gift of guessing right at rifle distances is made, and not born. The Guardsmen should be given every opportunity and encouragement to acquire it.

But to get back to the series of drills. Having learned to handle the weapon and shoot straight with it, the next step should be the selection of a place to shoot from. The choice of cover, or its preparation where it does not exist, is another acquired faculty that should be developed into an instinct. As they are trained now, the Guards resemble the old-fashioned redcoats who marched under Braddock into Indian ambuscades, or who moved up against the farmers at Bunker Hill. In the extended-order drills they do, indeed, lie down upon the floor; but the floor should be less like a ballroom—it should be provided with obstacles, concealments, trees and buildings in outline. Even the profile scenery of the theater might be used to advantage.

Above all, there should be constant work in intrenchment. This should not be left to the time of manœuvers—and then omitted lest the farmers object. The officers need to learn how to lay out a line of trenches so as to take advantage of the ground and to prevent enfilade. Soldiers need to learn how deep to dig and how much of a bank of earth is required in front of them—anything less than two feet and a half is penetrable by the modern rifle bullet. Speed is of the utmost importance, and construction under fire should be taught; the man who is scooping the trench should work lying down, and every second man should lie at his side and fire on the enemy as rapidly as possible with accuracy.

Intrenchment Contests

THE use of trenching tools is almost as important as the use of the rifle. Yet only a few of the Guard regiments have them or use them. Nothing in the world is easier than the construction of a practical ground for trench exercises in the armory. Captain John F. O'Ryan, of the First Battery, New York, has suggested a wooden box one foot high, nine feet wide, and of a length based on the number of men engaged at one time. He suggests that this box be fitted with castors and with a rim or flange to catch loose dirt. It could be constructed in the armory basement and filled with clean sand, gravel and earth.

Captain O'Ryan has also suggested, as an athletic event, a hasty intrenchment contest, beginning with a sprint from a starting-point and ending with the firing of one shot from the finished trench. I should advise this as a part of the regular drill season, and an infinitely more important portion than any of the manual or close-order formations.

In the Japanese infantry each company carries sixty-eight spades, eight axes, sixteen pickaxes and four saws. They are not left in the wagons, but carried by the men. Lieutenant Dunell, of the Fourth Ohio, in Columbus, writes me that in his regiment "trenching tools—shovels, mattocks and picks—are carried by three men in each squad, and the leader has wire-cutters. These are part of the equipment and they are used."

Throughout the country there are regiments with advanced ideas along certain directions, but they are the exception, and they only emphasize the fact that the more practical phases of training and equipment are left to individual initiative, while the ceremonial elements are enforced on everybody.

The men should be drilled in firing from trenches, for the rifle shoots much higher when fired from such a support, and, strangely, it shoots less accurately.

The use of the bayonet should be taught in the next drill. The Guard is especially likely to need it in clearing streets of rioters. A theory of day before yesterday that the bayonet was rendered obsolete led to the temporary substitution of a mere pointed cleaning-rod in its place. But the Japanese and Russians found that cold steel as a final argument was indispensable, and there is something about a charge that will never lose its thrill while hearts beat as they do. The new gun carries a real bayonet, but the new regulations omit bayonet exercises. Nevertheless, they should be practiced. The use of the butt of the gun has also dropped out of the book, but it should be taught, for there are numberless occasions when it serves a purpose all its own.

Kipling, in his story, With the Main Guard, quotes an argument of his three musketeers. The little Ortheris wants only a cartridge "an' hamminition one year in store to let the powder kiss the bullet." Mulvaney says: "There's nothin' better than the bay'net, wid a long reach, a double twist if ye can, and a slow recover," but the big Learoyd is for the butt of the gun: "Thot's better than owt, for a mon can bash t' faace wi' thot, an' if he divn't, he can breeak t' forearm o' t' gaard. 'Tis not i' t' books, though. Gie me t' butt." And Mulvaney adds: "Each does ut his own way, like makin' love; the butt or the bay'net or the bullet, accordin' to the natur' av the man."

The use of a space of soft earth in the armory for trenching suggests that the same or a similar space should be used for a drill in tent-pitching. This work is usually left for the first day in camp or for manœuvers, and most of it has to be done over again. The pegs are driven in the wrong places and at the wrong angles. The tents are badly trenched and banked. This drill can be given added interest by making it a contest of speed and correctness.

An evening devoted to the primer principles of self-preservation would be none too much. Part of it might take the form of a lecture. The rest of the evening should be given to instruction in the treatment of those important equipments, the feet, and in the Outlines of First Aid. No soldier should be allowed to go into the field without a knowledge of how to wash his own clothes, of how to check bleeding, apply a bandage, and carry a wounded comrade to shelter.

(Continued on Page 56)

LETTERS WE NEVER GET

By Reginald L. Foster and Roy L. McCardell

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRISON CADY

I Have the Honor to Inclose the Formal Pardon

Foreword

IT IS better to expect nothing and be pleasantly surprised, than to set our hearts on things that are not to be. For example:

The ring at the door that we fondly hope is the call of Mæcenas to take us out in his automobile to dinner in some sprightly place, is only the bill collector who doesn't care how loudly he talks.

And yet how we ever run to answer the bell! We wait, impatient, when the letter-carrier is late, but the mail brings us nothing but circulars from those who would sell us something, the peevish plaints of relatives, or hard-luck missives from those who would divide with us the little we have.

And yet we ever await the mail!

Out of a thousand letters, perhaps one comes with good news. We expect "Please find check inclosed," and we get "Please remit."

We hope for "Why, certainly," and we get "I regret that it will be impossible."

Here followeth, then, the letters we should like to get, the same being those we receive not:

From a Wall Street Mining Promoter to the Widow of a Bankrupt Merchant

NEW YORK, August 15, 1909.

MRS. J. G. SOWERS,
East 10th Street, New York.

Dear Madam: I am indignant and surprised at the tone of your letter of even date in which you claim that your late husband was swindled previous to his financial reverses by the inducements and prospects I used to "inveigle" him into buying 100,000 shares of the Mirage Gold Mining Company, of Frogfields, at ten cents a share.

Evidently you have not read the newspapers of recent date. Two months ago bonanza ore that gives every prospect of being practically inexhaustible was struck on the Blue Bull Mirage claim. It runs about $1200 to the ton and is getting richer. Mirage shares are now quoted on the curb at $60, and going up, with few offerings. We declared a dividend on the 1st inst. of $1 a share, and a certified check for $100,000 has been awaiting receipt of your address, of which please keep the company informed.

Dividends at this rate, or a still higher rate, will be declared quarterly, and would be greater except that we are accumulating a reserve fund in order amply to develop adjacent claims, which seem even more promising, without marketing any stock. Frogfields is wild with excitement over our strike and you should consider yourself among the fortunate of earth. In closing I desire to assure you of my sincere congratulations, and advise you in future to hold your horses and not "holler" until you are hurt. Would also advise that you hold tight to every share you possess, because you are sure to be approached by unscrupulous persons with tempting offers, who realize what you own outright.

Respectfully,
H. S. SELLERS.

From a Young Merchant of a Small Town to a Middle-Aged Maiden Lady

THE BON-TON STORE
OTTO WINNER, Prop.
210 Main Street

Darling Sophronia, Queen of My Heart, be Mine!

My dear Sophronia: I have been deeply grieved to learn from a mutual friend that you have been pained to receive a malicious, anonymous communication in which, among other false accusations, the writer stated that you were a "ridiculous old maid, setting your cap at a young man ten years your junior." I quote the words as given me, as it brings me to the gist of the whole matter.

My dear Sophronia! I am the one who is setting the cap. I have long admired your charming personality, your ripened charms and the keen businesslike manner with which you have so long conducted your dressmaking establishment. The frivolous, insipid and doll-like young girls of this town, with their boldness, their inane chatter, and—as evinced by the instance of the anonymous letter that has caused you needless pain—their gossiping malice inspires me only with aversion.

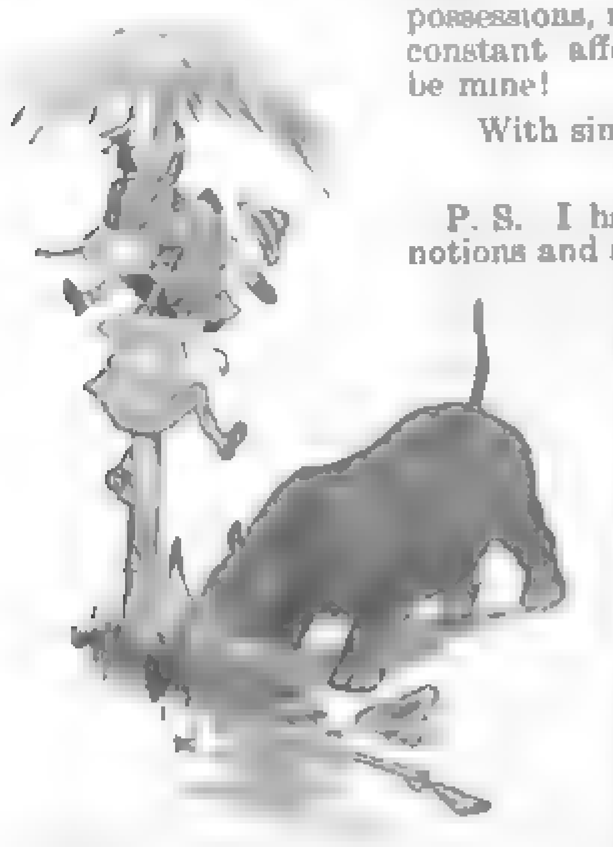
Darling Sophronia, Queen of my heart, be mine!

If this direct proposal comes as a surprise to you, it is because I now dare where before I only hoped! It is true that my attentions heretofore may have seemed but of the slightest, but that was because I did not deem myself worthy of you, and did not wish to be presumptuous. The few years' difference in our ages is more than offset by the vast preponderance of the many mental, physical and temperamental charms that you possess. As you must know, my business is most prosperous. The new house I have built on High Street is the finest in the county, and I am to be nominated for the State Senate on the Republican ticket this fall; and, in this district, that means election. I offer you my present possessions, my future hopes, my constant affections. Sophronia, be mine!

With sincerest devotion,

OTTO WINNER.

P. S. I have in a new line of notions and shall be glad to give you all discounts. Why deal elsewhere? O. W.



We'll Whisk Over to Africa to Knock Down Some Big Game

From the District Attorney to Convict No. B-2564

MR. WM. SYKES,
State's Prison.

Sir: I have the honor to inform you that in going over the papers in your case previous to filing, I find a direct bearing on another important decision which is now a well-established precedent, namely: "The People *ex rel.* Thugge," published in the Third New York Reports, Sec. XXII, Par. 8-14, pp. 234, 235, 236, which makes it clear to my mind that the fact that you have thrice been convicted before is not relevant, though so charged by the Court in error. It, therefore, became my duty as a public officer to carry out the wisdom of the law, once it became apparent that you should never have been indicted, much less brought to trial for the alleged crime of highway robbery and felonious assault. The Court went beyond its constitutional limitations in sentencing you to a term of twenty years at hard labor, when on all the counts in the indictment on which you were convicted the maximum sentence should only have been nineteen years and eleven months. I, therefore, laid the facts before the Governor, who at once saw my point, and he has pardoned you from this date. I have the honor to inclose the necessary documents to be handed to the Warden and Sheriff, as well as the formal pardon.

Regretting that my zeal for the public welfare should have gone beyond the mandates of the law, and with profound assurances of my most distinguished consideration, believe me, my dear sir,

Your obedient servant,
JOHN H. HARSH

3 inclosures.

From the Vestry of St. Midas', Fifth Avenue, to a Struggling Rural Rector

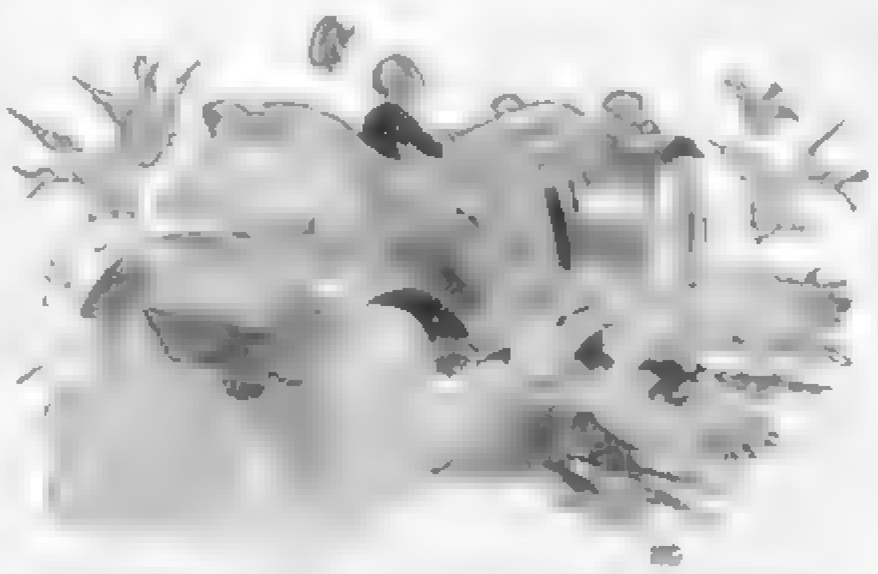
NEW YORK, August 15, 1909.

REV. JOHN A. THIRDLY,
St. Swithin's Chapel, Backwoods, Maine.

My dear Sir: At the last meeting of the vestry of St. Midas' Church, Fifth Avenue, New York, the very important business of filling its vacant pulpit, because of the elevation of the former incumbent to the Bishopric, came before the vestrymen. Mr. John H. Scadsby, our Senior Warden, recently appointed a committee of one to select a suitable rector, reported your name, and upon his suggestion it was unanimously voted to extend the call to you

I may add that Mr. Scadsby has personal knowledge of you, having spent four weeks on a fishing trip in your neighborhood, two years ago, which gave him opportunity to attend your chapel each Sunday, though not meeting you. He was surprised at the time that a man of your attainments of mind and earnestness of purpose could be induced to remain in a parish which apparently had such a small appreciation of its rector's worth, and in which opportunities for the uplift of mankind are so limited.

I am now authorized to ask if you would consider a call to our parish, the second in size in New York City, at an annual salary of $18,000, together with the use of the new rectory. You will have one assistant for early services and two curates for outside charitable work in the parish, leaving you free for the exercise of your talents in broader ways. We regret that, so pressing are the demands of St. Midas' upon its rector, we can allow but three months a year for the usual European holiday. However, there is compensation for this in the fact that the rectorship carries with it the position of almoner for Mr. Scadsby's many philanthropies.



The Racer Runabout Awarded to the Most Popular Schoolboy Has Been Won by You

I am requested to urge upon you the immediate consideration of this call and, as a further inducement, to remind you that the clergy and laity alike regard St. Midas' pulpit as the stepping-stone to the Bishopric. A word by wire will be sufficient. Should you accept, the vestry will be pleased to have you draw upon John H. Scadsby, Esquire, Senior Warden and Treasurer, Wall Street, New York, for any amount you may need for traveling expenses or the settlement of financial obligations at Backwoods.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,
LUTHER J. WICKLIFFE, Secretary.

From a Titled Heiress to Her Father Five Years After the Wedding

"SONNENSCHEIN," ALTHAUSENBURG,
August the fifteenth.

Dearest Dad: More good news! The King sent for Stanislas yesterday and what do you think? His Majesty has actually offered him the American Ambassadorship. Stanislas accepted at once, more to please me than himself, because the dear fellow knows that as soon as the Premier retires he is to have that place, but he wants me to realize my dearly-cherished ambition to be mistress of the Embassy at Washington. We leave in six short weeks for home.

You will be the happiest man in the world when I put your namesake in your arms for the first time—he is the living image of you, and so well and strong. And baby Alice—she is American from top to toe and so like the pictures of the little sister I never saw. After she was baptized last Sunday, Stanislas' dear mother, who looked so smiling and mysterious during the ceremony, came toward me with tears in her happy eyes and embraced me. Then she told me the surprise—the custom in the family for centuries. At the baptism of the first daughter the family jewels go to the mother of the child in trust until the baby herself has a daughter.

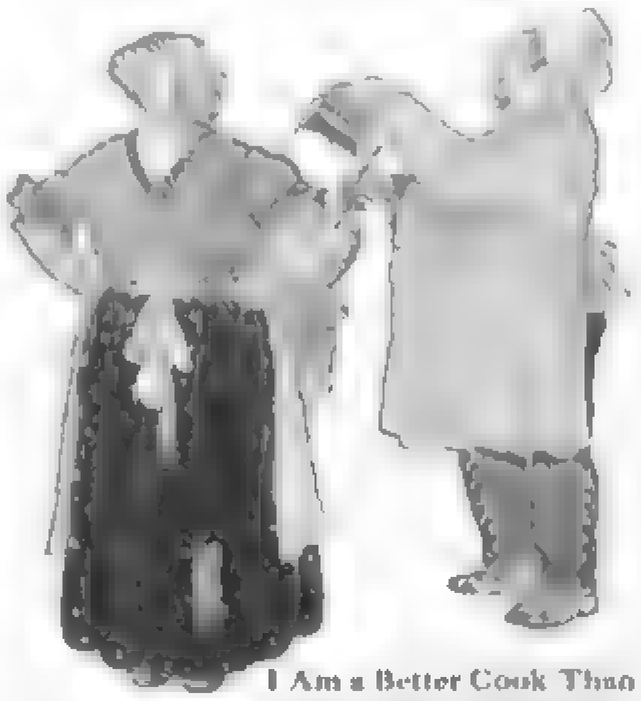
All those splendid jewels are mine now until baby Alice has a daughter of her very own—the great ruby that Queen Maria once wore, the wonderful diamond sunburst taken from the idol's breast, the rope of pearls given to Alice's great-grandmother on her wedding day, and everything!

Under separate cover I am mailing you Stanislas' latest photograph, taken in court dress and wearing the new order bestowed upon him for negotiating the recent treaty with the United States. They say he is the handsomest man in Europe—anyway, I think so.

I am so proud of it—I never really realized what it would mean to have a title. Everybody is so kind to me, just an American stranger. Next week will be the gayest of the season and I am deluged with invitations. But I have been forced to recall all my acceptances because I have just received the royal command from the Queen to be one of the party on the yacht when His Majesty sails for his holiday in the Mediterranean to meet the Kaiser and the Czar. We will have a glorious time.

And now, good-by for a little time. Kiss dear Mumsey a million times for me and tell the boys that hereafter they must call me Your Grace, and that they mustn't leave their golf clubs in the front hall when they visit me at the Embassy!

Ever your devoted daughter,
ALICE.



I Am a Better Cook Than I Wos Becoz I Werked as Helper to a Very Good Frinch Chef

From a Former Office Drudge to His Deskmate

NEW LONDON, Monday night.

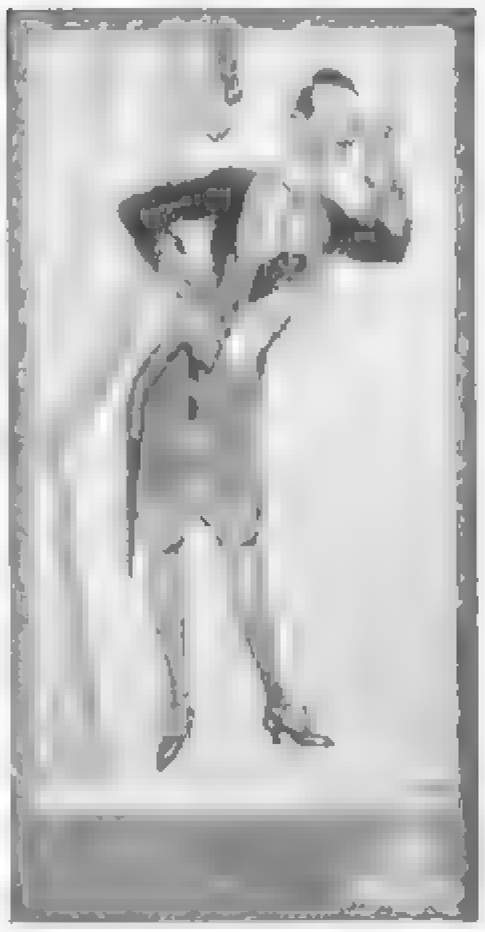
Dear old Tom: Wondering when I'm coming back to the grind? Well, I'm not coming back at all. You've put down your pen to read this far. Don't ever take it up again. You've added up the last column of figures in that ledger I can see before you now. Just say "Good-day, I'm not coming back," go up to the boarding-house, pay up for last week, pack your suitcase and catch the 1 P. M. train for New London. I'll do the rest.

Think I'm crazy, eh? Not on your life. Great-uncle is dead and buried, and his millions have lit on sister and me. I am now a full-fledged malefactor of great wealth. But I'm certainly no happier than when I was adding up in the ledger next to yours. Hang it all, it's because I miss you. It didn't take me long to find out that money wasn't everything in the world. Unless you can know humans, what's the use? And you were the only one in the world who ever had any use for me when I had to scissor my cuffs, or borrow an occasional cigarette

You are now manager of my properties at $25,000 a year—the law clerk who attends to them knows more about them than you or I ever will—and I require you aboard my yacht here to consult. We'll do our consulting *en route* to Norway. Grace is with me to do the honors—you would really know Sis was a lady malefactor of equally great wealth to see her snub the swells and titled foreigners. You know what she's always thought of you—oh, hang it, come quick! My aunt will chaperone until—do you grasp yet?

Norway's great just now, and then we'll look over Europe and the Mediterranean. Next winter we'll whisk up the Nile a bit and over to Africa to knock down some big game. Then we can keep on around this jolly little old globe of ours, or not, just as we feel inclined. Step into the bank on your way out and get your checkbook. I've started your account there by wire. Besides, they'll need your signature. You'll reach here at 4:10. Come right down to the pier; I'll be there with the launch and—Grace.

Yours as usual,
DICK.



They Say He is the Handsomest Man in Europe

From a Grammar-School Principal to an Inveterate Young Truant

MASTER WILLIAM KIDD,
Vale Farms, Vermont.

My dear Boy: I have learned of your being at the farm of your kind old grandfather, and I take this opportunity to write that when you desire to return it is my wish to apologize to you before the whole school.

I have decided, after cogitating over the matter deeply, that it would be most cruel to break the spirit of a bright American schoolboy, if such a thing were possible, especially when he is the daring leader of his playmates. Hereafter, moral suasion will supplant too strict disciplinary methods at our school.

We have decided that the hours of study are too long and the hours of play too short. The school board has appointed an athletic instructor, and three hours a day will be devoted to baseball and kindred sports. A very pretty uniform has been devised for the nine of our school, of which you have been elected captain in your absence. The cost of the baseball as well as the military uniforms, and the guns for the new soldier company to be connected with the school, will be borne by the school board.

It also gives me great pleasure to say that the racer runabout automobile, voted for in the local paper to be awarded to the most popular schoolboy, has been won by you, your name leading by two thousand coupons.

You are a manly lad, and I have been wrong and have persistently misunderstood your spirit. But let us be friends, my lad, and let the future prove the sincerity of my protestations of regard for you. But, alas, I have sad news for you with which to close my letter. You will be grieved to learn the schoolhouse was totally destroyed by fire day before yesterday. Pending the erection of a new building, the curriculum of the school will be restricted to athletics and camping out during pleasant weather.

With best wishes for you always,
CHARLES X. THRASHER, A. M., Ph.D., Principal.

From the Jewel-of-a-Cook to Her Former Mistress

to mis Hiram daley,
hifalutin Apartmunts, n. York.

N. york, toosday.

dere Missus, i have bin in grate trubble since i left you 2 year ago to get marrit. my husbin run away with a huzzy. i would like you to take me bak if you wil. i am a better cook than i wos becoz i werked as helper to a very good frinch Chef who lerned me a lot. i will come for less becoz i could never stand the heat in the Hotel kitchins. i will never leeve you again & if you want a good second girl or made, my couzin, a very stiddy good looking girl has just landid and wants a permanint place. she wos with lady roscommon at roscommon Castle for five year, but lady roscommon is ded now. my couzin is traned as parlor made or ladys made and can sew and embroyder and is a fine hare dresser and nursry guvvernis, having good educashun and loves chillern. she doesunt want big wages but wants a place ware she can be with me and stay. how are the dere chillern, i want to come bak for there saik. write at once care skelly.

NORA GOODHART.

MIGUEL

By GEORGE PATTULLO

ILLUSTRATED BY GAYLE P. HOSKINS

He Employs Modern Methods

POMP of circumstance and pride of place were turned to ashes in Miguel's mouth. Only yesterday he had been the courted and fêted of men—he, the lord of nine dollars, of eighteen large silver pieces. And now they refused him drink, even a tiny sip of *mezcal*. He slunk from Baptismo's place and squatted dolefully on the stones of the sidewalk, his back against the wall.

Two urchins, who were spinning tops in the dust with lashings of cord, ceased their mutual objurgations to survey him.

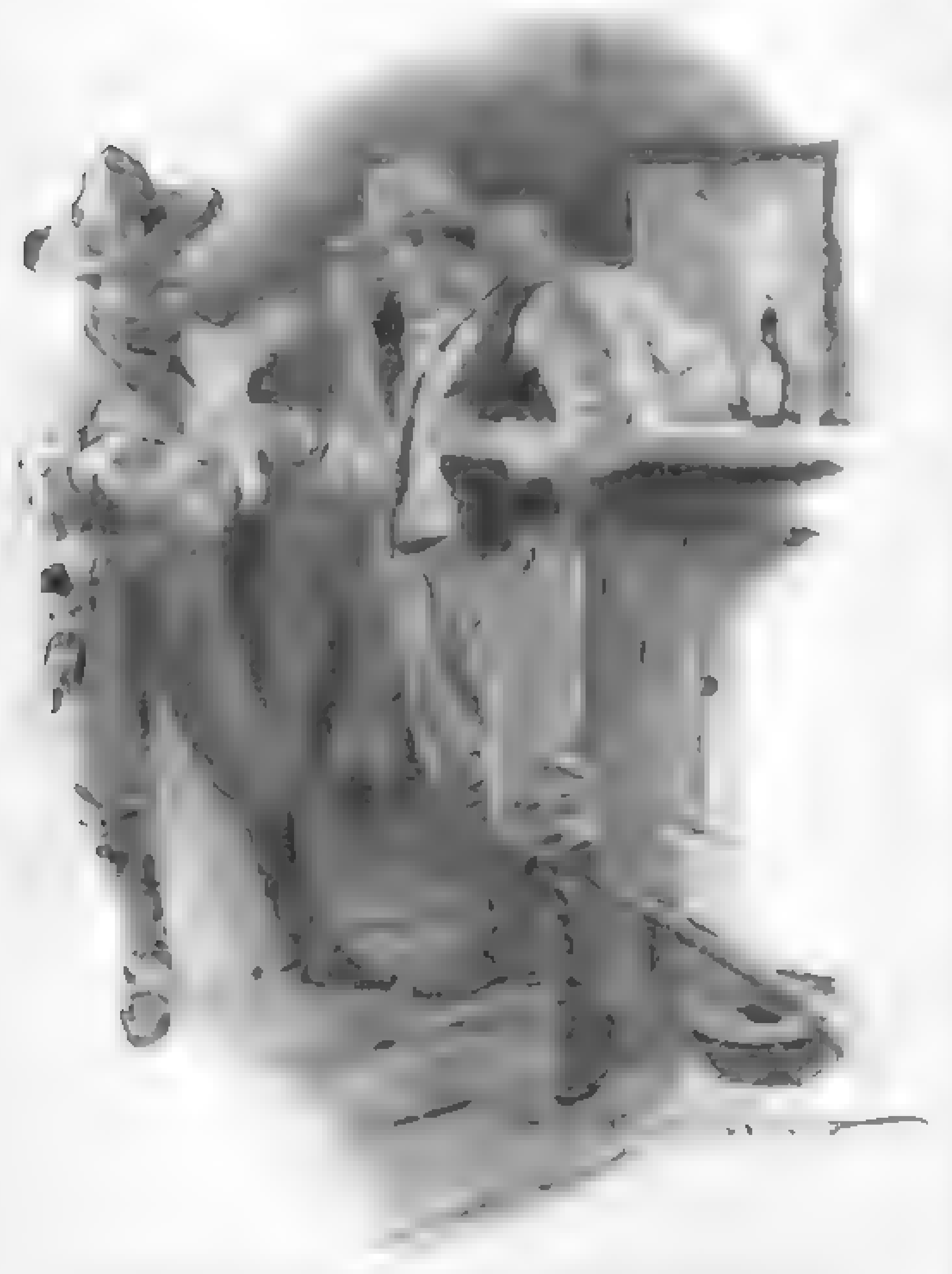
"It is Miguel. He is rich. I shall be vaquero, too, some day," whispered the older.

Through an open gate Miguel could see some young men playing at handball against a high, plastered wall; their shouts and laughter rang pleasantly. He laughed in bitterness, smiting his hand on the stones. What a fall was here! He, Miguel Lucerro, the pride of the Tumbling K, the dauntless vaquero, riding into town on his big American bay, bulging with wealth; ah, all that was yesterday! He groaned aloud.

"It was the viskee," he whispered in English, that the children might not understand. "No; son-of-a-kun! It was the cards. Chico, he is the lucky man, he is."

Even yet it confounded his hazy capacity to fathom how he had contrived to squander such sums; the awful fact faced him that the money was gone. It was Sunday, and the street was full of sunshine. Raphael Vasquez hove in sight on the opposite side and hailed him. Raphael had his gamecock tucked under his arm—*amigo*, what a dear fighter was that little Tio! Raphael slouched by and he called an invitation to Miguel to follow on, but Miguel turned his eyes away that he might not see. Of what use to know the man who possessed the grandest rooster in all the country, from Agua Prieta to Nogales, if he had not one solitary *centavo* with which to back the darling? But a fighting is a fighting, and he rose at last and repaired to the pit.

They had the birds already tethered in the center when he arrived, and almost a hundred men and women ringed the cleared space. Several youths of his acquaintance were shouting odds, and one rushed to him rapturously, certain of a wager. Miguel repulsed his overtures sadly and hung his head. Then his eyes fell on his spurs. Of steel they were, heavily mounted with silver, and were much coveted by the stay-at-home young men who knew nothing of the art of pursuing the cunning cow and blundering steer. Did they not, too, come from the land of gold? He unbuckled the leathers with fingers that trembled, and jingled them tantalizingly in front of Alfonso Barreda.



"Tell Her You Want the Girl, You Want Her Right Bad, and You Want Her Quick. Understand?"

"You will bet me, Alfonso?" he cried. "Then, here are these, given me by my close friend, Señor Hank Smith, the noble and rich American of whom all the world has heard. Yes, he is my friend, and he made of these a present. Ten dollars I will wager them against."

There was outcry at once, that amount of currency being unavailable on sudden demand. So Miguel relented to the point of putting up his spurs against six Mexican "'dobes." Of course, he placed his money on the intrepid Tio, and went over and felt gingerly of the leg bones, and stroked the powerful wings with caressing fingers. They tied the long, simitar steel spurs on the cocks and set them at it; and on the fourth exchange Tio's antagonist could not rise.

"Now," observed Miguel, "I will go back to that treacherous Baptismo, who takes my money only to spurn me. Ay, I shall flout him and say . . . No, I shall not go back there."

An idea had come to him, an idea so original, so wholly unexpected that he could only regard it as an inspiration. He would return to the ranch. What a surprise Señor Hank would get when he saw his favorite cowboy ride in with money jingling in his overalls—and fully two days before he was due! While he never overdid either, to think was to act, with Miguel. Straight to the company's corral he strode to saddle the bay, stopping only long enough to sip a drink at Baptismo's, a draft of which he partook in sneering dignity, regardless of the expectant quiet in which the hangers-on watched him spin the coin from his hand. After that, with the jinglebobs and rowels chiming on his heels, he sauntered forth. Behind him he left dissension, Baptismo upbraiding his henchmen with bitterness for not acquainting him accurately with the vaquero's supply of money.

Miguel was a great and a prosperous man. He earned twenty-five dollars gold each month punching cattle for the American company, and was on terms of intimacy with more than one of the American cowboys—notably with Señor Bud Parker, who did the outfit honor by cooking for it. There were ardent friends of Miguel who did not scruple to assert that even the high-placed Señor Hank ofttimes held friendly converse with Miguel, as was evidenced by an occasion Raphael cited when the Señor was heard to exclaim in a rolling voice:

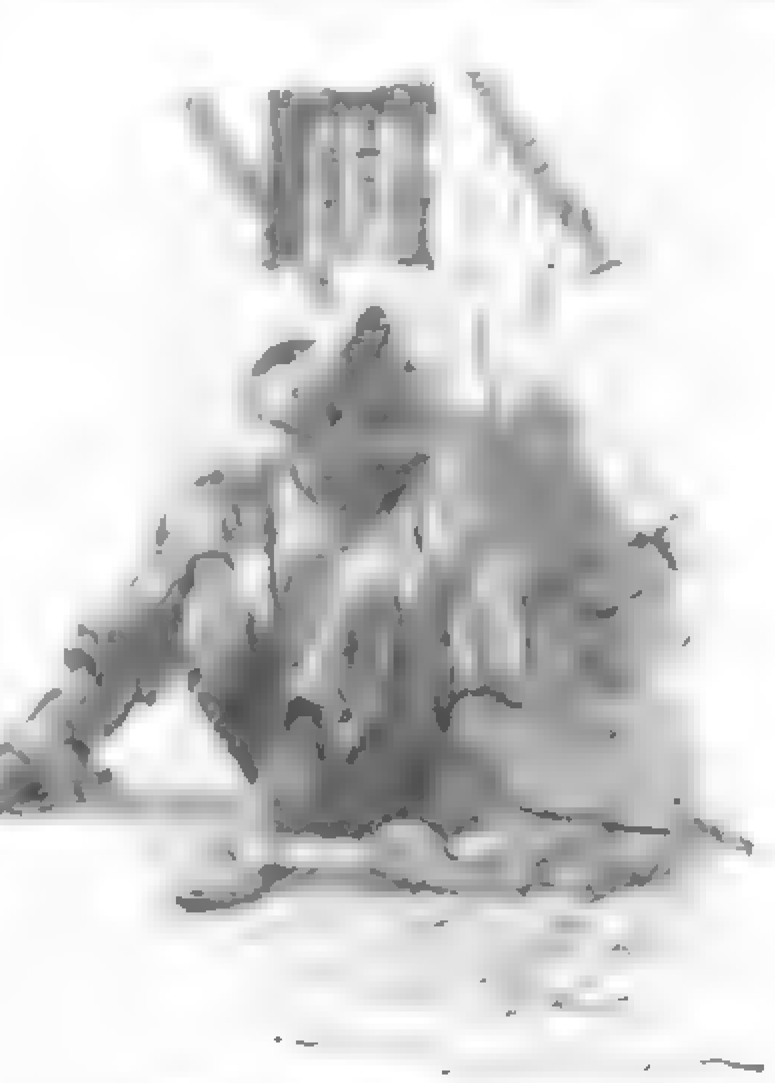
"*Hombre*, come here an' hold this horse, blast your eyes! That's all you're good for." And after the speech Señor Hank had given up his best saddler into Miguel's keeping—surely a distinguishing mark of confidence and affection.

Miguel caroled in a soft tenor as he ambled through the purple haze of early evening. He was going back with money; the thing was unprecedented in his world. Sometimes a man had as much as four dollars at the end of the month, after deducting his purchases from the company's stores and cash advances from the boss; but usually he owed his employers. This last thirty-one days had been, indeed, a triumph for Miguel. His check had called for eighteen *pesos*. He had seven of them remaining; also, his saddle and spurs intact. Truly, it was a kindly world, and the night was sweet.

At the edge of town his strong-muscled bay lunged with a snort when a burro appeared silently from a yard right in his path, and Miguel tickled Corazón's sides with the spurs to make him caracole, holding his head well up the while, lest he pitch. One can never tell who sees, and flashing eyes might even now be intent upon him.

Ha! It was so. He tightened on the terrible spade-bit until Corazón's neck was arched in a beautiful curve, for crossing the road directly in front of him was a girl. Her eyes were big and brown and melting, and when she turned their wistful appeal on Miguel he caught his breath precisely as he did when Big John threw a bucket of cold water on him in sleep, and for a second his heart seemed to stand still. Oh, joy! Oh, rapture! When had mortal man seen a face such as hers, a figure so lissom, hair so raven and soft. And that cheek, the sweet oval with the pink under the olive skin! Corazón bounded from the triumphant heel and fought and whirled about to unseat him. Miguel was superb. He sat there lightly, striking playfully at the frantic bay's ears with his hat, while he hummed an air, his eyes glinting at the eyes behind the black mantilla. Ah, *amigos*, you should have seen him then! She passed swiftly, fleeing down the street like a frightened bird. One startled glance she threw Miguel—just one. There was no reproach in it for his daring, and it thrilled him. "*Ea! Ea!*" he shrilled, and Corazón quieted. Miguel turned to gaze after the little blue figure speeding homeward, and saw her enter a plaster house on the right—a white, white house, with vines trailing over wires to the roof's edge.

"I will not go back just now," observed Miguel tranquilly. "The way is very long. Old Hank will curse me anyway, so I shall remain. He may go to hell. Ah, *querida!*"



"Chico, He is the Lucky Man, He is"

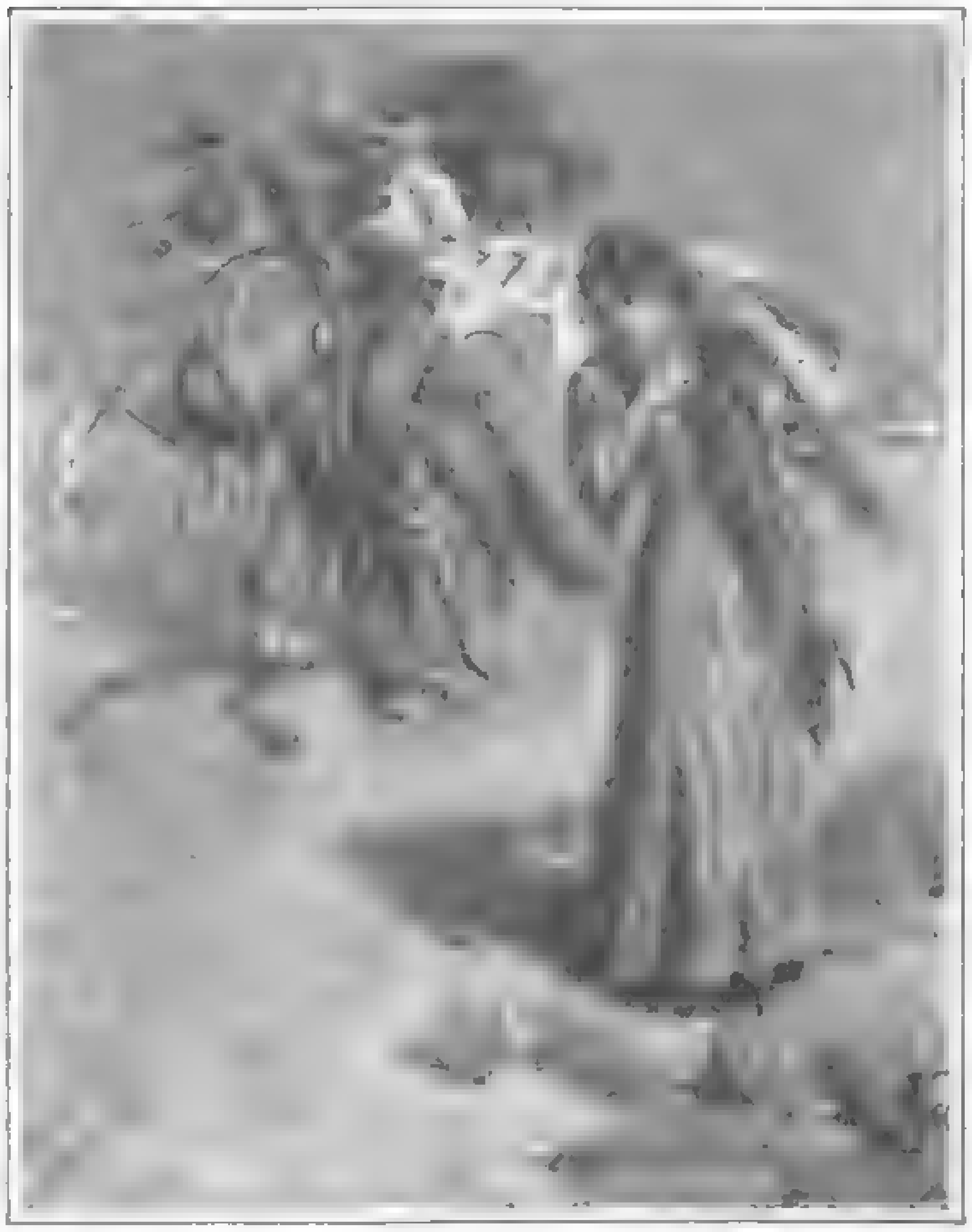
Two days glided by in a dream of delight. He did not trouble to ascertain her name and station, not he; but with a new red silk handkerchief around his neck, and scrupulously washed—he was free from prejudice and had watched Big John in his courting—he paraded past the white house, making Corazón curvet in a manner very unseemly in a cow-pony. Sometimes he thought he discerned her head at one of the iron-barred windows, but it was so hastily withdrawn that he could not be sure. On these occasions he did his best to appear oppressed by melancholy and hopelessly stricken of love, rolling his eyes and emitting rending sighs. Alas, they went unrewarded. Once she flitted by him on the street, attended by a small urchin. She did not cast a glance in Miguel's direction, but the boy evinced interest.

"See, see, Paulo! It is Miguel, the fearless vaquero," he whispered, plucking at her skirt.

How Miguel swelled with pride. To be so justly described by a mere child—a child in years, yet surely wise beyond telling. How bravely Miguel made the mettlesome bay prance and champ on the bit. Paulo gave no apparent heed, but quickened her pace, and, of course, Miguel did not look at her directly, or venture to speak. That would have been unpardonable presumption, a liberty and an affront. No, he carried himself with sadness and a sort of sweet melancholy. He watched her windows, spending much time promenading the sidewalk opposite, because he could not ride Corazón along the same street the entire time. And in the afternoon of the second day a pair of soft eyes met his glance for an instant from an upper casement and a hand fluttered a handkerchief—just the lightest motion of a dainty lace handkerchief—but it was enough; it was enough. Miguel was delirious with conquest.

He would go to her. Like an honorable man he would wait upon her parents and tell them of his burning love and ask permission—at this point Miguel brought up abruptly. Who were they, and what their circumstances? The house was large; there was no larger in the town. Looking at it now, the white structure loomed a palace to the poor vaquero.

No thought had Miguel ever given to the future beyond a passive desire to wake up some morning in a palace; to strive for this never entered his head. If the present contained ease, it brought content; so why worry of the morrow? Tomorrow—there is no tomorrow among Mexicans. But now he shot from the battlements of hope to the lowest dungeons of despair. Who was he, to aspire to Paulo Barrea? Yes, that was her name, and her father owned immense stretches of corn land and many acres of wheat—it required forty horses to trample his wheat in the threshing.



For a Second His Heart Seemed to Stand Still

This was but one of their residences, and Miguel choked a sob and tugged at his hair in despair

Of no avail was it to rail at caste distinctions; they existed. 'Twas true that Terrazas, the czar of the cattle world, was sprung of lowly parents; but Miguel reflected sagely that there was a difference between Terrazas, with his boundless dominions, and a vaquero working for twenty-five dollars a month and chuck—even though the latter was favored with Señor Hank's friendship to the extent aforementioned. His uncle might . . . no, his uncle would not. This relation had been a source of fond hope to the Lucerro family, as well might be. He stood in his bare feet on a corner near the marketplace of Cananea, enveloped in a zarape, and begged of the fool foreigners who scattered their gold as they came down the hill in rocking cabs, in quest of amusement. Certainly he must be rich, for he was so dirty and looked so pitiful and quavered so heartrendingly with outstretched palms. Once he had driven Miguel away with curses when the vaquero would have taken him to his heart, denying the blood tie and anathematizing him as a self-seeker. Miguel dismissed the beggar from his mind as a possible benefactor.

Fulminations against Fate were not for men, and he repaired to his sister's house for advice. Here his humble circumstances were borne upon him anew. All the poorer houses of the town consisted of rooms opening on the street—a family might occupy only one room, or it might occupy four, but each room in the adobe structure had a door giving on the sidewalk. Because Miguel's brother-in-law earned high wages as a blacksmith's helper they had three doors. Yet how could this residence be mentioned in the same breath with the white house in its vines?

"You will just have to wait, Miguel," advised the patient sister. "Save your money. Did not your father talk on even terms with Barrea? Indeed, and indeed, he did. Barrea is a thief. Your father and he were partners."

Save his money? Horrors! Miguel flung out of the home in disgust and bent his steps toward Baptismo's for solace. There, to his considerable consternation, he encountered the Señor Hank. The meeting was not without its embarrassing side, inasmuch as the mighty American displayed no especial affection, his greeting consisting of expletives bearing on Miguel's unexplained absence when he was aware that the Tumbling K was shorthanded. Miguel wore the frozen smile a Mexican assumes under public reproof, and ordered a bottle of beer, just to show how thoroughly civilized he was. When he had poured it out he sidled close to the big cattleman.

"Well," snorted Hank, eying him askance, "why don't you marry the girl, then?"

Alas, Señor Hank could not understand, being rich and mighty—he surely could not, for the girl was above him.

"Have you asked her yet?"

Miguel was dismayed beyond speech. No, indeed; what was the use, his shoulders inquired. The cowman threw back his head and grew very purple with laughter.

"Sure you haven't," he shouted at last. "That would be too simple. Put it off for a few days, I suppose. Eh, Miguel?"

"*Ah, si. Poco tiempo,*" responded Miguel hopefully.

"Now, you look here," rasped Hank, fixing him with a baleful eye. When the boss spoke in those slow, irascible tones the Tumbling K outfit was alive to the wisdom of obedience. "Now, you look a-here, Miguel. You run right down to Barrea's an' ask the ol' woman or her father or whoever has the say in that family. Tell her you want the girl, you want her right bad, and you want her quick. That's what you tell 'em. Understand?"

Miguel threw out his palms in horror.

"You hear me, you coffee-colored son-of-a-gun? You tell 'em that. If they say no, an' the girl seems willin' —Hank sank his voice impressively—"you tell 'em you're a friend of mine. Then, if they still say no, you tell that ol' rascal Barrea you'll take her anyway. After that come back to me. Barrea! Why, the ol' rat made his start stealin' calves from me—him an' your father."

Considerably fortified by this sidelight on family history and by the knowledge that the all-powerful Señor Hank, at whose bidding miracles were wrought, stood prepared to back his every move, Miguel saddled Corazón, being minded to go in state. Astride the bay he felt competent for anything, equal to the highest, and when he rode through the hallway of the house to the courtyard spurs and bit-chains clinked merrily. About forty dogs, no two of the same breed or admixture of breeds, barked, snapped and growled at his heels as he led his horse into the corral at the back.

"And which of my daughters is thus honored?"

Señora Barrea sat in a rocking-chair and eyed the caller with sparkling disfavor. She knew of Miguel, knew much more than that courteous young man had the least suspicion of, and something, too, her youthful son had told her. So now, when he stammered an elaborate request that he be permitted to make his addresses to the lady of his choice, "Which of my daughters is thus honored?" she repeated

Miguel was so disconcerted by this style of address and by the fact that there were two daughters—a possibility that had never intruded in his calculations—that for a long moment he was unable to answer. Then, "The Señorita Paulo," he murmured. The mother laughed and, with mischief in her glance, stepped to the door and summoned Paulo. She would send this impertinent vaquero about his business shortly, but in the mean time she would gloat over his confusion. Ho-a, it was long, long since she had sat in tingling expectancy and warmed to the roots of her hair at the veiled pleadings of—pshaw, men did not know how to love as they did in the good days of her youth. She looked at Miguel and tittered

He was backing over a stool in his bow to the flushed Paulo, and when he sat down it was on the extreme edge of the most uncomfortable chair he could select. He faced the mother, with the girl sitting at her right hand and shrinking slightly, ever so slightly, from this besieger of her heart. Of course, he did not address himself to Paulo directly, save to murmur a polite "Señorita" of interrogation so as to include her in the conversation at times. Señora Barrea was the medium of communication. They exchanged inanities on the unprecedented rains and the disastrous drought of the previous year, and then fell into a dismal silence, Miguel staring with watery eyes at the mat, Paulo keeping her gaze cast down in unaffected shyness, the mother choking her laughter with difficulty. By a desperate effort Miguel dragged himself out of the fog and ventured a prognostication on the outlook for corn and beef in the autumn. This being a topic somewhat removed from the field of ardent wooing, Señora Barrea welcomed it as a safe byway, and declaimed at length against the inroads of foreign capital on the industry of cattle-raising Now, Miguel drew his monthly stipend from foreign capital and Señora Barrea knew it, as he was well aware. Therefore, he maintained silence until she had run out of breath, whereupon, having made a propitious start, he bowed deeply to the ladies and prepared to withdraw.

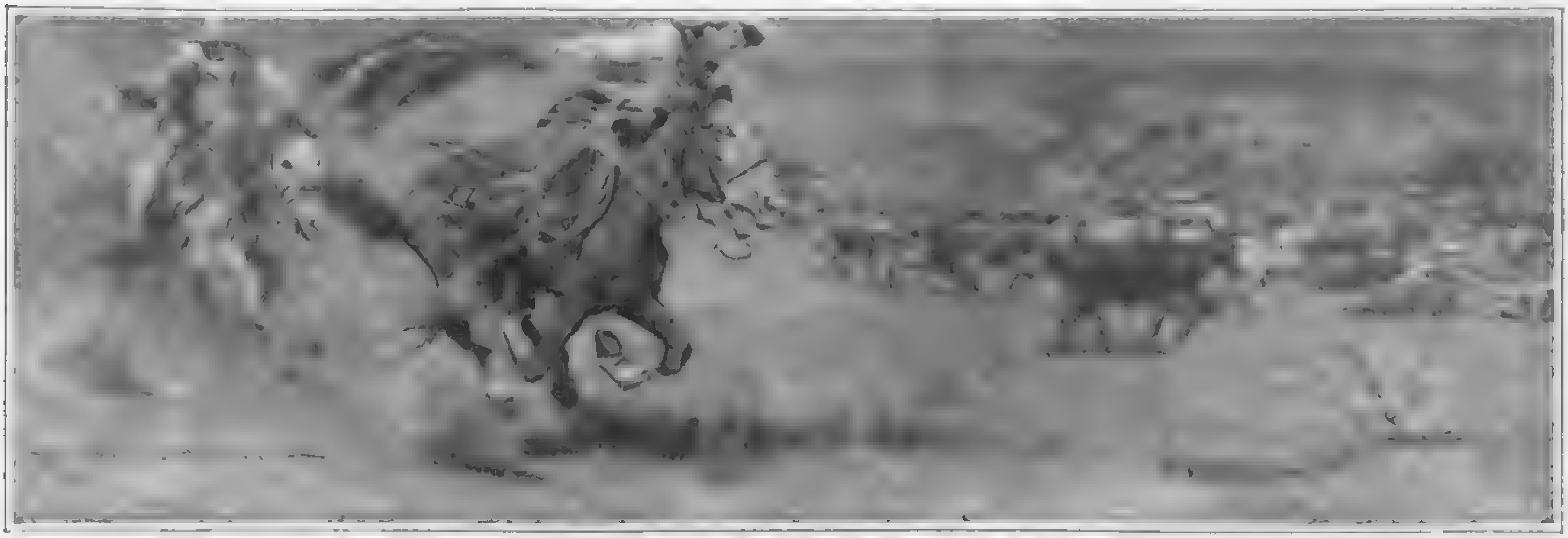
As he was retreating from the room into the wide entrance hall that pierced the house from the street to the courtyard in the rear, Paulo raised her eyes to his. She was a pitifully shy creature, and it was only a fleeting look, the merest flicker of soul communion; but Miguel felt that he was in Heaven, and rejoiced. Gloating over it on the way home he vowed that his cause was as good as won with the ravishing, the darling Paulo, and forgot the mother.

"See Barrea," she had said harshly in the hallway, "Whatever he says is right. But you must not come again until you see him."

What Barrea said, when Miguel went at him boldly all among the yellow cornstalks by the river bank, was: "It is not to be thought of for a moment. My Paulo? She will have ten thousand dollars. And you! huh—you are a vaquero. Do not fret me. I am busy."

Miguel's face was a foot long when he recounted this blasting of his hopes to Señor Hank. That worthy said

(*Continued on Page 49*)



Some Fool or Fiend Handled a Slicker Carelessly as the Steers Were Settling to Rest

THE HOPE OF THE CITY

By Joseph W. Folk

FORMER GOVERNOR OF MISSOURI

DECORATION BY C. D. MITCHELL

ON TUESDAY, January eleventh last, an election was held in Boston under the new charter of that city, by which charter political parties were abolished in city elections. Municipal governments in America are notoriously bad, and the eyes of the nation, as it were, were upon Boston to see how the experiment would work. When it became known that former Mayor Fitzgerald had been elected there was disappointment or delight, according to the viewpoint. The press generally has taken a pessimistic view and argues that the defeat of Mr. James J. Storrow, the business men's candidate, demonstrates that the new plan is no better than the old. There is in all of the discussions the erroneous idea that there is some plan of municipal operation, yet to be discovered, which will bring about the election of the best men to office, as a slot machine responds to the deposited penny. It is impossible to conceive of any plan whereby the best men can be automatically selected—the best man to some is not the best man to others. The most that can be hoped for is to bring the government as near as possible to the people so as to enable them to get what they want, not what we may think they should have. If a majority of the people of Boston obtained through their ballots the mayor they wished, then the plan is to that extent a success, irrespective of the difference of opinion as to the merits of candidates

The Boston charter is defective in that it contemplates only one election and permits any one who can secure a certain number of signers to his petition to run in that election. The result of this will be that special interests will concentrate on one candidate, and the public interests being represented by several candidates, the special-interest candidate will receive the highest number of votes. I do not say it operated that way the first time, but I do say that eventually the charter will be found subject to this objection. The people of Boston with whom I have talked realize this and hope that the charter may be so amended as first to have an open primary. At this primary election the special interests will, as usual, unite on their candidate, but even if those concerned in the public welfare are divided between different candidates in the primary, the two candidates for mayor receiving the highest number of votes will have their names on the ticket at the general election, and thus a square issue can be presented to the voters. Boston's experiment is a step in the right direction of bringing the government nearer to the people.

The most conspicuous fault in municipal governments in the United States today is that they are governments by the few and not by the people. There has been improvement in the last few years, but there remains much to be done in the direction of better things. There is more aggressive rottenness and less aggressive patriotism in large cities than anywhere else. If the patriotism could be made as aggressive as the rottenness, the problem of good municipal government would be solved.

The Criminal Rich and Criminal Poor

IN THE four largest cities of America one can count on the fingers of one hand the business men who habitually take an active part in the management of party machinery. They generally leave these things to the grafting elements, the gambling elements and the criminal elements. When a special-interest man wishes to accomplish anything in the way of securing certain laws, or of obtaining the nomination of any person, the general custom is to send for one of the bosses and make arrangement through him upon a business basis of so much money. These bosses are usually men of strong mentality but of feeble morality. They commonly have behind them the public service corporation interests and the liquor interests. They are the connecting links between the criminal rich and the criminal poor. They serve the rich by obtaining franchises for them and by securing them privileges in the way of permission to violate law; they serve the poor by going on their bonds when they are arrested, by procuring employment for them, and by acts of charity.

C.D.MITCHELL

It is hopeless in any of the large cities to expect to win within a political party a fight on moral issues. The control of the party machinery being entirely in the hands of those opposed to such ideas, they ordinarily can have things their own way. The great mass of people in the large cities do not acknowledge allegiance to any political party, and do not vote in party primaries. That is the reason why in a large city a fight within a political party on moral questions has little chance of success; but once it has come before all the people, those of the large cities will respond more generously to moral issues than those of the rural districts.

The political committees in populous centers are made up in most part of representatives of special interests. Nearly every man is there not as the agent of the party to do what he can for the public but as the agent of special interests to aid these interests against the public. In the great cities the different party committeemen are generally known as belonging to this or that boss or special interest. They are merely dummies for the seekers of privilege. Such a thing as their having minds of their own is practically unheard of. The contrary is true of the rural districts, where it is the exception rather than the rule for a party committeeman to be controlled by other than a concern for the public welfare.

City Rule by Commission

IN THE country sections practically every one belongs to a political party. The better elements control the party machinery, and on a moral issue within a party a majority of either of the great political parties in such districts can usually be obtained. When it comes to the election, however, they feel more bound to party than the people of the cities, and they will not cross party lines as readily to sustain a fight for moral principles. So it is that the city is at the same time the despair and the hope of democracy. It is the despair of democracy, just now, owing to the difficulty in obtaining government by and for the people. It is the hope of democracy because the hearts of the people are true, and they usually do right when they know right. The immediate task, therefore, in municipal government is to wipe away so far as possible the barriers to the rule of the people imposed by special interests.

The best plan that has been devised thus far is the commission form of government. Under this plan a certain number of commissioners—say five—are elected, and the entire control of the city is in their hands. They constitute the law-making body, appoint the other officials and have direction of the law-enforcing power. The commission plan of city government is a simplified form of government, and the simpler government can be made the more government for the people there will be. The more complicated government can be made, the less government for the people there will be and the more government for special interests. The above-mentioned plan reduces the number of elective officers. Those who have thought most on the subject of government have come to the conclusion that there are too many officers elected. When there are a large number of names on the ballot the average voter probably only knows one or two of them and must vote blindly as to the rest. Special interests, however, keep men employed to look after these matters for them, and they are always fully advised as to the attitude and possibilities of every candidate, no matter how many candidates there may be. So the fewer officers to be elected the more they will represent the will of the people, and the larger the number of officers to be elected the less they will represent the people, and the more they will be the results of trade on the part of special interests. Where the commission plan of government has been tried it has been found most satisfactory. In the city of Des Moines they have been operating under this idea for more than a year, with great saving to the taxpayers and improvement in civic conditions. No one can be in that city long without being told of the delight of the citizens with their system. The same is true of Galveston and of Kansas City, Kansas. The commission plan is not exactly the same in each place, but its general outline is as above indicated. Under this plan political parties are dispensed with. In Des Moines there is first an open primary at which all citizens can vote, and the ten candidates for commissioner who receive the largest number of votes have their names placed upon the ballot at the election, the five receiving the highest number of votes in the election being selected.

One feature of the commission plan that is especially desirable is that which requires all franchises of a public-service nature to be submitted to the people and approved by the people before becoming effective. This is not a new feature, but it is a most important one. Chicago has had the referendum for some time, and at Kansas City just a few weeks ago, under the referendum, the people defeated a most astounding proposition to extend a street-railroad franchise for forty-two years when that franchise still had sixteen years to run. If the people of Kansas City had not had the benefit of the referendum their hands would probably have been tied for more than a generation by the chains of monopoly.

A new charter is being prepared in the city of St. Louis, but whether it will contain a referendum clause is not known, as the conclusions of the freeholders who are framing the charter have not been made public. It is clear, though, that there should be a referendum. If this had been in the charter of the city of St. Louis years ago much of the astounding corruption that was uncovered there would never have taken place. For illustration as to how franchises have been obtained where there was no referendum to a vote of the people, I cite some instances of corruption that took place in the municipal assembly of St. Louis. I speak of these, not because the assembly there was so much worse than in other places, for probably the same corruption existed elsewhere, but because by means of my official investigations I am more familiar with the developments there than at other places. In 1899 two hundred and fifty thousand dollars was paid to the municipal assembly for a street-railroad franchise, known as the Central Traction franchise. Seven members of the council obtained from seventeen thousand five hundred dollars to fifty thousand dollars each in bribes; twenty-five out of the twenty-eight members of the house of delegates were paid bribes of three thousand dollars apiece. This franchise was afterward sold by the promoters for one million two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, but the city received not a cent. For the franchise to light the city, forty-seven thousand five hundred dollars was paid to members of the house of delegates in bribes. For what is known as the Lindell Street Railroad franchise nineteen members of the house of delegates received two thousand dollars each in bribes. Seven members of the council prior to 1900 were paid regular bribe salaries of five thousand dollars a year by street-railroad interests to vote as these interests desired them to vote, and not in accord with the welfare of their constituents. The Suburban Railroad Company in 1900, desiring to extend its franchise, placed in two safety-deposit boxes one hundred and thirty-five thousand dollars in cash, to go as bribes to certain members of the municipal assembly; sixty thousand dollars of this amount was for seven members of the council and seventy-five thousand dollars was for nineteen members of the house of delegates. Before the franchise could be put through the assembly was enjoined by the courts from enacting it. While the injunction was pending the assembly expired by limitation and a new assembly was elected. Some of the old members were not reëlected, but, believing they had done all they could to pass the franchise ordinance, insisted that they were entitled to their share of the bribe money, anyway. The legislative agent of the street-railroad company answered that he could not honorably pay the bribe money until the franchise was secured! This one hundred and thirty-five thousand dollars was captured by the authorities and was produced as evidence in court in many of the bribery cases.

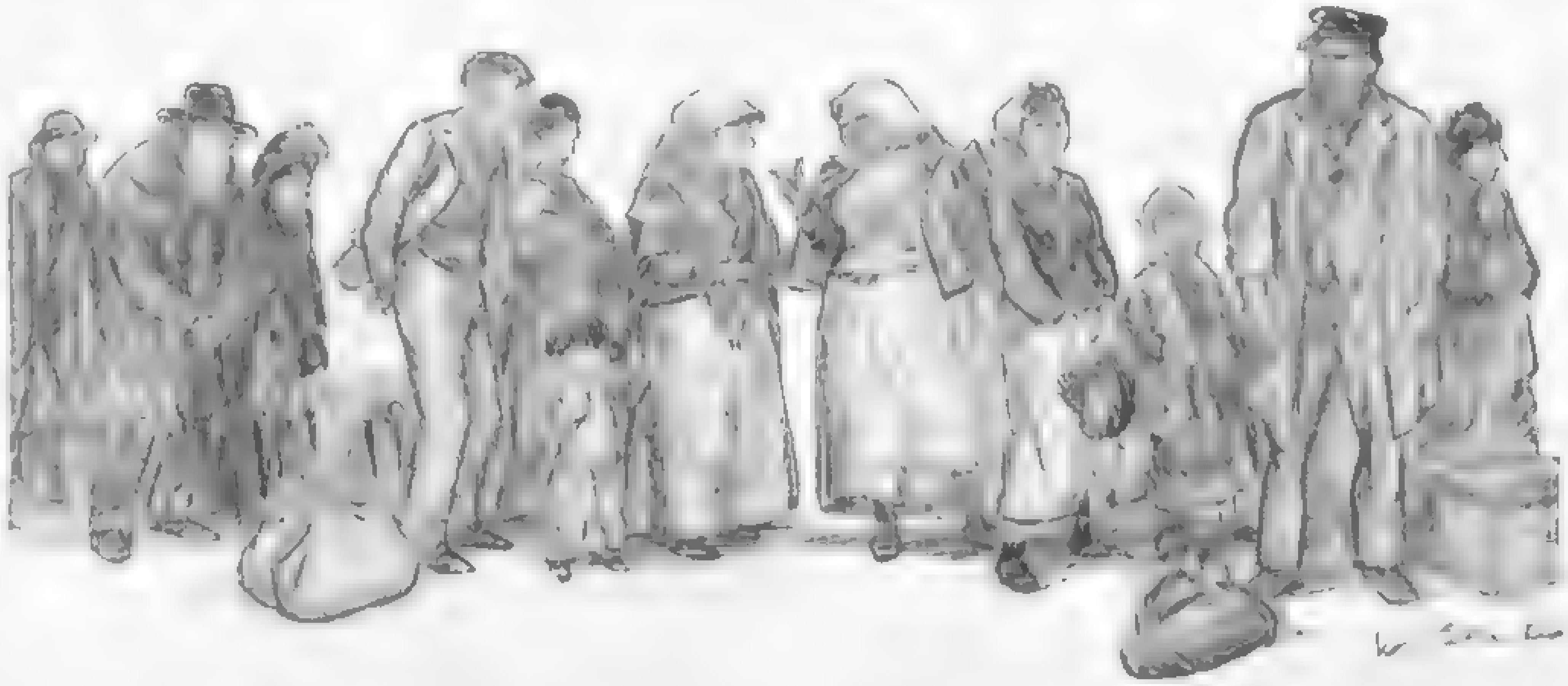
For twenty-five years prior to 1901 scarcely a franchise ordinance passed the assembly without being bribed through. Now, hardly one of these franchises would have stood the test of full and fair discussion before the people, and if the referendum had been in the charter those desiring a franchise would not have found it profitable to bribe the members of the assembly. What would have been the use of bribing the assembly to grant a franchise if the people had the right to veto that franchise on a referendum? Franchise seekers usually object to the referendum and say that the people are incompetent to judge as to these matters. If the people cannot be trusted in these things then our theory of government is wrong. If they cannot be trusted to govern themselves, who can be trusted to govern them? In visiting various cities I have found that where there are frequent referendums to the people the citizens are more alert and take a greater interest in their government than they do in cities where they have no such opportunities to express themselves. A municipality must either be governed by the people, for the people, or it will be a syndicated form of government. A few men of wealth and power will meet behind closed doors, periodically, and determine what they want, and will, through the political bosses, carry out the program. Our form of government of city, state and nation is no better than any other, except as the people make it so. In the best-governed cities the good people are tremendously active and the vicious are notably quiet; in the worst-governed cities the good citizens are deplorably passive in their goodness and the vicious are ordinarily active. Yet I suppose the proportion of good citizens in each of these cities is about the same. The people—the average voter, you and I—are responsible for the future of the governments under which we live. If government for the people is to survive, it must be saved by the efforts of the patriotic citizens who want nothing for themselves save the advantages that accrue from the general public weal. If the people learn to appreciate this, learn to know the dangers that threaten our future, and learn the strength that rests with the voters, they can take the government of city, state and nation in their own hands whenever they wish to do so.

There are some who think so little of their obligations to the general welfare that they are indifferent to being robbed so long as they do not feel the effects directly and are among the many. If each individual were to give his attention to the public business as his own, which it is after all, and were to remember that he is a stockholder

(Concluded on Page 55)

Shall He Go Back?—By Arthur Train

TRYING TO GET THROUGH THE GATE AT ELLIS ISLAND



THE Raglan Castle had just come in, and on a blackboard at the end of the big hall at Ellis Island a man in a blue cap had chalked the figures 652.

Through the window I could look down upon the receiving barge that had brought the immigrants from the pier at Hoboken where the big steamer had docked. They were swarming off the boat in tens of dozens, their kerchiefs and dresses showing a kaleidoscopic effect of color in the noonday sun

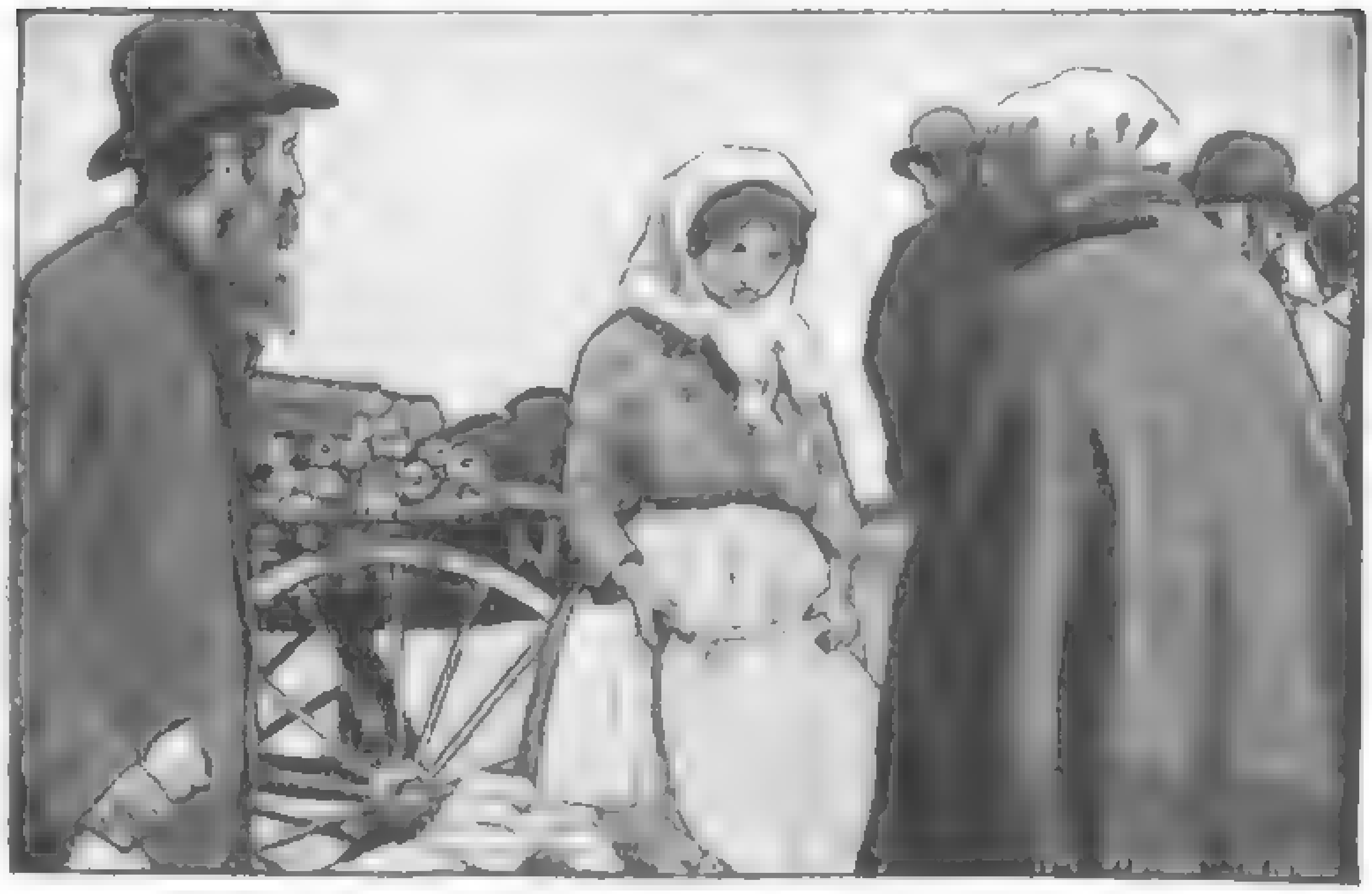
"Watch the head of that flight of stairs in the center," said the doctor who was showing me the ropes, "and in half a minute you'll begin to see them come up."

He had hardly spoken before the pioneer, a brown-faced little Italian, manfully struggling with a huge valise, made his appearance. The doctor seized him by the shoulders, glanced quickly at his eyes, ran his hand over his hair and, remarking "Sound as a walnut," passed him grinning on. And now they came up with a rush—fair-haired and black-curled, old and young, singly and in families, all with bundles, bags or babies—a steady stream of wide-eyed, half-frightened, half-ecstatic humanity. Some the doctors let pass without an interrogation, others they scanned for signs of tuberculosis or trachoma, while the babies and children were invariably examined for eye trouble or indications of imbecility.

I had always pictured an immigrant as a peasant girl with a shawl—never anything else—and this elementary impression at once received a disconcerting shock; for in this particular lot of immigrants there was a minority of women, and of these very few wore shawls. Most were youths just reaching manhood, clear-eyed, ruddy, vigorous, in blue tunics with leather belts, their trousers tucked into their boot-tops, Lithuanian farmers to whom life meant nothing but stern, unremitting physical toil. There were brisk little Italians, with their wives and families, some carrying mandolins or guitars, all carefully if not elegantly dressed and wearing picture-buttons on the lapels of their coats, and sturdy, yellow-haired Finnish girls in native costume of petticoats bulging at the hips and particolored kerchiefs. There were Russian Jews with black beards and fur caps, keen-eyed, spare, in high boots and long coats; frank-faced, stubborn-looking Swedes with rosy cheeks and broad shoulders; here, an Alsatian girl with a face of white marble chiseled by Praxiteles, carrying a huge doll in her arms; there, an aged, grizzled Pole in earrings and a velvet skullcap. Do you see that Hungarian woman wearing a Japanese kimono, her very smartest? And watch the group of little boys, a regular boarding-school, brothers and cousins, all from the same town in Calabria and all dressed alike in caps and colored handkerchiefs. Up the stairs they trudge, bundles bumping against legs, breathlessly hurrying to keep up with the procession as if afraid to lose a minute of freedom in this new country; jostling one another good-naturedly as the medical inspectors momentarily arrest the line of march to chalk upon the sleeve of some doubtful-looking candidate a letter to indicate that he will bear further examination. The doctors, with their sharp eyes, have swept the whole six hundred for the telltale signs of tuberculosis, the dull stare of idiocy, or the shriveled physique denoting degeneration; they have stopped and turned back the lids of some fifty immigrants, searching for diseases of the eye; they have subjected as many more to an examination for internal diseases. Now, the scrutiny over, the room is filled like a huge aviary with a fluttering, chattering, brilliantly-colored multitude who, forming in long lines, crowd into the wire alleys to await their turn before the inspectors.

If you walk along one of these lines and examine the immigrants that compose it you will be astonished by their cleanliness and evident respectability. The young fellows look self-reliant and honest, the girls modest and competent, the older men and women serious and hard-working. There is no suggestion of The Tenderloin on the one hand, or of the squalor of The Ghetto on the other; they are a sturdy lot, sturdy and wholesome. With surprise you look for the "refuse of Europe." Here, to be sure, is a black, dwarfish Sicilian who acts as if cutting throats might be his profession; yonder is a family of scowling Roumanian Gipsies; and there is a scattering of the lame and halt; but you look in vain for the material that makes us the alleged dump-heap of the older countries. You look in vain because it isn't there.

"Some days we get a raw lot, though," interjects the doctor. "When we get a boatload from Naples, for instance."



"But these people are magnificent!" I retort.

"Of course they are," he responds. "There is more ignorance about immigration than is found in any other department of human knowledge. The average American has a vague idea that an immigrant is dirty, diseased and generally undesirable. Nothing is further from the truth. Take this bunch. Did you ever see healthier, more honest, more decent-looking girls in your life? Did you ever see better stuff for laborers than these men? And as for those boys they'll be high-school graduates five years from now. So far as I can see the average of the immigrant class is as good as the average of the working-classes throughout the country. In my opinion, at least seventy-five per cent of the present immigrants are desirable. It is the south Italians, the Sicilians, and the low-class Poles, Austrians and Russians that make the trouble."

I admit that I had been one of the skeptics but that I am more than half converted already. The doctor invites me to stand near the desk of one of the inspectors and see how the regular examination of each immigrant is conducted

A good-natured looking chap in uniform stands, pencil in hand, at the head of one of the waiting rows. A flaxen-haired German girl of about eighteen, with big, lustrous eyes and winning smile, waits helplessly at the desk, while the inspector asks her in her own language some twenty questions, the main object of which is to make sure that her answers tally with the information contained in the manifest furnished by the steamship company. Her statement having proved satisfactory, the inspector asks her how much money she has brought with her. The girl answers: "Fifteen marks!" The inspector shrugs his shoulders and glances at the doctor.

"Goin' to work for her aunt who runs a Dutch boarding-house in Newark. Bought her own ticket. Brother Hans works in the brewery and is coming for her. I guess she's all right. She's got three dollars."

"Sure," assents the doctor. "Send her along."

The girl, seeing that she is the subject of our discussion, blushes and gazes at us appealingly. We nod sympathetically.

"*Gut!*" remarks the doctor.

The inspector motions her toward the stairs leading to the outside world. The girl picks up a wooden trunk painted pink, with leather hinges and brass nails, curtsies and murmurs: "*Danke Schon!*"

"She'll be married to the fellow that owns the brewery inside of a year!" grunts the inspector. "Hello! Look who's here!"

The next in line is a sick-looking, hollow-chested Pole of about fifty-five years—a tailor. The inspector jabbers at him in Yiddish. He has left a wife and six children in Warsaw. No, he isn't going anywhere in particular. He thought he could do better in America, that was all. Money? He hasn't any. Who gave him his ticket? He scraped enough together to buy it himself, but he has none left. He coughs as he speaks, and his eye is the eye of him in whom hope has died

"Him for the Board!" remarks the inspector shortly, and he marks something on the man's ticket.

The Twenty-five-Dollar Rule

"THAT'S the Board of Special Inquiry," explains the doctor. "You see, if the inspector refuses to pass anybody, as in this case, on the ground that he is likely to become a public charge, the alien goes before a board composed of three men who examine fully into the case. If they decide to reject, the immigrant has an appeal to the commissioner. Want to see how it's done?"

I express my eagerness and we stroll along the hall still watching the waiting throngs of prospective Americans, and, passing several rooms where various boards of inquiry are at work, finally turn into the office of the Commissioner of Immigration himself.

"You've heard a lot, I suppose, about the so-called new 'twenty-five-dollar rule,'" remarked the doctor as we stood in the doorway. "To read the papers one would think that the commissioner had issued an ultimatum to the effect that no alien who had less than twenty-five dollars in cash could come into the country. There isn't any such rule at all. The amount of money an immigrant brings with him is of trifling importance compared with his health, earning capacity and general desirability. Of course, there are men and women who are so near the border line that they are likely to become public charges unless they have enough money to tide them over the period when they are apt to be out of work. However, there is no rule that excludes an alien who has twenty-four dollars or five dollars or nothing at all. Here's a copy of the notice that has created so much discussion and misapprehension."

He handed me a printed circular.

DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE AND LABOR

IMMIGRATION SERVICE

No. 23,949 June 28, 1909

Certain steamship companies are bringing to this port many immigrants whose funds are manifestly inadequate for their proper support until such time as they are likely to obtain profitable employment. Such action is improper and must cease. In the absence of a statutory provision, no hard-and-fast rule can be laid down as to the amount of money an immigrant must bring with him, but in most cases it will be unsafe for immigrants to arrive with less than twenty-five dollars besides railroad ticket to destination; while in many instances they should have more.

"Of course," continued the doctor, "each case has to stand on its individual merits. An immigrant who is going to friends, and who is in every other way suitable, and has a railroad ticket besides, might easily come in without any money at all. A weakling who has no visible means of support and no one to go to, might properly be excluded even if he had a hundred dollars. But come in and see how the test, if it be a test, is applied in practice."

The commissioner, who was hearing the appeals of excluded immigrants, greeted us hospitably.

"I have heard fifty-six cases today," he remarked with a smile, "and I've got to hear nine more. It's no easy job. Think what it means to any one of these people if he is excluded! The steamship companies have to retransport them—but where? What worries me more than anything else in this business is the thought of what becomes of those who are sent back, the mentally-defective, particularly. Twenty-five-dollar rule? There isn't any such rule. Sit down and hear a few cases, and get an idea for yourself."

We were in a large, airy room, lighted on three sides by big windows overlooking the bay. Through one of them the Statue of Liberty, holding high her torch, shone golden in the afternoon sun.

Up the channel surged the Friedrich der Grosse, the waves creaming from her giant bows, flags flying, band playing, decks crowded.

"Eight hundred more on her," said the commissioner with a smile. "Well, I must get to work again. What are the tests? All we have to guide us is the statute which excludes 'convicted criminals, anarchists, polygamists, idiots, insane persons, epileptics, paupers, persons with loathsome or contagious diseases and persons likely to become public charges.' Rather blind, that last, isn't it? Oh, yes, the law ought to be stricter, of course. There are about twenty-five per cent of undesirable immigrants who slip in simply because we can't keep them out. For example, the only way we can get at the criminals is by asking them if they are such. You can't expect to find out much that way. But, of course, 'likely to become a public charge' is a pretty broad phrase and can be made to take in a lot of undesirable prospective citizens. Yes, we had a fine lot today, better than usual. These I'm hearing now are aliens who have been detained under the rulings of the Board of Special Inquiry, and who have appealed to me. Some of them are pretty hard cases, I tell you. Of course, the Board has to work pretty fast, but it does wonderfully well, considering. Who is this? Oh, yes, I remember."

A handsome, clear-eyed Russian girl of about twenty years, the daughter of a farmer, comes in and sits down before us. She is clean and intelligent looking. She nervously clasps and unclasps her hands and the tears are welling in her eyes

"That girl over there," says the commissioner, "is an interesting and puzzling case. Her father is a farmer in moderate circumstances. A young man with whom she grew up, the son of a neighbor, came here two years ago, and last year wrote to her father that if the girl would come over he would marry her. So she came, alone. But the prospective bridegroom didn't show up. I wrote him—he lives somewhere in New Jersey—and last week he appeared and looked her over. Finally he said he wasn't sure whether he wanted to marry her or not. Naturally her pride was somewhat wounded, and she decided that she had doubts herself. So everything is at a standstill. The girl says she doesn't want to go back, to be laughed at; and I can't let her land You don't know any lady who wants a servant, do you? She could work! Look at her arms. A nice girl, too. No? Well, I don't know what to do. Are you willing to marry Peter if he comes again?"

The girl nods, the tears brimming over.

"Well, I'll write to that fellow again and tell him he's a fool. He'll never have such a chance again."

The next case is that of a neatly-dressed Russian locksmith, held because he had only one dollar and fifty cents to tide him over. He is intelligent and respectable. Since he was first detained a cousin has appeared and deposited twenty-five dollars for him. Without hesitation the commissioner overrules the action of the board below. A similar case follows. The alien is also a Russian, with fine features, well clad, intellectual looking, and wearing a watchchain and eyeglasses. He had only six dollars and sixty-five cents with which to begin his new life, and being a furrier the lower board thought that his chances—in June—were poor. He, too, has been fortunate enough to find a cousin to put up twenty-five dollars for "his unconditional use," and he is admitted

The commissioner takes the time to explain that the assisted immigrant is not only likely to be of an inferior sort, but also is expressly debarred by the statute which places among the excluded classes: "Any person whose ticket or passage is paid for by another or who is assisted by others to come—unless such person can show affirmatively and satisfactorily that he does not belong to the excluded classes." The immigrants thus assisted are apt to be those whose room is regarded by the authorities at home as better than their company, or who have not sufficient earning capacity of their own to pay for a ticket to America. Stimulated immigration has always been found undesirable, and hence constant watchfulness on the part of the Government over the steamship companies is required. All the transportation companies want is the immigrant's passage-money. They don't care whether he will make a good citizen or not, so long as he is not excluded and they are not obliged to carry him back for nothing. There are countless agents, all over Europe, selling tickets to America on commission, particularly in the Slavic countries, whose activities are largely responsible for the great number of recent deportations.

The Fate of the Gipsy Family

OF COURSE, the immigrant who is detained at Ellis Island for lack of funds is not slow to discover that if he can produce a "cousin" who has money to take care of him he will probably be let in. Many are the schemes devised to circumvent the authorities, the simplest being that a purely-fictitious relative appears with a roll of bills ostensibly for the use of the immigrant, but which are immediately given back once the alien is admitted. Hence the care of the commissioner in making sure that the transaction is genuine, and the money given absolutely for the immigrant's "unrestricted use."

The next case is a band of eighteen Servian Gipsies, consisting of three separate families. They come crowding into the room and form a line against the newly-calcimined wall under the picture of Theodore Roosevelt

"Look out for that paint!" cries the interpreter in Romany, as the well-oiled heads of the Gipsies come into contact with the sky-blue decoration. They form an interesting sociological study. The four men in gold earrings, high boots, fancy waistcoats and sashes are bronzed by the winter wind and scarred with knife cuts. They are evil-looking gentry, these Gipsy brothers. The three women are surly, black-eyed, impudent wenches, all carrying babies; the remaining eight are picturesquely-dressed children of all ages, bright and pretty most of them, but with the same furtive look and insolent carriage as their elders. They have all come on the President Lincoln, and have plenty of money. The leader explains that they are honest and peaceable folk, horse-dealers from Servia. He kill a man? What a question! No, of course not. Locked up? No, no! His dear excellency has mistaken him for some one else! All his family are law-abiding people. They are going to St. Louis. They have two thousand dollars. Yes, that woman is his wife. Get forward there, you! And bow to his illustrious excellency! Yes, the baby is his. Is it not a fine one—born on the ship—five days old! He retires in favor of his cousin, who acknowledges to being the father of a family of five. Yes, alas! It is true. His wife is blind of one eye—the right. It is a curse of God! And the baby is blind, too—one eye only—the left. Is that anything? Why, excellency, one, if it is all right, is as good as two; if not, why did not the dear God give us three eyes? He is a sophist of parts, this fellow. And now comes the last Gipsy, who thinks his dignity is offended. He scowls and holds himself haughtily, lowering under long black curls that caress his forehead and almost conceal his ears. Silently they await the verdict—babies and children uttering no sound.

"Take them out!" orders the commissioner. "Well, what do you think?"

"That they will steal the family wash off every clothesline between here and St. Louis!" I reply.

"I agree with you," he returns. "Gipsies as a rule are a poor lot, often diseased and often quasi-criminals. They are likely to become public charges—not in the poorhouses, but in the lockups. I see no reason for overruling the action of the Board of Inquiry. When does the President Lincoln sail? The seventeenth. Well, see that they go back."

A few minutes later there is a scuffle inside, and the Gipsy last interviewed springs into the room, pouring forth a stream of guttural abuse. He draws the forefinger of his right hand swiftly across his throat several times before the interpreter can shove him out.

"Pleasant fellow, that!" remarks the commissioner. "But a pure faker!"

I read afterward that on the day of deportation the Gipsies had indulged in a fierce fight with the inspectors who were detailed to put them aboard, and had utilized their babies as clubs and missiles, swinging them by the feet and hurling them through the air. No band of Gipsies has been allowed to enter the United States in the last five years, at least by way of the port of New York.

The Bars Let Down for the Worthy

AND now comes a case where the lower board apparently has acted with too great severity. A handsome Kroatian of about thirty years going to Fort William, Canada, had been detained because he had only eight dollars and thirty-six cents when he landed, although he had a through ticket prepaid to his destination. The original action of the board was doubtless right, as the laws of Canada require the immigrant to have twenty-five dollars. Hence he would have been turned back at the border. But he had telegraphed to Fort William and received twenty dollars more, thus making twenty-eight in all, and the board had reëxcluded him on the ground that this had "not changed his original status."

"Rot!" exclaims the commissioner. "Of course he should come in. What's the matter with those fellows? I overrule the board."

The next case is that of a poor little hunchback afflicted with a terrible curvature of the spine, and only eighteen years old. The doctors have certified that he is unfit, but the case is a hard one, as the little fellow has come over with his grandmother to join his father who is a varnisher—earning three dollars a day—in the employ of an automobile company in Cleveland, and there is no one left at home to whom he can go if deported. He stands there, patiently awaiting his sentence.

"Oh, I can't stand for keeping that boy out!" exclaims the commissioner. "Poor little devil! He's got his ticket and plenty of money. I tell you what I'm going to do—admit him on bond. It's all right, sonny!"

"Oh, thank you, sir!" cries the boy, clasping his hands. "Thank you."

One can't help feeling a little queer in the throat as the boy joyfully drags himself out. Even the interpreter is blowing his nose violently.

Sent Back to Odessa

THEN a long, narrow head, covered with a thatch of straw-colored hair, is poked in at the door, a lank body about six feet two inches high follows, and a sort of human stork enters, grinning sheepishly.

"Humph!" I exclaim involuntarily. It is a boy from Odessa, nineteen years old, with an impediment in his speech and a lack-luster eye. All he needs is a pointed fool's cap to make the picture complete. He has no money and no ticket. He is going to an uncle somewhere in Connecticut. No address. He is a carpenter's apprentice, out of work at home. His uncle had sent him a picture postcard suggesting the joys of American life, and he has come. He has lost the postcard. He doesn't even know what his uncle's business is. He is destitute, stupid and incompetent.

"Appeal dismissed!" says the commissioner shortly to the attendant. "Send him back on the next steamer to Odessa."

Following the departure of this youth a fine-looking young couple of Hungarian farm laborers enter—a husband and wife, young, strong, hearty and smiling. They have been detained because they have only a few dollars and no destination. The interpreter reports that the Hungarian agent has found a place for them as cook and caretaker, at thirty-five dollars a month and board, at a charitable institution outside of New York. They joyfully signify their willingness to take that job, and are admitted.

The next case is that of an anæmic Russian boy of fifteen years who started for America with his uncle and became separated from him in Liverpool. He is in much distress, as his uncle cannot be found. He says he was an office clerk in Nijni Novgorod. He is thin, small-eared and poorly nourished.

"Not very good material," remarks the commissioner. "I'll let him wait a week longer to see if the uncle turns up."

And so it goes. Most of the detained aliens are Russians or Lithuanians who have practically no money and no prospect of work. In every case the authorities have endeavored to ascertain the whereabouts of friends or relatives or to secure work for the immigrant, and in almost every case have been successful. In several cases that I heard the commissioner overruled the lower board and—wisely, it seemed to me—admitted the alien. One was sent to Virginia to a friend; two others were turned over to the employment department of a great railroad in the West that needed laborers, and positions in New York were found for several more. The mere amount of money possessed played a small part so long as the candidate was strong and willing to work.

"Well," said I at last, "I don't see any twenty-five-dollar rule."

"No," laughed the commissioner. "The only rule is that of common-sense and impartial justice."

One case remained, that of an Italian. One does not wonder that the Board of Inquiry had misgivings about him. He is short and thickset, with mere slits of eyes. One ear is partially missing—chewed off, perhaps—his head is bullet-shaped, his arms long, and his hands prehensile like those of a gorilla.

"By George!" mutters the commissioner. "How'd you like to meet him at twelve o'clock at night in an alley!"

But our man is not easily disposed of, for he has a through ticket from Palermo to Lambertville, New Jersey, and a letter from a *padrone* promising him work on the railroad. He is perfectly well and a veritable little bull for strength. He can read and write, is unmarried, and produces twenty-one dollars from a scarlet handkerchief. With an evil smile he asserts that he is not an anarchist, polygamist or criminal. You know instinctively that he is all three.

Undesirables the Law Does Not Exclude

"NOW, what am I going to do?" asks the commissioner despairingly. "That fellow will go out to New Jersey and stay, perhaps, a month. At the end of that time he will return to New York and join a gang of Black Handers. If luck is against him he will go to Sing Sing, by-and-by, but if not, he'll live by blackmail and crime for the rest of his life. I may be doing him an injustice, but I don't believe it."

"Have you got your penal certificate?" inquires the interpreter.

The Italian shakes his head. He never had one, he asserts.

"That's a lie!" growls the commissioner. "But what can I do? I've got to let him in! Send him along. Board overruled."

"What percentage of aliens are excluded?" I ask. "For it seems as if most of them come in."

"Less than one per cent," answers the commissioner. "And the deuce of it is that the one per cent does not include the really worst element at all. We know that enormous numbers of Italian criminals come over here every year, but we can't keep them out. They aren't going to admit that they are convicts, and there is at present no way of finding out whether they are or not. Of course, as you probably know, every Italian is the subject of an almost perfect system of registration. In each town is kept a record of all those born in the neighborhood. If a native moves away to another village the police there are notified and make a complete return of what he is doing and where and how he lives. If he gives false information he is prosecuted for perjury, and so, too, if he gives a fictitious name. Thus they keep the records centralized and the Government can secure at any moment a detailed account of every man's life history. Now, no Italian can secure a passport or permission to leave the country permanently without procuring from the authorities of

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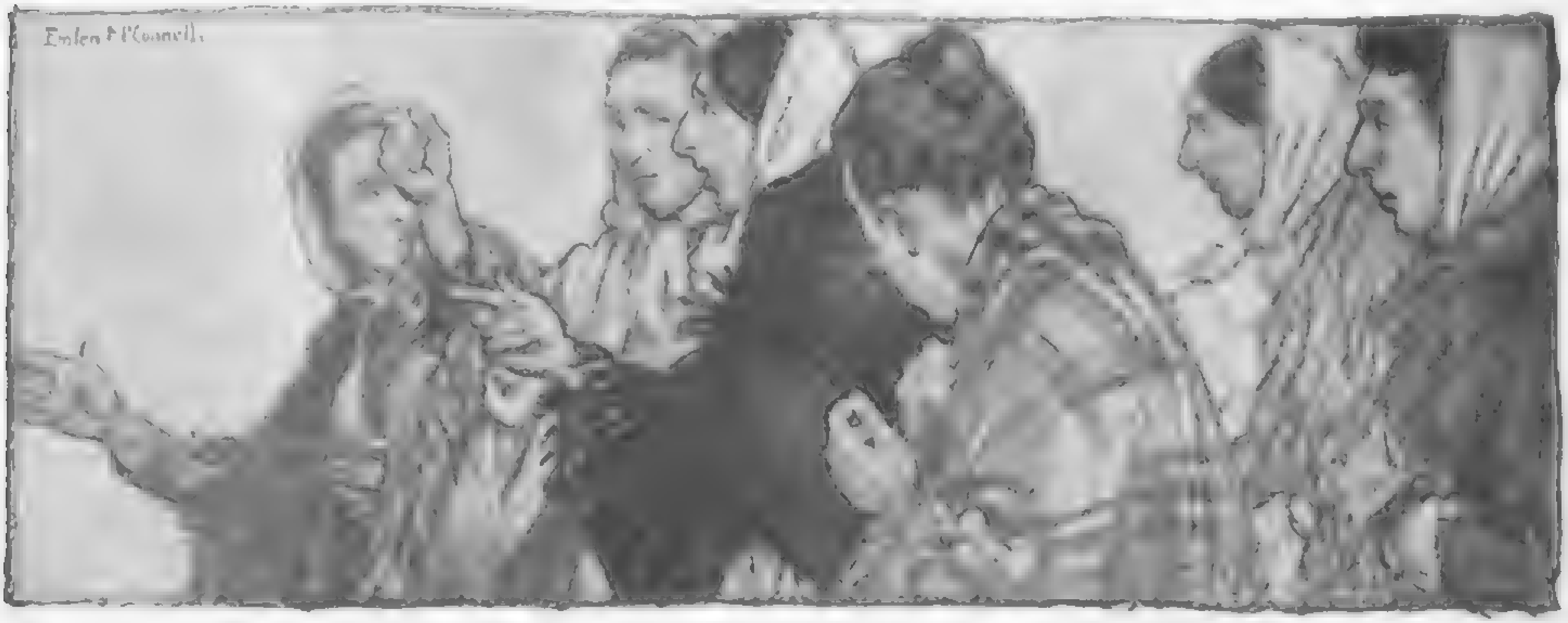


THE BUSINESS OF FARMING

Dairying for Dollars—By Forrest Crissey

UP IN the rich dairy district round about Elgin, Illinois, which still boasts of being the banner milk and butter section of the country, Jud Mason is spoken of as "about as able a dairy farmer as you'll find, these days, in felt boots." And generally the mention of his name will provoke the added comment: "If he can't turn feed into milk and milk into money—with a good margin of profit, too—then nobody in these parts can."

As the Elgin butter market makes the price of that product for the world, such a reputation in that particular locality ought to stand for something in the eyes of the whole dairying fraternity. Besides, Jud Mason is known by his works at the Illinois and the Wisconsin Colleges of Agriculture. Inquiry at either of these colleges is almost certain to draw out the information that when it comes to a plain milk farm, without any fancy trimmings, conducted for profit only, Mr. Mason's outfit must be considered among the foremost.

So, in the hope that a first-hand study of Jud Mason's farm and methods might throw clear and practical light on progressive, up-to-date practice in dairying, I paid a personal visit to his farm, driving six miles northeast of Elgin, through a pleasant, rolling prairie country. All about "the world's butter center"—as the Elgin folks prefer to call their city—the country is peppered with fancy farms and splendid show places, the names of which may be read, in letters a yard long, on the fronts of great hip-roofed barns. But there is no name on Mason's barn—not even a gilded cow on the weather-vane. He isn't that kind of a farmer. He wears felt boots in winter, and at all seasons he can milk more cows, night and morning, than the best hired man he ever had.

With Jud Mason dairy farming is neither more nor less than a business—a manufacturing business at that.

"You can't look at it from any other angle," he explained, "and get the right light on it. Those who handle it as either more or less than a business generally get off with a loss. Ever since I woke up and began to farm with my head, instead of doing it all by hand, I've tried to run the farm the same as I would any other business. My lands and buildings are my fixed capital, and my tools and stock are my working capital. The mark I aim at is to make my working capital pay as high a per cent upon my fixed capital as possible, and at the same time to add something to the fixed capital in the shape of greater soil fertility.

The Gravel-Pit Style of Farming

"A GOOD many farmers can show a handsome profit on their fixed capital as long as they shut their eyes to the fact that they've simply been mining their land, not farming it. You might just as well open up a gravel pit and load your farm into wagons at so much a square yard as to mine its fertility with crops, putting nothing back. There's a surprising number of farmers doing this very thing with their own land, just because they're asleep, or don't know any better. When a tenant farmer does this with an owner who'll let him get away with it, then it isn't so surprising. But when you see a farmer eating up his fixed capital, his soil fertility, and deluding himself with the notion that he's making money, you can't help wondering how long such a man would last in the lumber, the hardware or the grocery business."

The background of Mr. Mason's life helps to shed light upon his success as a dairy farmer. He left the home farm at eighteen, with the determination to have one thousand dollars saved when he was twenty-one. He worked for two years in the first cheese factory of the Elgin district, and then went to Missouri, where he followed the calling of cheesemaker for seven years. Then his father died and he returned home, buying out the interest of the other heirs in the home farm and its equipment. Of his ninety-eight acres a very considerable portion was either covered with brush or too wet to till, and all of the buildings were old and poor. For about three years he worked hard—with his hands—and at the end found that there was just as heavy a mortgage on the place as when he began. He had just about made both ends meet, that was all. He wanted to quit, but a good friend gave him sound advice and—he woke up. He saw that he must crowd things harder, and do more farming with his head than he had done before. But he didn't make the mistake—too common to the farmer who finds himself in a tight place—of seeing how much he could mine out of the farm on the gravel-pit basis. His first big step was to reclaim his waste land by cleaning up the brush and tiling out the low places. Money was worth something in those days, but he put one thousand dollars into his land in the shape of drain-tile. His waste land at once became his best and most productive land, and added one-third to his tillage and more than one-third to his production. He has since bought one hundred and eighty-five acres adjoining his original holding and promptly subjected it to the drainage treatment. At least one-quarter of his present farm of two hundred and eighty-three acres has been reclaimed in this manner from almost total uselessness to a high state of productivity. He has a line of thirteen-inch tile running straight across his farm—a distance of eighty rods—and the main is well equipped with eight-inch and ten-inch feeders.

The Silo That Represents Profits on Jud Mason's Farm

"You can't bear down too hard on tiling," declares Mr. Mason, "when it comes to making a farm pay real profits. It's simply applying sound business principles to farming. My farm will now produce at least four times what it would before tiling and cleaning up the brush. The wettest land I now have is the highest point on the farm, and it yields the least."

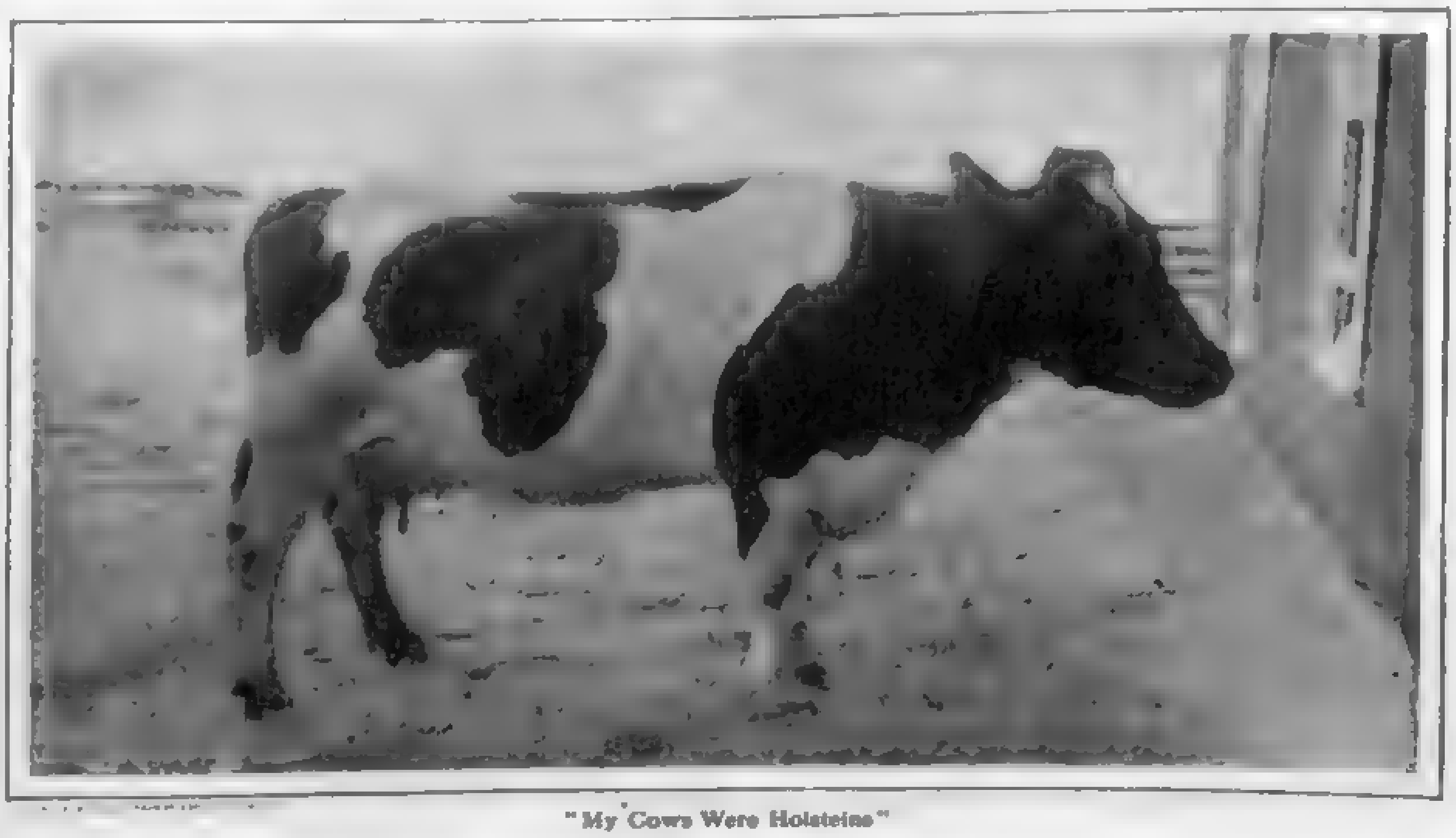
Stimulated by the increase of his crops, effected by tiling, this awakened farmer determined to put on new pressure all along the line and to crowd things hard at every point. Having done something by way of boosting his fixed capital, he turned his attention next to his working capital. After much meditation and figuring he went to Iowa in the fall and bought all the milch cows he could stable. The only feed that he bought was bran; this he fed, pound for pound, with the corn from his own fields.

How Bran Pays for Itself

IN MAY, after having milked his cows all winter, he sold them for more than they had cost him in the fall. What was the result? He had marketed his grain at a good figure; he had made a large and profitable flow of milk in the winter when farm labor was sure and comparatively cheap, and when there was no other demand upon his time or that of the help by the crops, and he had put back upon his land, in the form of soil fertility, more than his crops had taken from it.

"You can always hear farmers grumbling that they can't afford to feed bran at present prices. I've always heard it and always expect to hear it. But the long and the short of it is that it puts back on the soil what the corn takes out. Lots of farmers will dispute this, but I'll back the statement to a finish. Besides, bran is fine for the flavor of milk and butter and excellent for the health of the cows."

Digging into Mr. Mason's experience in "putting the pressure on," I found that his crops from ninety-eight acres, with the addition of ten pounds of bran per cow per day, produced a can of milk a day for each three cows, or twenty-five cans daily from his winter herd of seventy-five cows. As milk then was bringing a dollar a can, his monthly income from milk was seven hundred and fifty dollars. Four men did the milking. The feed, besides cut stalks or roughage, was ten pounds of ground corn and an equal weight of bran each day. That first year of higher pressure he not only increased his actual fixed capital and made a good living, but he did very much to build up the fertility of his farm and paid off thirty-five hundred dollars of his mortgage. This threw new heart into him. He felt that he had caught the hang of the dairy-farming business enough to branch out more and thereby get over the ground faster. Consequently he bought forty-five acres adjoining his own, at one hundred dollars an acre—the top price paid in that locality at that time, and built a good farmhouse the same year.



"My Cows Were Holsteins"

Though he had made a big forward stride Mr. Mason did not jump to the conclusion that he had learned it all; he knew he hadn't. But he had mastered the one important lesson—that farming on a business basis is simply the art of finding out new things by which to get more and better results out of the working capital, and at the same time to keep on building up the fixed capital.

He Knows of Nothing That Holds Out Any Moral Certainty of Yielding Him Half as Much as He Makes From His Farm

"Just one thing, not big in itself," declares Mr. Mason, "did more than anything else to stimulate me to push on in the path of learning the new kind of farming. The last day of November I talked with my neighbor, who had also waked up considerable, and said to him: "John, you know exactly how much your corn yielded to the acre and I know my yield You feed bran and so do I. Now, let's keep close track of things and see how much your acre and mine—with bran added—yield us in this month of December in milk and money. I was astonished when we came to compare results. The yield in milk was precisely the same—a can to each three cows! But in money I was a little ahead of him, because I had contracted my milk at a trifle better price. My acre in corn, fed with its weight in bran, brought me seventy-four dollars and fifty cents, after deducting the cost of the bran. His return was seventy-two dollars. There was something tangible to work on—and it did me a heap of good to know just that simple fact. Knowing this I wanted to know more.

"A business man would hardly be thought less than shiftless who couldn't tell to a dollar how much he is adding each year to his fixed capital. My fixed capital was really in the shape of soil fertility rather than so much land, and I had only the vaguest idea of how much my herd was contributing to that asset. So I put in cement floors and weighed the accumulation of manure. My cows, I found, were producing from eighty-five to ninety-three pounds of fertilizer a day, or an average of a ton and a quarter a month to the cow. Maybe that fact doesn't mean something to the farmer! And the mere knowing it is worth more to him than might at first appear. He has one more element in his problem reduced to actual figures, and the farmer is, by just that much more, better able to calculate his methods and results, as a manufacturer calculates his results by knowing the exact amount of a certain by-product that will result from a given amount of his regular or staple production."

Milk Better Than Meat

ALMOST every dairy farmer is sooner or later tempted from the milky way by the lure of an easier life in the fattening of meat animals. Jud Mason was not immune to that temptation. He was willing to get his profits by the hard and tedious route of the milking stool, if necessary; but, if he could avoid the milking stool and the aching forearms and still get the profits, he had no sentiment about cows that would stand between himself and the easier way.

Consequently, one fall he bought steers instead of cows and hung the milking stools up for a winter's rest. His feeding put four hundred and fifty-two pounds on each steer, and also made fourteen dollars on the hog that "followed" it. His steers brought him five thousand dollars for his corn and his labor. This looked mighty good to him, and the next year he went into the fattening game still more heavily, feeding one hundred and three steers and two hundred hogs. When they were all marketed he had ten thousand three hundred dollars in his wallet.

Then, for the sake of the contrasting experience, he went back again to winter dairying. There was only a difference of fifty dollars in the returns from his milk in the next twelve months and the amount that he had received the year before from his fat steers and hogs. But this time his farm was not swept clear of working capital; he still had the machinery, in the form of cows, which was producing him an income of fifty dollars a day; and these cows were worth more than he had paid for them in the fall. In other words, his surplus over his venture in steers was fifty dollars plus one hundred and twenty cows salable at fifty-five dollars each, or a total of sixty-six hundred and fifty dollars, to say nothing of the value of the hogs. "To my mind," commented Mr. Mason, "this experience put right down before me, in practical results as plain as a haystack against the skyline, the difference between stock fattening and dairying. After this it's dairying for me."

"How about the marketing end of your business?" I asked Mr. Mason.

"It pays," was his quick reply, "to put on the pressure there as well as everywhere else. One year I made seven hundred dollars in clean cash just by trying to see what I could do in the way of getting a better price—in other words, I got it by going out after it, and going hard. I didn't have much faith that I could do it, to tell the truth, but that didn't prevent me from trying. The standard price of milk was one dollar a can, and to ask a buyer for an advance over that would look a good deal like an impertinence to him. If I could have claimed that my milk was fancy, and contained a much higher percentage of butter fat than the general run, there might, perhaps, have been an excuse in the eyes of the buyer for my demand. But my cows were Holsteins, and while my milk was right up to the required test of richness I couldn't claim any particular margin above that. When the buyer smiled and wanted to know why he should pay me above the standard price, I told him because he knew from experience that he could rely on just so much milk from me, that I didn't cut down on my feed, and that, when flytime came on, I kept my herd sheltered in a big, cool barn where the flies had no chance to drag them down and reduce the milk flow.

"Well, that argument was worth just seven hundred and twenty dollars to me. I asked for a cent a gallon above the market, but the buyer held me down to an advance of six cents a can instead of eight. In the light of that experience I have never been satisfied to take a certain price simply because it was considered standard and others were getting it. No, sir! I push and crowd on the selling end just as hard as on the producing end of the business."

That year Mr. Mason's herd of about one hundred cows produced twelve thousand eight-gallon cans of milk, which brought him twelve thousand seven hundred and twenty dollars. In the next six months he made fifteen hundred dollars more than half his business for the preceding year. Incidentally, Mr. Mason remarked that dairy farming is as good a business as he ever wants to find, and that there are precious few businesses in which a man may rightly figure one-half his gross income as profits. Though he will not confess to clearing up six thousand dollars or more a year, in addition to the main elements of the family living, if his theory that one-half the income from a well-managed dairy farm is profit, then a child can figure that Jud Mason—with a dairy producing twelve thousand seven hundred dollars a year and with hogs, young stock and other incidental sources of income—must clean up, on that basis, seven thousand dollars or more a year. Just now he is putting in the winter evenings studying automobile literature, and trying to decide what style of a motor car will be carrying him down to Elgin when motoring weather comes again.

Could he make anything like his present income in any other line of business? He would probably be the last man to admit such a possibility. Being a good judge of cattle, he might, if very lucky, approach it as a cattle buyer; but he knows of nothing to which he could turn his hand that would hold out any moral certainty of yielding him half as much as he makes from his farm.

The Scarcity of Dairy Hands

"WHAT I'd like to do," confided this plain farmer, "is to crowd things to the limit and make this farm yield twenty thousand dollars a year in milk alone. It could be done, easy, if it weren't for just one thing—the help problem! Around here we pay a single farmhand twenty-five to thirty dollars a month and board, which is counted at fifteen dollars. But if I could get good, reliable hands at more than that I'd put production up to the twenty-thousand-dollar notch. However, the right kind of hands, those to be depended on, don't seem to be on earth any more—at least not in numbers to be relied on. And when a man goes into the dairy business on a scale to turn out twenty thousand dollars' worth of milk a year, he's simply got to know, beyond a reasonable doubt, that he isn't going to wake up some fine morning and find that there aren't enough hands on the place to do the milking between early morning and late night. Cows have got to be milked twice a day, you bet, if the heavens fall! And when the help market looks as if there weren't hired hands enough to go round, then the wise dairyman will hardly branch out on a big scale just at that time. Right there's the reason why I'm cutting down operations instead of going at it stronger. I'm afraid to wade right into it in a big way. You see I might get caught rather hard about the time for filling the silo in September."

Not until he had been an active dairy farmer for some years did Mr. Mason begin experiments in soiling, in the raising of green crops to be fed to the cows in the place of pasturage. About his first effort in this line was the sowing of four and a half acres of rye. On this early and tender crop, which comes before pasturage, he fed twenty-eight cows for twenty-six days, netting him in milk just forty-two dollars an acre—which is doing fairly well for twenty-six days! Then he top-dressed the land with twelve loads of manure, put in fodder

He Still Had the Machinery, in the Form of Cows, Which Was Producing Him an Income of Fifty Dollars a Day

(Continued on Page 42)

THE HOUSE OF MYSTERY

By WILL IRWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY F. C. YOHN

VIII

QUIETLY, naturally, giving a preliminary word of direction to the maid as she lifted the portières, Mrs. Markham entered the drawing-room. Pricking with a sense of impatience tinctured by nervousness over his own folly, Robert H. Norcross awaited her there. She stood a moment regarding him; in that moment, the quick perception veiled by an expression of thought, to which the railroad baron owed so much, took her all in. Superficially he saw a tall woman, approaching fifty, but still vigorous and free from overburdening flesh.

"Good evening. I am glad to see you," she said quietly. She had a low voice and pleasing. He remembered then that he had failed to rise, so intent had he been on her face, and he got to his feet in some embarrassment. As she approached him his mind, going from detail to detail, noticed her powerful head, her Grecian nose, rising without indentation from a straight forehead, her firm but pleasant mouth, her large, light-gray eyes which looked a little past him. Here was a person on his own level of daring mental flight. He remembered only one other woman who had struck him with the force of this one. That other was an actress, supreme in her generation not so much for temperament as for mind. As he looked over a reception crowd at her, intellect had spoken to intellect; they had known each other. So Paula Markham struck him.

He was about to speak, but she put in her word first:

"Do you come personally or professionally? I had an engagement for an unknown visitor on professional business. Are you he? For if you are it would be better for you not to tell me your name—I am Mrs. Markham."

"I came professionally," he said. He hesitated. The manner of Norcross on all first meetings was timid and hesitating. It was one of his unconscious tricks. Because of that timidity, newcomers, in trying to put him at his ease, revealed themselves to his shrewd observation. But there was a real embarrassment at this meeting. He was approaching the subject that had lain close to his imagination ever since three days ago, when Bulger said carelessly that a woman had given him the address of the best spook medium in the business.

"I want to know," he said, "all about—myself."

She laughed lightly as she seated herself in an old-fashioned straight-back chair.

"If I should tell you that," she said, "I would give you the sum and substance of human wisdom. That seems to me the greatest mystery of the unknowable. No human being ever thoroughly understood any other human being, I suppose—and yet no human being knows himself. If you search yourself, you find mystery. If you ask others, you find double mystery. Perhaps that is the knowledge that is reserved for the Divine."

"That is true," responded Norcross. "That is true. But your spirits——"

"Not mine," she interrupted. "And, perhaps, not spirits either. Though they speak to me, I cannot say that they are real, any more than I can tell that this table, these clothes"—her long, expressive, ringless hand swept across the area of her skirt—"than you, yourself, are real. All reality and unreality may dwell in the mind. Though personally," she added, "I prefer to believe that this chair, these clothes, you, I, are real. And if they are real so are the Voices. At least so I believe."

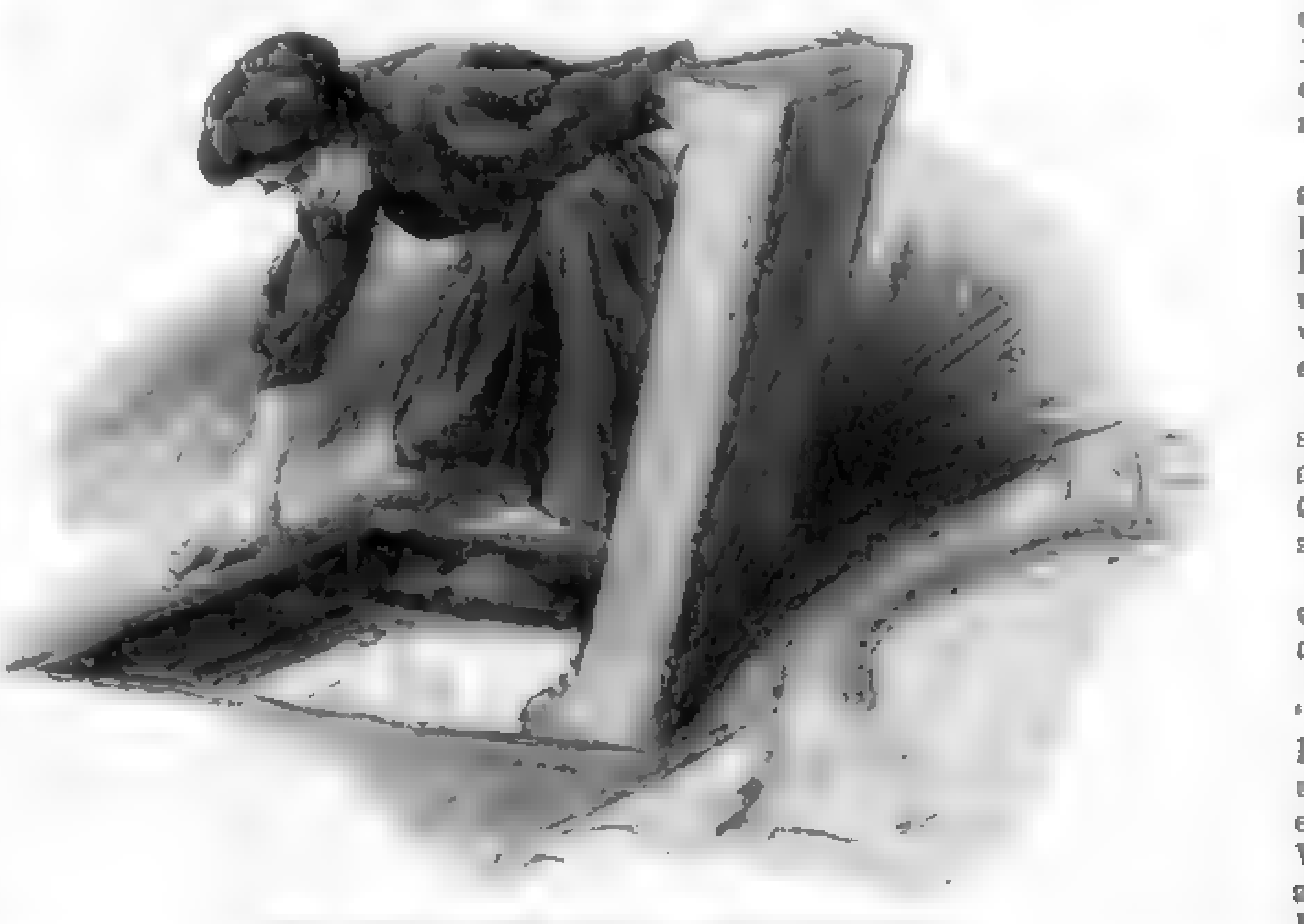
This philosophy was past any power of Norcross for repartee; the faculties which deal with such things had wasted in him during thirty years in Wall Street. But the effect of her voice, her ladyhood and her command of this philosophy—those moved him.

"Will your Voices tell me anything?" he asked irrelevantly, yet coming straight to the point.

"Impatience," she answered, "will not help you. The power bloweth where it listeth. That impatience is one of the roads to trickery employed by the frauds of—my profession."

A smile lifted the mustache of Norcross.

"You admit that there are frauds in your profession, then?"



"I Was Looking Straight Down on the Back Parlors"

"Oh, dear, yes!" she smiled back at him. "It lends itself so easily to fraud that the temptation among the little people must be overwhelming—the more because trickery is often more accurate than real revelation. I will confess to you that this is the rock upon which my powers and my mission seem sometimes most likely to split. But I console myself by thinking that all of us, great as well as small, must be on the verge of it sometimes. Let me draw you a parallel. Perhaps you know something of the old alchemists. They had laid hold on the edge of chemistry. But because that truth came confused, because they all had things by the wrong handle, a thousand of them confused truth with error until, in the end, they did not know reality from unreality. This force in which you and I are interested is a little like chemistry—it may be called mental and spiritual chemistry. But because it deals with the unseen, not with the seen, it is a thousand times more uncertain and baffling. We have ears, eyes, touch—a great equipment—to perceive gold, silver, stones, trees, water. But we have only this mind, a mystery even to ourselves, to perceive an idea, a concept. I wish that I could express it better"—she broke off suddenly—"and very likely I'm boring you—but when your whole soul is full of a thing it will overflow." She smiled upon Norcross as though for sympathy. If he gave it, his face did not betray him.

"Then you say," returned Norcross, with one of his characteristic shifts to childlike abruptness, "that you never faked?"

Mrs. Markham, as though daring him to provoke her by his forthrightness, leaned forward and regarded him with amusement on her lips. "Men are only boys!" she said. "My dear sir—I could almost say 'my dear boy'—if I had, would I admit it? You must take me as I am and form your own conclusions. I shall not help you with that—even though I admit to you that I don't care very much what your conclusions are.

"To be serious," she added, "it is not a pleasant charge to hear against one's self. Now take yourself—you are a man of large, practical affairs——"

Norcross leaned forward a trifle, as though expecting revelation to begin. She caught the motion.

"Don't think I'm telling you that from any supernormal source," she said. "That's my own intelligence—my woman's intuition if you like to call it so. Your air, your ineptness to understand philosophy, show that you are not in one of the learned professions, and it is easy to see—if I may make so bold"—here she smiled a trifle—"that you are no ordinary person. You have the air of great things about you. Well, if I should raise suspicion against your business integrity and your methods it would hurt for a moment, even if there were truth in it. In fairness, that is so—is it not?"

"I have to beg your pardon, of course," said Norcross, grown easier in his manner. "But you must remember that your profession has to prove itself—that they're all accused of fraud."

"Now that you have apologized," said she, "I will prove that I have accepted the apology by answering you direct. I am not a fraud. I have been able to afford not to be. Still, I have a little sympathy with those who are. Did you ever consider," she went on, "that no fraud invents anything—that he is only imitating something genuine? Perhaps it may shake whatever faith you have in me if I tell you that what these people profess to do has been done genuinely and without possibility of fraud."

"Even bringing spirits from a cabinet?" he asked. Just as he spoke that question an electric bell rang somewhere to the rear of the drawing-room. Mrs. Markham sat unmoving for an instant, as though considering either the sound or his question. The bell tinkled no more. After a moment she smiled again.

"You must know more of all these things before I can answer your question. Haven't we talked enough? Wouldn't it be better, in your present condition of suspicion, if I try to see what we can do without seeming any further to inspect you? For you must know that long preliminary conversation is a stock method with frauds and fakers."

Norcross's breath came a little faster and a curious change passed for a second over his face—a falling of all the masses and lines. Mrs. Markham rose, sat by the table under the reading lamp, shaded her eyes with her hand. She spoke now in a different tone, softer and less inflected.

"I shall probably not go into trance," she said. "That is rare with me, rare with any one, though often assumed for effect. Of you I ask only that you remain quiet and passive. I'd like less light."

Norcross shot a glance of quick suspicion at her as he rose and turned the jets down to tiny points.

"Oh, dear, no!" spoke Mrs. Markham. "Not so low as that—this is no dark séance. I merely meant that the lights are too strong for a pair of sensitive eyes—I feel everything when I am in this condition. Would you mind sitting a little farther away? Thank you. I think that's right. Please do not speak to me until I speak—and do not be disappointed if I tell you nothing."

For five minutes no sound broke the silence in Mrs. Markham's drawing-room, except the hiss of a light, quick breath and the intake and outgo of a heavier, slower one. And so, suddenly, with such smothered intensity that Norcross started in his seat, Mrs. Markham's voice emitted the first quaver of a musical note. She held it for a moment, before she began to hum over and over three bars of an old tune—"Wild roamed an Indian maid, bright Alfaretta." Thrice she hummed it, still sitting with her hand over her eyes: "Wild roamed an Indian maid——" Then silence. But now the breath of Norcross was coming more heavily and the masses of his face had still further fallen. After an interval, Mrs. Markham spoke, in a low, even tone:

"It is Lallie."

Another period of heavy silence.

"I cannot see her nor hear her speak. Martha, my control, is speaking for her. But Martha shows me the picture of a child—a little girl in an old-fashioned dress. And I think she is saying that name—Lallie."

The silence again, so that, when Norcross moistened his dry lips with his tongue, the slight smack seemed like the crackle of a fire.

"I see it more clearly now, and I understand. The child gave her that name, but some one else used it for a love name. It was just between those two." The rest came in scattered sentences, with long pauses between—"I hear that song again—it was her favorite—I understand now why it comes—she was singing it when—Yes, you are the man—when you told her—She calls you Bobbert—and now I cannot see."

A bead of perspiration had appeared so suddenly on the forehead of Norcross that it had the effect of bursting from a pore. He was on his feet, was pacing the floor in his jerky little walk. When, after one course of the drawing-room, he turned back, Mrs. Markham had taken her hand from her eyes, was facing him.

"Oh, why did you do that?" she asked. "It has its effect on me—you do not know how much!" Her manner spoke a smothered irritation. "I shall not see Lallie tonight. And she was very near."

As though something had clicked and fallen into place within him Norcross straightened and stiffened, controlled the relaxed muscles of his face, flashed his eyes on Mrs. Markham.

"Might I ask some questions?" he said.

"You must sit quietly," she answered, "and though I can never see so well after the first contact breaks, Martha may speak for you. Sit as you did and wait for me." Norcross walked at his nervous, hurried little pace back to his seat on the sofa. His face was quite controlled now and his sharp eyes held all their native cunning. That grip on himself grew, as he waited for the inert seeress to speak again.

"Martha says: 'I will try,'" she gave out finally "Quick—with your question—with your lips, not your mind—I am not strong enough now"

"What was Lallie's real name?"

"Helen."

"Her other name?"

A pause, then:

"Martha is silent. You are testing me Tell something you want to know—even advice"

"Was there ever any one else?"

A pause again, then:

"Never. She loved you wholly. She was angry over a little thing, just jealousy, during that last quarrel She had already forgiven. It was only a girl's whim Do you want advice?"

Norcross thrust obliquely from the corner of his eye at Mrs. Markham and looked down at the floor.

"Ask her if I should sell," he said.

The answer came so suddenly that it overlapped the last words of his sentence.

"Martha says that she is going away." No more for two silent minutes; no more until Mrs. Markham dropped her hand from her eyes, turned to Norcross, and said in a normal, sprightly tone:

"It is all over for this evening. I suppose the trouble lay in your last question. I am sorry—if you come here looking for business advice—that you got only the things of the affections. To your old love affairs I had an unusually quick response tonight." She leaned heavily back in her chair. "Excuse me if I seem tired. There is a kind of inner strain about this which you cannot know—a strain at the core. It does not affect the surface, but it makes you languid." Yet her manner, as she threw herself back, invited him to linger

"I shall not ask you," she went on, "whether the things I told you tonight are true. We all have our human vanities in our work; we like to hear it praised. That is one reason why I do not ask. Then I know without your confirmation that what I told you was true. When the control comes as clearly and strongly as it did for a few minutes tonight—before you interrupted by rising—the revelations are always accurate and provable. The details I gave you are trivial. That is generally a feature of a first sitting. The scholars have found an explanation of that phenomenon and I am inclined to agree with them. If I were talking to you over a telephone and you were not sure of my voice, how should I identify myself? By some trivial incident of our common experience. For example, suppose I were to call you up tomorrow. What should I say? Something like this, probably: 'You tried to turn the gas out completely, when I wanted it only lowered in order to save my eyes.' Wouldn't that identify me to you?" She paused as for an answer.

"As nearly as you could over a telephone wire," he answered. "You're a marvelously clever woman to think of that," he added. Mrs. Markham answered, on the wings of a light laugh:

"If I appear at all clever by contrast with what you expected to find, it is because I have not let my mind dwell in a half-world, as have so many others of my profession. That is the tendency. I have seen no reason why I should not combat it. I believe, too, that I am the stronger for it in my work. What was I saying? Oh, yes—about the first contact. Probably the last thought of the disembodied, upon assuming the trance state—for I believe that the senders of these messages, like the receivers, have to enter an abnormal condition—is to prove their identity. That is only natural, is it not? Would not you do the same? Think. And what do they have to offer? One of those intimate memories of years past that linger so long in the mind. Take me for example. What should I offer to—well, to that one among the disembodied who means most to me? An adventure in stealing cream from a dairy house!" As though she were carried away by this memory, her face grew soft and serious. With an outward sweep of her hands and a quick "but then!" she resumed:

"The best judges of character—and you must be such a one—make their mistakes. Why did you ask that question?"

Norcross, glib and effective as his tongue could be when he directed or traded, found now no better answer than:

"Because I wanted to know, I suppose"

"Were this Helen in the flesh—young and inexperienced as she was—would you expect her to give you advice in any large affair of business—would she be basically interested in it? Interested because it is yours and she loves you, perhaps—but basically? We have no proof that natures change out there. I suppose that isn't all, either. Is she, keeping her soul for you in a life which I hope is better is she interested in whether or no you make a little more money and position? I can conceive only one condition in which she would mention your business. If you were at a crossroads—if great danger or great deliverance hung on your decision—she might sense that. I think they must get it, by some process to which we are blind, from other disembodied spirits."

"Suppose, then, that Martha—I think you call her—had brought some old business associate—would he have answered me?"

"Perhaps. But that does not really explain what is in your mind. If this business matter that perplexes you were so vital, don't you suppose that some one of those very associates would have rushed to speak, instead of a dead love? In that way I think I can construct an answer—provided you ask that question in good faith It is, probably, not very important whether you sell or no."

Mrs. Markham rose on this. Norcross caught the hint in her manner and rose with her. A little "oh!" escaped her and her face lighted.

"I know who you are, now!" she said. "You are Robert H. Norcross of the Norcross Lines!"

Norcross started.

"Please do not think I got that by any supernormal means!" she added quickly. "I mention it only to be frank with you. From the moment I saw you I was perplexed by a memory and a resemblance. Then, too, I caught the air of big things about you. That attitude that you have just taken solved it all. It is the counterpart of your photograph in last Sunday's Times—the full-page snapshot. I must be frank with you or you will not believe me."

The mustache of Norcross raised just a trifle and his eyes glittered

"Passing over what I may think of your revelations," he said, "you're a remarkable woman."

"If you're coming again," said Mrs. Markham, "perhaps you'd better not delve into my personality. It interferes. Understand, I'm really flattered to have a man like you take notice of this work. That's why I ask that your notice sha'n't be personal. At least not yet."

"Since this is a—a—professional relation, may I ask how much I owe you?"

"My price is twenty-five dollars a sitting—for those who can afford it."

Norcross drew out his wallet, handed Mrs. Markham three bills. Without looking at them she dropped them on the table beside her. "You see," she went on as though her mind were still following their discussion, "I don't like to talk much with my—patients. I never can know when I may unconsciously steal from what they tell me."

At the door Norcross hesitated, as though hoping for something more than a good-night. No more than that did she give him, however. He himself was obliged to introduce the subject in his mind.

"If I should come again would Helen tell me more?"

"Perhaps. From the excellent result tonight I should call it likely."

"Then may I come again?" His voice broke once, as with eagerness.

"Certainly—will you make an appointment?"

"Tuesday night?"

"I had an engagement for Tuesday. Could you come as well on Friday?"

And though it meant postponing a directors' meeting, he answered promptly:

"Very well. Say Friday at eight."

And now he was in his automobile. He settled himself against the cushions and held the attitude without motion. For a minute he sat so, until the chauffeur, who had been throwing nervous backward glances through the limousine windows, asked:

"I beg your pardon, sir, did you say 'home'?"

"Yes, home," responded Norcross. And even on those words his voice broke again.

. . . .

Mrs. Markham stood beside the table, hardly moving, until she knew that the Norcross automobile was gone. Then she sent Ellen to bed and herself moved quickly to a secretary in the little alcove library back of the drawing-room. Taking a key from her bosom she unlocked a drawer and took out a packet of yellow legal-cap paper. Holding this document concealed in a fold of her waist she passed rapidly to an apartment upstairs. She opened the door softly and listened. Nothing sounded within but the light, even breathing of a sleeper. After a moment she crossed that room, finding her way expertly in the darkness. Well within, she knelt and began some operation on the floor. Then her hand made a slip. A crash echoed through the house. Followed the startled cry of a sudden awakening. Mrs. Markham, still finding her way with marvelous precision through the darkness, passed through a set of portières and crossed to a bed.

"Hush, dear," she said; "I only came upstairs to borrow a handkerchief. Go to sleep. I'm sure it won't bother your rest. Don't think of it again."

IX

AS THOUGH to prove her maxim: "Nothing turns out the way you expect it," Rosalie, on her second Tuesday off, failed to meet her anxious young employer in the ladies' parlor of the Hotel Greenwich. Instead came a page calling "Doctor Blake!" It was a note—"Stuyvesant Fish Park as soon as you get this. R. Le G.," it read Doctor Blake hurried to the rendezvous in a taxicab.

He spied her on a park bench, watching with interest the manœuvers of the little Russian girls as they swarmed over the rocker swings. Even before he came within speaking distance of her he perceived that something must have happened—read it in her attitude, her manner of one who lulls a suppressed excitement. When she turned to answer his quick "Madame Le Grange!" her cheeks carried a faint color, and her gray eyes were shining. But her face was serious, too; her dimples, barometers of her gayer emotions, never once rippled. Before he was fairly seated she tumbled out the news in a rush:

"Well! I never was more fooled in my life!"

"She's a fraud!" He jumped joyously to conclusions "You can prove it!"

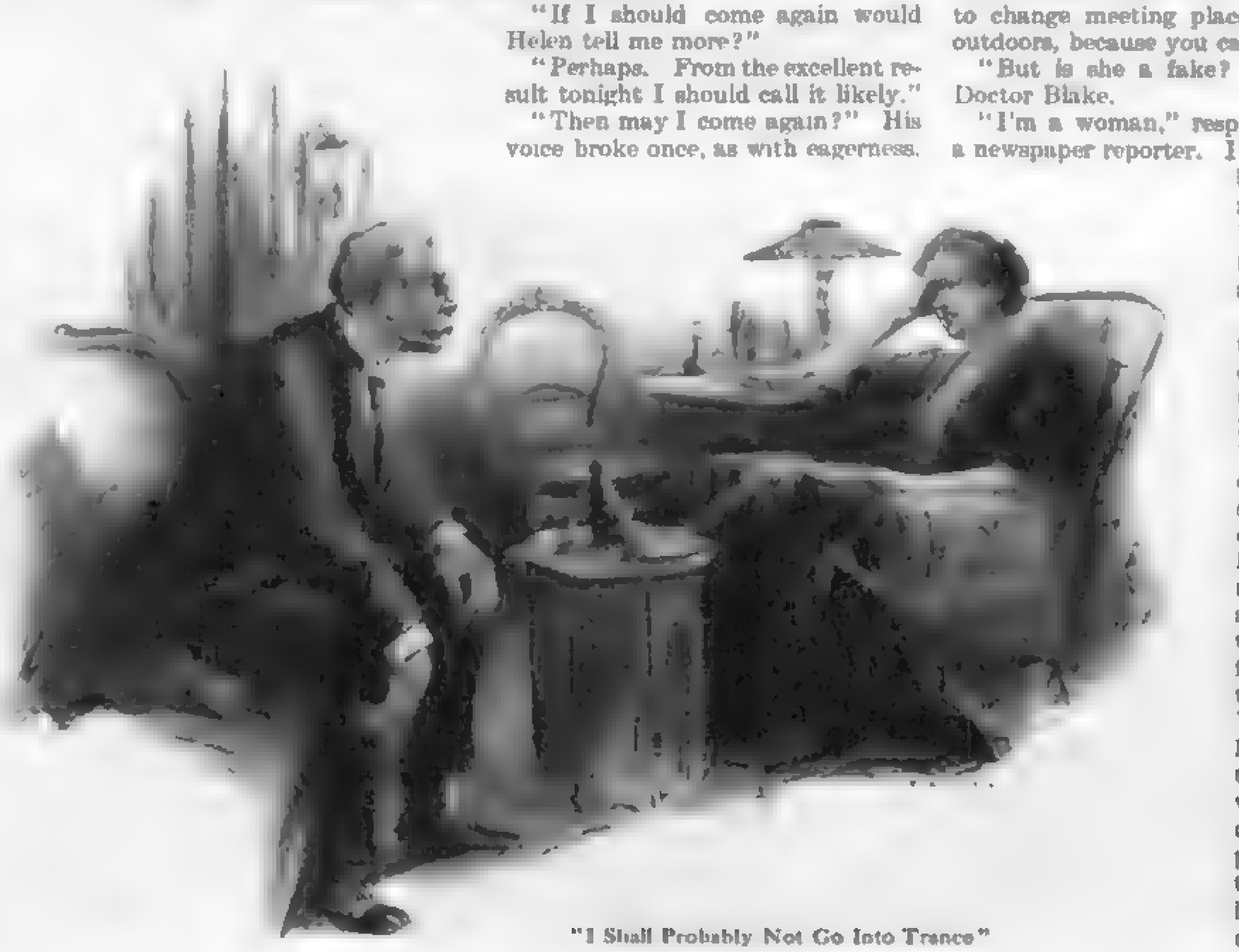
Rosalie put a slender finger to her lips.

"Not so loud. Yids have ears. I ain't dead sure of anything now. I ain't even sure she don't have me followed when I leave the house. That's why I sent for you to change meeting places. There's nothing as safe as outdoors, because you can watch the approaches."

"But is she a fake? Can you prove it?" persisted Doctor Blake.

"I'm a woman," responded Rosalie Le Grange, "not a newspaper reporter. I can't tell my story in a headline before I git to it. I've got to go my own gait or I can't go at all. Now, you listen and don't interrupt, or I'll explode. It goes back, anyhow, into our last talk.

"I was comin' downstairs in the afternoon a week ago Thursday, and I saw Ellen let in a man. Good-lookin' man. Good dresser. Seemed about thirty-five till you looked over his hands and the creases around his eyes, when you saw he was rising forty-five, if a day. Stranger, I guess, for Ellen kept him waiting in the hall. He read the papers while he waited, and he didn't look at nothin' but the financial columns. I took it from that he was in Wall Street, though you can't never tell in New York, where they all play the market or the ponies. I didn't wait to size him up real careful; that wouldn't do. I just passed on down to the pantry and then passed back again. He was still there. This time he had put up his newspapers and he was looking over some pencil notes on that



"I Shall Probably Not Go Into Trance"

yellow legal-cap paper. He didn't hear me until I was close on him—the rugs in the hall are that big and soft. But when I did get close he jumped like I had caught him in something crooked and made like he was goin' to hide the sheets. Of course, I didn't look at him, but just kept right on upstairs. When I turned into the second floor I heard Ellen say: 'Mrs. Markham will receive you.' I didn't pay no attention to that at the time. It was only one of twenty little things I remembered. Stayed in the back of my head, waiting to tie up with something else.

"Come Tuesday—week ago today, and my afternoon off. I was comin' home early, about nine o'clock. I've got front-door privileges, but I generally use the servants' entrance just the same. Right ahead of me, a green automobile with one of those limousine bodies drove up to the front door. It's dark down in the area by the servants' entrance. I stopped like I was huntin' through my skirt for my key, and looked. Out of the automobile came a man. He turned around to speak to the chauffeur, and I got the light on his face. Who do you suppose it was? Robert H. Norcross!"

"The—Railroad King?"

Rosalie pursed her lips and nodded wisely.

"How did you know? You've never seen him before."

"Ain't it my business to know the faces of everybody? What do I read the personals in the magazines for? You'd know Theodore Roosevelt if you saw him the first time, wouldn't you? But I made surer than that. Next day I matched the number of his automobile with the automobile register. That number belongs to Robert H. Norcross."

Doctor Blake whistled.

"Playing for big game!" he said.

"That was what struck me," said Rosalie, "and while it wasn't impossible that this Mr. Norcross might have a straight interest in the spirit world—well, when you see big medium and big money together it looks like big fake. And there was the man with the notes who read the financial pages—he jumped back into my mind.

"The servant's entrance comes out through the kitchen on to the second floor. When I come into the hall Ellen was waiting for me. She was tiptoeing and whispering.

"'Mrs. Markham,' she says, 'wanted that I should tell you she has sitters unexpected. There's some of her devil doings going on downstairs tonight. She wanted me to catch you when you came in and ask you to go very quiet to your room.'

"While I went upstairs I listened hard. Just before I came out on the landing of the servants' hall I heard a bell ring away down below. Just a little ring—b-r-r. Now, you know if there's one thing more'n another that I've got, it's ears—and ears that remember, too. You know I do half my work with my eyes shut. I hadn't been a day in that house when I knew every bell in it and who was ringin' besides. This wasn't any of 'em. But that wasn't the funny thing. It lasted just about as long as my foot rested on a step of the stairs. I didn't make the break of going back and ringin' again; but I remembered that step—third from the top.

"'Tain't easy to admit you've been fooled and 'tain't easy to give up somebody you've believed in. I couldn't have slept that night even if I'd wanted. I opened the registers in my room, because open registers help you to hear things, and sat up in the darkness. I could catch that the sitting was over, because the front door slammed. Then Ellen came upstairs, and the bell rang b-r-r again. I could hear some one come upstairs to the second floor, where Mrs. Markham and the girl have their rooms. Maybe it was ten minutes later when I got a faint kind of thud, like somebody had let down a folding bed, though there ain't a one of those man-killers in our house. Sort of stirred up a recollection, that sound. I lay puzzling, and the answer came like a flash. Worst fake outfit I ever had anything to do with was the Spirit Thought Institute in St. Paul. I've told you before how ashamed I am of that. I left because there's some kinds of work I won't stand for. Well, Libro used a ceiling trap for his materializin', though the wainscot is a sight better and more up-to-date in my experience. When he let it drop careless, in practicing before the séance, it used to make a noise like that. I fell asleep by-and-by; and out of my dreams, which was troubled and didn't bring nothing definite, I got the general impression that Mrs. Markham wasn't all right and that I'd been fooled.

"Mrs. Markham and the little girl went to the matinée next afternoon. Now, I'm comin' to her—you let me tell this story my way. The cook was bakin' in the kitchen; Ellen, the parlormaid, who had to stay home to answer bells, was gossipin' with her. Martin was cleanin' out the furnace. I had the run of the house. First thing I looked at was the third step from the top of our stairs. I worked out two tacks in the carpet—wasn't much trouble; they come out like they was used to it. I pulled the carpet sideways. Sure enough, there was a wide crack just below the step, and when I peeked in I could see the electric connections. Question was, where was the bell? But I had something to think of first. Where would Mrs. Markham have a cabinet if she ever done materializin'? I had thought that all out—a little alcove library in the rear of the back parlor. Give you plenty of room, when the folding doors were open, for lights and effects. If there was a ceiling trap it must be in the rooms above. I went into—into the rooms"—here Rosalie paused an infinitesimal second as though making a mental shift—"into the room above. Just over the alcove library is a small sitting-room. The—a bedroom opens off it—but it has nothing to do with the case. It's one of those new-fangled bare-floor rooms. Right over the cabinet space was a big rug. I pulled it aside and prized around with a hairpin until I found a loose nail."

Rosalie paused for breath before she resumed:

"I went over the house again to be sure I was alone, before I pulled out the nail. Well, sir, what happened like to knocked me over. The minute that nail come out, a trap rose right up—on springs—I just caught it in time to stop it from making a racket. I was looking straight down on the back parlors. It's one of those flossy, ornamented ceilings down there, and a panel of those ceiling

(Continued on Page 36)

Kjellander, the Terrible Swede

A SIDE-LIGHT ON THE HIGHER COST OF LIVING

By Henry M. Hyde

KJELLANDER, the Terrible Swede, stepped into the dim little grocery and market and stared about him. His broad, smooth-shaven face wore an expression of ingenuous and harmless curiosity. The Russian Jew behind the counter, with his long, curly beard, came forward, rubbing his hands.

"Two pounds of cheese," said Kjellander. As it was cut off and put on the scale-pan Kjellander noticed, hanging below the pan, a bit of twisted newspaper. He whistled idly and another man came into the store from the street. As he came back to where the scales stood Kjellander said: "Two pounds, I want, you know." "*Ja wohl,*" answered the storekeeper and started to wrap up the cheese. "It is eighteen cents a pound."

Kjellander put thirty-six cents on the counter and picked up his package. As the proprietor put the money in his pocket Kjellander reached over and took hold of the bit of paper hanging beneath the scale-pan. Inside the paper he felt something hard and heavy. "What's this?" he demanded sharply. "Often I drink me a bottle of beer. That is the bottle-opener," explained the proprietor, his face flushing. "What's it hanging here for?" The proprietor shrugged his shoulders. "Just happened so," he stammered. "And it just happened to be wrapped up in a piece of newspaper, too, I suppose?" snapped Kjellander. "Well, I am the City Sealer. This man is my deputy. That bottle-opener weighs an ounce and a half. You are under arrest. We'll take you over to the police station with us."

Unresisting and badly frightened the proprietor put on his coat and went to the police station. Through the bars he spoke appealingly to his captor: "Please, mister, would you be so kind as to go back to my friend Goldstein and ask him if he will come and go bail by me?" Kjellander and his deputy went back to The Ghetto and the Terrible Swede walked into Goldstein's small grocery. As he entered his professional eye swept back along the counter to the scales. Below the scale-pan he caught a glimpse of a bit of newspaper Into his mild blue eyes came a sudden gleam of Norse fury. Softly he ordered two pounds of cheese and whistled gently for his deputy. Then, as the purchase was wrapped up and paid for, he reached across and lifted another bottle-opener from the pan "Come on over to the police station," he said. "You're under arrest for selling short weight. There's a friend of yours waiting there for you."

Not only in The Ghetto did the Terrible Swede find grocery and market men using false scales, he found them in the best residence districts of Chicago. One of the first things he did, when he took charge of the department of weights and measures, was to set his inspectors to measuring ten thousand glass milk bottles, each of which was supposed to hold a quart. These bottles were gathered in widely-separated parts of the city. Many of them belonged to a great company which makes an annual profit of over a million dollars in both Chicago and New York.

Out of the ten thousand bottles measured a few more than seven thousand were found to hold less than a quart. Kjellander arrested a number of milk barons. They had money and spent part of the profits on the huge shortage in fighting Kjellander's bill before the legislature. They took a lot of glass blowers down to Springfield to prove that it was impossible to blow all bottles of an equal size. But Kjellander got a bill through providing that all quart bottles must be stamped "one quart," and providing a heavy penalty in case shortage was found. The milk barons went to court. They got an injunction in one of the lower courts, but Kjellander went on fighting up to the Supreme Court of the state. That lofty tribunal recently handed down a decision that brought a red glow of triumph to the fighting face of the Terrible Swede. It declared that it was no doubt impossible to make all bottles of an equal and exact capacity, but there was nothing in the way of making them all sufficiently large to hold a quart or a little more. All bottles must be stamped with their capacity and they must hold at least that amount. If there was any difference the customer must get the benefit of it. Kjellander's last inspection of ten thousand casual milk bottles showed that more than seven thousand held a quart or more

Up to about a year ago poor people, who bought less than a quarter of a ton of coal at a time, often paid more than three hundred per cent more for their fuel than their more fortunate neighbors. Small orders of coal were delivered in baskets, which contained whatever the cupidity of the dealer dictated. A man ordering two bushels of coal rarely got more than a bushel and a half. Kjellander got a city ordinance passed providing that all coal must be sold by weight, and he has two inspectors who do nothing but see that the weight of coal actually delivered corresponds with the amount paid for, as shown by the ticket which must accompany every coal delivery. Only nineteen dealers were caught short-weighting during 1909. They were arrested and fined heavily.

The Terrible Swede has had another lovely fight with the bakers of Chicago. The standard loaf in Chicago has always been supposed to weigh one pound, and the price has been five cents. Kjellander's inspectors found that almost universally the loaves weighed from ten to thirteen ounces. One master baker, whose output was sixty-five thousand loaves a day, testified that he lost money on every loaf he made with flour at the present high price. "You're certainly a great philanthropist," Kjellander answered, "for, besides furnishing bread to the people below cost, you pay the secretary of your baking company a salary of twenty-five thousand dollars a year." Then he produced some figures showing that, with flour at its present price, a loaf of bread could be made at a total cost for material, labor and fire of less than two cents. He was willing to allow another cent for delivery. And he forced through an ordinance providing that every loaf of bread offered for sale in Chicago must have a paper label pasted on it, marked in large letters with the name of the baker and the exact weight of the loaf.

The down-trodden bakers dug up enough money to hire expensive lawyers and fight the case in the courts. A local judge declared the ordinance unconstitutional. A berserker rage came over the Terrible Swede and he went charging up to the Supreme Court of the state. Again he won. The Court said, unanimously, that the standard loaf of bread in Chicago must weigh a pound and that every loaf must be marked in big letters with the name of the baker and the weight of the loaf. Kjellander gave the bakers a month's notice, which recently expired. Now his office is full of dusty men who are having the law laid down to them in accents of a Scandinavian flavor.

"Almost any housewife who wants to cut down the cost of living," he says, "can do it by installing an accurate scale in her kitchen and weighing the food materials that come home from the market and grocery." He illustrates his point by telling his experiences in buying a pound of butter. In the first instance the clerk puts one of the usual wooden saucers on the scale to hold the pat of butter. The bit of wood weighs three-quarters of an ounce. With butter at forty-eight cents a pound it costs the customer about two cents and a half. In another case the wooden container is bound at each end with a doubled strip of tin "That tin is put on to strengthen the thin, wooden saucer," the grocer explains. Without it the plate is likely to be broken. "Yes," Kjellander answers, "it strengthens your graft, too. The tin weighs another three-quarters of an ounce. Added to the weight of the plate it makes more than a nickel which the customer pays for nothing." In a third case the wooden container was well soaked in water. That, the dealer virtuously explained, was done to prevent the butter from being tainted by contact with the wood.

In nearly nine thousand stores in Chicago, during the past year, the Terrible Swede and his inspectors have made official purchases. In every case where the customer ordering and paying for a pound of butter has got less than sixteen ounces of butter—in addition to the weight of the container—the delinquent has been haled into court.

Tricks of Crooked Tradesmen

KJELLANDER has found scale-pans with pieces of putty stuck to the bottom of them; weight indicators so twisted that they always showed half a pound more than the true weight; one and two pound weights with a part of the metal bored out and the cavity filled with some much lighter material. In one delightful case where a hole in the bottom of a scale-pan was filled with a big lump of solder that weighed three ounces the indignant dealer wanted to know if Kjellander expected him to let the broken scale-pan go unmended.

But the Terrible Swede is no cynic. He utters no indictment against retail merchants as a class. The present epidemic of petty dishonesty he thinks is a development of the last ten or fifteen years. With the magnates of the Sugar Trust short-weighting the Government out of millions, and a dozen other inspiring examples of chicanery and fraud in the high places of finance before them, he thinks it no wonder that smaller men have become to some extent contaminated. He has done his strenuous, Swedish best to put the fear of God into the culprits, so far as they lie under his jurisdiction. And there is no corporation counsel to protect the thieves he catches by pleading the statute of limitations in their behalf. If a brief and emphatic word of admonition does not prove effective he uses his police power to arrest the wrongdoer and put him behind bars. Then, when the fine is assessed, he sees that the name of the convicted is printed in the papers, a proceeding not calculated to help trade.

The result of Kjellander's two-years' campaign is best shown by the advance report of the secret investigators whom the Federal Government has had at work in a number of the large cities of the country. These men, working quite independently of the local authorities, found that in Chicago the number of dealers using short-weight scales, or in similar ways defrauding their customers, is not more than five per cent of the total. In other cities, on the other hand, they made the alarming discovery that as high as sixty per cent of the dealers visited were cheats.

Another reform which Kjellander forced through the recent reluctant state legislature gives to all towns and cities in the state the right to compel the sale of all grain, flour, meal, hay, feed, seeds, fruits, nuts, vegetables, meats, fish, butter, cheese and dry groceries by weight or by count, and not by measure. That means that whereas now the customer gets eleven pounds of potatoes for a peck, he will, under the new law, get the full fifteen pounds, which is the legal standard. A peck will mean not a peck-measure full, but fifteen net pounds. He is now engaged in persuading the city council to pass such ordinances along these lines as he thinks it will be possible to enforce

But the Terrible Swede is nursing still another blood feud which he thinks has vastly more to do with the recent increase in the cost of living. During the past ten years package goods have almost entirely taken the place of bulk goods in the stocks of grocery and provision stores A dozen perfectly good arguments lie in favor of the package goods on the side of convenience and sanitary cleanliness. The public has almost come to demand that everything they buy come to them done up in an original package, straight from the manufacturer. And Kjellander declares that many manufacturers have taken advantage of this demand by cutting down the amount or weight of the product actually contained in their packages Some food product in a handsome package will be put on the market as containing a certain quantity of goods. An extensive sale will be built up. Then, very gradually, the net weight will be cut down. Presently the consumer will be getting only three-quarters of the original amount. And he will wonder why he is using so many more packages of that food.

As a matter of fact, in almost every case where the price of a given product has largely increased, the amount sold for a given measure or package has been at the same time largely cut down. A few years ago, when the wholesale price of cranberries was seven dollars a barrel, the retailer figured one hundred pounds to the barrel and made his prices to the consumer accordingly. Recently the wholesale price of the red berries jumped to fifteen dollars a barrel and at the same time the quantity contained in a barrel shrank from one hundred to eighty-five pounds. With the unfortunate consumer getting the worst of it in both price and weight, is it any wonder that the cost of living has increased?

The makers of many kinds of package goods have never made any pretense of marking the weight on their packages. But they convey the impression to the average housewife—and, perhaps, to the average grocer—that the different sized packages contain one, two or five pounds of the product. Then, at their own sweet will, they cut down the net weight of the contents as far as they think wise—or safe. The housewife goes on paying the same old price for a smaller quantity of food and wonders why her bills grow larger! Kjellander declares that while great and wealthy manufacturers thus cunningly short-weight the consumer, it is no wonder that the retailer has been inspired to follow their successful example.

One housewife—following the suggestion of the Terrible Swede—had her eyes opened in a startling way. She has been using chipped beef in glass jars which are supposed to contain half a pound of the meat. She sent to her regular grocer and bought half a pound of chipped beef in bulk. What she got almost filled three of the empty chipped-beef jars, packing the meat down hard. And now she has ordered a scale.

With the object of putting a stop to the package-goods shortage the Terrible Swede did his best to get a bill through the state legislature providing that every package should have conspicuously printed on its label the net weight, the net measure or the numerical count of its contents. A terrific lobby, representing almost every class of package-goods makers, went down to the capital to fight the bill They admitted that, theoretically speaking, the proposal was fair and honest. Their opposition to its passage was based on two arguments: The first was that it would work a hardship to pass a law that would "build a wall around the State of Illinois." Any legislation of that kind, they considered, should be national in its scope. Kjellander pointed out that South Dakota already has such a law in force and that, in consequence, the contents of the packages sold in that state have considerably increased in weight with no increase in price, so that South Dakota people get more for their money than the residents of other parts of the country. He also promised to see that a national net-weight bill is introduced and advocated at the present session of Congress. A national convention of state and municipal commissioners of weights and measures will be held in Washington soon, at which the passage of such a bill will be strongly urged.

The second argument of the anti-net-weight lobby was, that it is impossible to make sure that all packages contain exactly the same amount and that many goods lose in weight after packing. That brought a cold Scandinavian twinkle to the eyes of the Terrible Swede. He remembered the decision of the state supreme court in a certain case "We'll allow you a shrinkage of five per cent," he said, "and if you can't make sure that all pound packages contain exactly one pound, net, of the product, you can easily arrange it so that they will never contain less than that weight."

In spite of his efforts the bill was buried in committee and never even reported. But that is only a temporary defeat. The Terrible Swede is fighting harder than ever "The people must know what they are buying," he says, "and they must get what they pay for."

A Gentle Literary Hint

WE DESIRE to suggest the expediency of an extensive slaughter of females by their own fathers. The act, of course, would require considerable resolution. Even those tough old Greeks wept when Iphigenia's patriotic sire handed her over for sacrifice, and we are far more sentimental about women than the Greeks ever were Yet if a feminine Saint Bartholomew will advance the great cause of American literature, why should we hesitate?

To illustrate: A play of unusual interest has been trying its uncertain fortunes in New York and Chicago. It possesses freshness and vigor; above all, it gives the precious effect, in the main, of having been derived from life, rather than patched up out of literary conventions. It tells a strictly masculine story of journalism and politics, and so long as it sticks to that story it succeeds finely. But, alas! somebody concerned, or maybe everybody concerned, judged it necessary, in conformity with an idiotic literary tradition, to have a love motive. So a young woman is dragged in bodily. She has really nothing to do with the story and not the least veritable effect upon it. She is a mere lay figure from the stockroom, dropped amid the intensely lifelike scenes of the play, where she seems so unreal that one marvels to hear her speak and to see her walk humanly. Whenever this conventional, essentially unrelated figure appears the story goes to pieces.

This is merely one illustration when many might be cited. To suppose that a play must have a love motive in it is no more reasonable than to suppose that a story must have an elephant in it—as several of Kipling's stories have. Therefore, nerve thyself, O author! To thee Elsie or Lulu may seem quite a dear, and the engagement scene as sweetly slobbery as chocolate caramels in the mouth of a babe; but if she doesn't really and vitally affect the story, off to the sacrificial block with her.

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Push the Carter Bill

SENATOR CARTER has reintroduced the Overstreet Bill into Congress. This measure, to which we have already referred in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, was the outcome of the investigations by the last Joint Postal Commission and its public accountants. It provides for the appointment by the President of a non-political Director of Posts, who shall not be removed except for cause, and for a reorganization of the Postal Department along business lines; but it does not provide for any increase in the rate on periodicals and newspapers or attempt to favor the latter at the expense of the former, because after the most thorough inquiry the Commission could not find sufficient reason for such action.

This bill, which Senator Carter now presents for the second time, failed of passage in 1909 because the second session of the Sixtieth Congress was too busy with other matters to give it proper consideration. But because it provides for imperatively needed reforms in the Department it should be put through at this session without fail. Just why the Postmaster-General has ignored the existence of this bill and demanded a drastic and unnecessary increase in the rate on magazines is a curious problem in politics.

A joint commission of the House and Senate sat for months making a thorough investigation of the Post-Office; it interviewed Department employees, publishers and experts from all over the country; it employed public accountants to measure the methods of the service by the standards obtaining in private business; and as a result of these labors it presented the Overstreet Bill.

* * *

We have already given on this page some quotations from the report of the public accountants who investigated the Department. Let us supplement these by some statements recently made by Edwin C. Madden, for eight years Third Assistant Postmaster-General, who probably knows as much about the inside workings of the Post-Office as any man in the United States. Writing in the Woman's National Daily, Mr. Madden says:

> President Taft, in his annual message, held up the press of the country as an example of legalized graft figuratively speaking. The Postmaster-General followed in the same strain. Both state that the annual postal deficit is due to loss in handling newspapers and periodicals.
>
> It may be stated for the benefit of the President, the Postmaster-General, Members of Congress, and all others interested in this problem—and that, too, without fear of successful contradiction—that the real causes for the postal deficit are bad management and the use of the Department to pay political obligations!
>
> The accuracy of the official conclusions as to the cost of handling a pound of any class of mail matter and the alleged total loss due to handling second-class matter may fairly be questioned. The official report does not disclose the process by which the conclusions were reached, but admits that they are estimates.
>
> Of recent years our Department has undertaken the curtailment of the mailing of newspapers and periodicals under new rulings which limited the privileges of publishers. In proportion as the Department has claimed credit for curtailment, the deficit, singularly enough, has increased. It is not always possible to produce such evidence of the effect of the circulation of newspapers and periodicals.
>
> Whether now there should be an increase of the postage rate that falls upon our magazines alone because, among other things, there is a large shortage, is a serious and vital question. This question ought to be dealt with in the spirit of justice and fair play. At least, we should learn before taking action the real causes of our chronic deficit. No student of the subject but must admit that the proposed remedy is but a makeshift; and that the cure will not be permanent until the real cause of the deficit is removed.
>
> The Postmaster-General says nothing about the lack of a domestic parcels post and nothing about the half-filled mail pouches due to it. He says nothing about the approximately $20,000,000 paid for railroad transportation of the dead weight of partially-filled pouches. He makes no explanation of why, in the face of the deficit, he is continually establishing "parcels post" to foreign countries, which means that a pound of merchandise will be carried from San Francisco across the country by railroad and then across the ocean by steamboat and delivered in England or Germany for 12 cents, when he charges 16 cents to deliver the same parcel a few hundred feet from the San Francisco post-office. He makes no explanation of why he recently reduced the rate on foreign-going letters by 80 per cent and so added a million or thereabouts to the chronic shortage of his Department.
>
> The big deficit of the last fiscal year has then apparently accomplished something—the proposition to inject into the postal management "ordinary business prudence." Should not there be an exhibition of the actual introduction of it and a test of its effect before the magazine and periodical publishers alone are made to pay the destructive penalty of the patent and confessed lack of it heretofore, in an increased postage rate, which must come out of the people, and which is only another way of making them foot the bills of waste and bad management?

If Mr. Madden's statements need reënforcing, plenty of corroborative evidence may be found in the reports of the Joint Postal Commission. It was because of "bad management and the use of the Department to pay political obligations" that the Commission provided for the appointment of a Director of Posts in the Overstreet Bill. It was because "the accuracy of the official conclusions as to the alleged total loss due to handling second-class matter may fairly be questioned" that the rate on magazines was left unchanged. The Commission, after weighing all the evidence, stated frankly that all these estimates were simply guesses. Naturally, the magazines object to being put out of business on anybody's guess.

* * *

The SATURDAY EVENING POST stands on its declaration that the present rate on periodicals is enough to pay their way through the mails under a common-sense and business-like administration of our postal affairs. We see no reason why the Department should not be as efficiently and as economically administered as, say, Mr. Morgan's Steel Trust. At present it is being run under antiquated laws, many of which were designed for conditions that have long since been thrown on the scrapheap. We are continually hearing that this thing has always been done; that that function does not belong historically to the Department. In one sense history is always wrong. It can set no standards for a progressive people. How Rome fell, how Napoleon fought, and how Jefferson spoke ought to be of exactly the same interest to an advancing nation as the records that the stone men left behind them in their caves. When history repeats itself it is a sign of reaction, of retrogression.

The Post-Office is a part of a world that has been recreated in a generation. It should be abreast of that world in its methods and ideas. It is no longer a minor factor in business. It is a vital part not only of the publishing business but of every other. It should be trying to expand, not to contract, its functions; to decrease, not to increase, its charges for serving the people. This Overstreet Bill, which Senator Carter has introduced for the second time, is a first step in this direction. It is not a snapshot, based on a guess, but the result of the best judgment of a picked body of Senators and Congressmen, who heard and weighed all the evidence in the case before embodying these recommendations in a bill. We ask our readers to write to their representatives in Congress urging them to push the Carter Bill. (Senate Bill 6287.) Its provisions are constructive, not destructive. It aims to prevent the deficit by saving money through a business reorganization, and not to hide the deficit by getting more money to spend along the old wasteful lines. Courteous letters, written to the point, will receive consideration and force this sorely-needed legislation. This is only primarily the magazines' fight for a square deal; in the end you will have to foot the bill for indifference to bad business management of your public affairs. Push the Carter Bill and take the Post-Office out of politics.

Where the Trouble Comes From

YOU may recall that from the autumn of 1907 to the autumn of 1909 the market valuation of stocks on the New York Exchange was nearly doubled. The average price of forty-one of the most prominent advanced from fifty-nine to one hundred and three dollars a share. Steel Common—five hundred million dollars outstanding—went from twenty dollars a share to ninety-five. We caught glimpses of the manner in which this boom was fostered when Rock Island soared thirty dollars a share in fifteen minutes and, a little later, when the pool that had been manipulating Hocking Coal and Iron collapsed and that prime security suddenly dropped sixty dollars a share.

Recently the President asked Congress in a very conservative way to carry out some policies of a mildly Rooseveltian nature. For more than a year everybody had known perfectly that he was going to do this. But his doing happened nearly to coincide with a period when the stock market was exhibiting those symptoms that inevitably follow a prolonged spree. Hence Wall Street echoes with the familiar plaint that Washington is responsible for all the trouble. Probably this will really deceive nobody; but it may help to divert public attention from the important point that the Stock Exchange, with its wild gambling and rank manipulation, is the most conspicuous breeder of our business troubles.

On the Edge of Disaster

BRITISH convervatism has been having poor luck. Latest returns show a handsome gain in the country's foreign trade; money is quite easy; the stock market tranquil, and Government bonds are as high as they were last spring, before the Liberals threatened to strangle British prosperity in its cradle by increasing taxes on land, liquor and incomes. This is not the way a nation in imminent danger of ruin, through a Liberal victory, ought to be acting.

Lord Revelstoke pictured British savings as "fleeing to quarters where capital is more warmly welcomed" if the elections went against his party. Some time before that the great banking house of which his lordship is chief floated a large Russian loan in London. Russian credit being comparatively poor, a high rate of interest was offered, which attracted subscribers to the loan. In short, this particular flight of British savings to Russia was not the result of bad government in England and good government in Russia, but of exactly the reverse. England's immense investments abroad—the extent to which her capital has fled elsewhere in quest of higher interest—are often pointed to as a proof of her greatness. If any timorous capitalist wishes to dispose of his British securities at a slight concession from the market price, no doubt he will find Lord Revelstoke ready to take them off his hands.

National ruin is the stage thunder of politics. Hardly a week passes but somebody points out that the United States is utterly ruined already.

A Parable of High Prices

IN THE brisk period of trust promoting that culminated in 1901 stocks were issued to the amount of a couple of thousand million dollars which represented simply "good will," or water. Practically the only good will involved was that of the promoters, first, to raise the price of various commodities so that the trusts manufacturing or dealing in them could make profits large enough to pay dividends on the watered stocks; next, to unload upon the public an ample portion of said stocks at valuations based on the profits that the higher prices would yield.

To illustrate: You possess a thirty-dollar cow, whose milk you sell to your neighbors at four cents a quart. The promoter buys your cow, raises the price of milk to eight cents a quart, then sells the cow to Neighbor Jones for sixty dollars, because she is twice as profitable as before. But Neighbor Jones has ten dollars' worth of hens and sells you eggs at fifteen cents a dozen. The promoter buys the hens, puts eggs to thirty cents a dozen, and sells you the hens—now twice as profitable as formerly—for twenty dollars. As a net result of these operations the promoter has extracted a profit of forty dollars, and milk and eggs are higher.

Out of the issuance and manipulation of the two thousand millions of watered stock high finance extracted a vast profit. The single issue of Steel Common—which was pure water—is now worth four hundred million dollars. In order that it may be worth that, the Steel Trust charges such prices as yielded a net profit of forty million dollars the last quarter.

Not that this little parable is adequate to explain high prices, but it is one of the things that help to explain them.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

He Scatters Bulbs of Halley's Comets

The Owner of the Blarney Stone

SUPPOSE, genial and care-free, you were strolling down the street and met Maurice Francis Egan, our Minister to Denmark, who, after the cares incident to putting wreaths around the neck of Doctor Cook, in Copenhagen, is home for rest and reflection. Desiring to be pleasant and persiflageous you might exclaim: "Why, Mr. Egan, welcome to our fair city."

Whereupon, what would happen? This: The Minister from Denmark would start in beaming surprise, grasp you warmly by the hand, pat you on the shoulder and say: "Ah-h, my dear, dear friend, how do you do —how—do—you—do? It is, indeed, a fair city, and made fairer because you are here. My pleasure at seeing you is so great I cannot, believe me, find words to express myself. It gives me great joy to see you looking so well, and as for material things I can only say your appearance furnishes ample proof that fortune is endowing you with those rewards you so richly deserve. Such health! Such buoyancy! It was only last night I was lamenting the fact I had not seen you, and today—memorable day—I have met you and have grasped your hand. The gods are good to me, unworthy though I am. Of all my dear, dear friends you are the one I most desired to see. And looking so exceptionately well, and rapidly taking the place in large affairs you so richly deserve. Ah-h, my dear, dear friend, I must clasp your hand again."

And so on. Now, it would make no difference with Doctor Egan whether you, genial and care-free, didn't have a nickel and did have the grip, or did have a trillion nickels and could whip Jeffries. There may be other persons in this wide land of ours who have the blarney, but they stutter and are halt in speech when compared to the Doctor. He not only kissed the blarney stone; he embraced it, brought it home with him, enlisted it in his exclusive service. Maurice Francis Eagan is the original Barney B. Blarney himself, all others being spurious claimants to ownership of his brand of vocal emollient.

It certainly is grand to see the Doctor breeze into a little dinner party, say, with a dozen or so about a table. He begins with the host and does a walk-around, handing to each guest a clinging handshake and a line of meringue that is sweeter than Chinese candy. The Doctor disdains any such little implement as the trowel. He puts his on with a shovel, and if the occasion is unusually auspicious he ladles it out by the bucket. When one goes blarneying, believes the Doctor, one should not stop half-way. What's the use of telling a man he's looking well when it is just as easy to tell him he looks better than he ever did in his life, the radiant picture of health and of gorgeous and glittering success?

You see, the Doctor comes by it naturally. Nobody in this wide world can equal him. It would have been worth traveling to Copenhagen to hear what the Doctor said when he was first presented to the King of Denmark. I'll wager that monarch was puffed up like a pouter pigeon when the Doctor had finished with him, and firmly convinced he had J. Cæsar, King Alfred, Napoleon Bonaparte, the Kaiser, King Edward and all other royal personages who are living or ever have lived faded to a whisper. Inasmuch as the Doctor talks to every person he meets as if that person were, at least, a Grand Duke, words fail to convey even an idea of the line of lubricous and unguentary conversation he would bestow on a real King, even if merely a King of Denmark.

A Course in Irish Folklore

THERE are opposites in every man's character, contradictions that make the study of mankind as fascinating as it is inconclusive. Observe Doctor Egan, if a type is needed. He has the blarney and he uses it like a man painting a barn, lays it on with an enormous brush, indiscriminately. But he, also, is a poet and, many critics have said, writes the finest sonnets of any American living. Of course, writing sonnets, although a pleasing and artistic occupation, is not especially remunerative, and the Doctor, until he went into diplomacy, was a professor of English language and literature at Georgetown University. Moreover, diplomacy is a profession requiring soft speech. Like as not the Doctor is practicing on the public, hoping and expecting and deserving even more important diplomatic posts in the future.

We have not seen many sonnets from his pen since he became a diplomatist, but the very fact he is a sonneteer made him a diplomatist, by which we observe that poetry has its uses no less than prose. As was well known, President Roosevelt considered himself a literary man. That was his profession—and is, he would probably contend—and he was very fond of literary persons when he was in the White House. Doctor Egan is a poet, a novelist, a literary critic, a story writer, a student of literature, and, naturally, T. R. cottoned to him. Many a night Egan spent at the White House with our former President, talking about books and writers.

Being an Irishman and proud of his race and its literature, he naturally introduced that subject into these conversations. T. R. was impatient. He said he had not been able to find any books that gave him a clear understanding of what he wanted to know about Irish poetry, folklore, and the like. Just before the President was starting on his long Western trip that wound up in the lion hunt in the Colorado mountains, he said to Doctor Egan: "I am going to have a lot of time to read on this trip and I want to take along a few Irish books."

"Let me get them for you," said Egan; and when the train was ready to start Egan appeared with an armful of books pertaining to many things Irish. The President read these books when he had nothing else to do on the trip and came back saturated with the spirit of what he had read.

Many people have wondered why Colonel Roosevelt took time to write his essay on Old Irish Sagas that was printed a few years ago. The real reason was Doctor Egan, and the subsidiary reasons were various and sundry gentlemen whom President Roosevelt had put into the Ananias. Thus does Literature move in a mysterious way her wonders to perform.

When President Roosevelt had his famous row with Senators Tillman and Bailey, and with former Senator Chandler, in which both sides blew off a lot of steam and cast aspersions about rather carelessly, the President did all he thought he needed to do and wasn't particular about doing anything more. Meantime, Senators Bailey and Tillman kept exploding regularly. T. R. was getting restive. He was angry and felt he should go to bat again. Still, he could see no advantage in it, inasmuch as he had landed on all hands as hard as he could.

However, his temperature kept rising. Then, in order to divert his mind, he read assiduously of the old Irish sagas that had been given him by Doctor Egan, and sat down and wrote his essay on them. It was a precautionary measure and, when one comes to think of it, a good one, for one cannot read and write about old Irish sagas and think about deliberate and unqualified falsehoods—so called—at the same time. Instead of erupting again, President Roosevelt worked off his superfluous excitement by the saga route. Thus was another chunk of wisdom placed before a waiting world.

Well, anyhow, it wasn't long after that that President Roosevelt sent Doctor Egan to Denmark, and there he has been ever since, returning home only recently for his vacation, having been fatigued—fatigued is a good word, I think—with the ceremonies and cerements relating to Doctor Cook.

Meantime, the good Doctor has been moving about in Washington's midst, giving everybody the glad hand and the gladder acknowledgment. Talk about scattering seeds of sunshine! He scatters bulbs of Halley's comets. His literary work embraces about every department. He has written poems, novels, stories, criticism, juvenile travel, history, and Sexton Maginnis, has translated plays and has been an editor of various anthologies and the Freeman's Journal. He is a most scholarly and capable man.

And when it comes to the blarney, the real blarniferous blarney, Doctor Egan is first and all the rest of the world dumb, mute, voiceless, not saying a word.

Newell's Latest

COLONEL George B. McClellan Harvey, editor, publicist, orator and unterrified Democrat, is tall and thin, and wears enormous spectacles with tortoise-shell rims. The Colonel was at a dinner recently and was observed for the first time by an interested spectator. He looked at the Colonel carefully and then said: "Why, he looks as if Peter Newell drew him."

Imaginative Amateurs

"WE HAVE deer up in our state of Maine," said General Frank Cushing, of Cushing's Island, which abuts that pleasant commonwealth, "and, naturally, hunters come up to hunt them. The hunters got to killing so many guides, mistaking them for deer, that the guides were forced to put on some distinguishing dress, such as a red hat, or a yellow coat, or something so the amateur sportsmen would not plug them. Red hats got common, and there were hunters who, after killing a few guides, said they thought the guides were a new species of red-headed deer; so one fellow I knew decided to make himself perfectly sure. He had an outer suit of black-and-white bedticking made, which he always wore when he took a green hunter out. It was a grand idea."

"Did it work?" asked a bystander.

"Well, it had its disadvantages. One day this guide took out a hunter and left him beside a run. Presently the hunter saw something and shot. He killed the guide. At the coroner's inquest they asked him why he shot at a man dressed in a black-and-white striped suit and the hunter said he thought it was a zebra."

Suited in Vestings

THERE is an author who, rumor says, is the only author in the world who has his clothes made by a haberdasher. However, he doesn't have them all made by a haberdasher. Some of his milder effects are built by a little English tailor in New York

Another author went to this tailor and the tailor told of his distinguished patron: "He's a queer man, though," said the tailor. "He comes in here and asks me to show him all my suitings. I show them. Then he asks me to show him my vestings. I show him the vestings. Then he orders a full suit off the vestings."

The Hall of Fame

¶ David Graham Phillips, author of White Magic, invents his own collars.

¶ Charles Frohman, theatrical manager, has three fads: fedora hats, life-insurance annuities and not having his picture taken.

¶ Mayor Gaynor, of New York, is not the only statesman who is devoted to Epictetus. Governor Hughes, of New York, is also a student of the Stoic

¶ Senator W. Murray Crane, of Massachusetts, will not ride on the cars without company. So when he has a journey to take and his family is not going he induces a friend to go with him.

¶ Dan W. Allen, of Evanston, Illinois, is the poet of the furniture business. He sells tables and writes poems with equal facility, but, unfortunately for Art, there is more money in tables than there is in sonnets.

HEN FEVER

Virtues and Vices of an Incurable Disease

By ROBERT SHACKLETON

EVERY one whose home is not up an apartment-house elevator or a tenement stair is certain to get hen fever—this being the name rather irreverently given to the keen and intense desire to raise one's own poultry. Hen fever is normal, natural, unavoidable, inevitable, not to be escaped; and being all this it is highly satisfactory that it is at the same time pleasant and often profitable in its outcome. In its extreme manifestations the fever carries a man to the point of persistently insisting that his breed is the only possible breed and his methods the only possible methods.

To see several hundred pounds of your home-raised chickens walking about on the hoof is vastly pleasant. There walked the roast of yesterday; there struts the o'er-confident tomorrow; and you count innumerable eggs before they are laid. You lessen mightily the bill of the butcher; and if you wish to go into chicken-raising as a business, either in a large or a small way, you are reasonably sure of profit. With poultry practically nothing is lost. If a chicken is not a layer it may be eaten or marketed. Watch a country auction and you will notice that there is nothing in greater demand, at a good price, than the poultry population.

But in poultry-raising there is no royal road to fortune. One must work, have patience, perseverance, care. "Genius," in poultry-raising as in other things, "is an infinite capacity for taking pains."

Making a Beginning

It is far better for the one who has caught hen fever to understand plainly that he must always be prepared for disappointments; that optimistic estimates must always be discounted; that he cannot count his chickens even after they are hatched—cannot count upon their growing up—that there are bound to be setbacks and drawbacks; that the "best laid schemes" of eggs and hens "gang aft agley."

Our own poultry-raising began with a couple of Brahma chicks acquired one Eastertime. By Thanksgiving the rooster weighed nine pounds, dressed, and the hen was laying one egg a day with the regularity of clockwork. A good hen ought to begin laying after six or seven months. At Experiment Stations they tell you of hens that begin to lay at four months—but Experiment-Station hens are often infant prodigies.

That first Brahma hen lived in a packing-box, roamed all over the place, ate kitchen scraps, and laid close on to three hundred eggs a year, after she began. But that was better than could have been expected, a good average for a hen being one hundred and fifty eggs a year.

It is important to select some single breed, rather than have your flock a lot of scrubs and nondescripts. Pedigree and breeding tell. It is well for chickens to have grandmothers.

There are two excellent ways of beginning. One is to start with a rooster and two hens, of the kind you decide upon. The other is to buy a setting of eggs of the desired kind and with them an old hen to hatch them out—the old hen falling a sacrifice when her duty is accomplished. Later, there may be great advantages in using an incubator and brooder, for many people get wonderful results from them, but I should strongly advise any one to get his practical initial knowledge from studying the natural ways and natural life of hens, for without this the machinery of incubator and brooder cannot well be handled with good results. Nothing is so good as to watch the hen that "gathereth her chickens under her wings," for she goes through all the multitudinous watchfulnesses precisely as in Biblical days, heedless of the march of centuries and civilization.

The choice of excellent breeds is very wide. They are broadly classed as from two original sources: the Mediterranean, nervous, small birds—one remembers the skinny table d'hôte chicken of Italy but great layers, of which Leghorns are a type; and Asiatics, heavy, meaty birds, slow-moving and liable not to be heavy layers, of which the pincushion-breasted Cochins are a type. Then man, and mainly the Yankee, produced by crossbreeding some strains so popular now: Plymouth Rocks, Rhode Island Reds, Orpingtons, Wyandottes. The names are legion and their devotees most devout. It is largely a matter of individual taste, or may depend on the good or bad luck that accompanied a trying-out. Luck and chance are always features, in spite of the most scientific care and feeding. For my own part I have tried several breeds in turn, and am now working back to my first love, the Brahmas, as on the whole they seem to average up best, from my experience. They are an old-fashioned kind and are heavy birds, with good meat, and also average up well as layers; although merely finding one good Brahma layer would have proved nothing, as there are exceptions with every breed. That Brahmas are slow-moving fowl is a distinct point in their favor, for this means that they do not make themselves thin with running about. And it means, too—astonishing fact—that they will stay inside of a three-foot fence. Most kinds are restrained by nothing lower than five or six feet, and need lopped wings at that.

This matter of choosing a breed is one that depends upon whether you want layers more than size or size more than layers—eggs more than broiled chicken or broiled chicken more than eggs; but it must not be forgotten that even the best of layers come to the table in time. White Wyandottes, another kind that I tried, average unusually well as layers, but run light in weight, and Buff Plymouth Rocks are good all-around birds, extremely good-looking both on and off the table.

But it is not only by breed or name that good chickens are distinguished. The fowls of highest-price on the poulterer's counter are those with bronze feet; next come the yellow-footed; while those with black or gray feet are held to be markedly undesirable in comparison. Nor is this mere matter of fancy, for the richest meat and the best gravy come from chickens bronze or yellow footed. It is wise to aim at chickens that meet the best requirements from a mercantile standpoint.

In fact, one may go still further, and put it down that the better the general looks of a bird the better bird it is. The matter of general looks is also so important from another point of view that it is surprising how often it is neglected. Many a man spoils the effect of a fine house and shrubs and trees by having in sight a lot of mongrelly, unalluring hens and an unsightly chicken house designed by the hired man and built of sheathing paper and old fence boards.

Proper Sites for Chicken Houses

Whatever the kind of chickens decided upon it is best to have the roosters brought in successionally from outside stock so as not to have inbreeding. But, to keep your yard from holding hens of variegated variety, you must see to it that they have no neighbor on the visiting list. Hens easily tread the primrose path, with fatal results to your white, or yellow, or speckled color-scheme.

It is often claimed that chickens pay only up to the point where the kitchen scraps, with what is grown on the place, will feed them: and it is doubtless true that the greatest degree of success comes from such conditions. Few families, however, can raise enough chickens for their needs under these circumstances, and it is well proved that chickens may be made to pay after a considerable portion of their food has to be bought and they are thus not a source of unbroken profit. But it must be remembered that one cannot figure on having ten times as much success with eighty chickens as with eight.

The location of the chicken house is important. At my present home I set out to have quite a fair-sized flock, and found the chicken house was built on low and shaded ground, beside a pool. It was soon apparent that the fowls did not thrive there. As the cold days of fall came the chickens grew rheumatic. They needed a home in a dry and sunny spot, and so I tore down that chicken house and moved the flock to quarters prepared in an old cowbarn, taking out stanchions and feeding-troughs and wooden floor, and making a big, roomy, sunny, stone-walled room. It is wind-proof and cold-proof when doors and windows are closed, and at the same time gives ample opportunity for sun and air, with inch-mesh protective screens across all ventilating openings.

Some people like earth floors, some cement, some wood. All have advantages, but it seemed to me best to have a floor of good clay upon a foundation of broken stone, with a wall of concrete around all the edges to a depth of eighteen inches below the surface, to prevent rats from tunneling in. In theory, rats are efficaciously kept out by a stone wall, but as a matter of fact I find that intelligent and indefatigable rats make little of tunneling through the mortared interstices. After all, they have little to occupy their time, and perhaps accept a stone-wall challenge as an ennui-destroyer.

Happy Homes for Hens

The essentials of a henhouse, it is often said, are comfort, cost and convenience; but it is just as essential to have safety also and general good appearance.

The preparatory work is not finished when your chicken house and fence are completed, for other things also are needed. For example, there should be a "hen jail"—a smallish coop with slatted bottom, to "break up" a broody hen that wants to set when you want her to lay. This method has distinct advantages over plunging the hen in water, or setting a dog to worry her, or putting her, Regulus-like, into a spike-bottomed barrel. For the other kind of hen, the one that gives up the job of setting after having begun and lets her eggs spoil, no treatment does any good, not even the time-honored one of putting over her, on the nest, a brick-weighted sieve. Such a hen will afterward be untrustworthy, and the thing to do is to fatten her for a few days and then decapitate her.

There should be a rooster pen for any too belligerent gentleman. There should be a feeding pen to fatten fowls for the table. There should be a slat-topped box, or barrel, for the isolation of a drooping chick, and this for the sake not only of the patient but of the flock; for sometimes, even with the best of care, an infectious sickness will make its appearance. If it is a healthy chicken, suffering merely from an ordinary disorder or from a broken leg, much may be done. Warmth and special food and careful splinting work wonders.

The roosts should not be of the kind that mount up, bar above bar, like a broad step-ladder. These are a survival of the days when chicken houses were not made "varmint-proof." It is better to have parallel bars of one height, because upon them the hens do not crowd and push and fight for the highest perch. The bars should be low, about two feet from the ground, so that all the hens can fly up easily, and they should be square-edged because claws clutch square edges better than round ones. They should not be nailed fast, but held in place by long nails, loose, like pins, in round holes. The whole thing should come apart quickly and easily for cleaning and whitewashing in the sunshine. Whitewash, with carbolic in it, and an occasional spraying with kerosene put the finish to any mites, crawlers, or, germs on the roosts. Care may kill a cat, if the old proverb is true, but it will save your hens. There should be, outside of the chicken house, a low-set open-air sunparlor, with a roof and three sides, the open side being in the sunniest direction. This is a good place for dusting baths.

In some other bright and sheltered spot I find it best to keep the little chicklets till

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they have grown big enough to fend for themselves. This is better than putting them too early into the battle of life with a trampling and marauding multitude. Each little flock, with the mother hen, should have an individual coop, rat-proof for night, but ventilated with wire-netted holes, and there should be a big covered cage to set in front of the door by day, so that each little brood may be fed in peace. The best thing to start feeding baby chicks with is rather cannibalistic—hard-boiled eggs crushed with a fork—but feed the mother hen whole corn first, or she may clean up the plate meant for her children.

Planning and building a proper chicken house, with the fencing and accessories, necessarily cost something, and the flock will demand constant care—this being a kind of fact too often overlooked by the buoyantly-optimistic, who thereby lay the foundation for unpleasant disenchantment later. But the increased practical returns that come from a little expense and a good deal of care make care and expense worth while.

How to see to it that chickens lay eggs in the off months of winter is one of the most interesting of all poultry problems. That hens lay when eggs are cheap and won't lay when eggs are dear is an ancient complaint.

Keeping Hens Busy in Winter

The matter of laying, even in the warm months, is to quite an extent a matter of chance. One hen may lay practically all the time, while a sister, of the same brood, may simply not lay at all. Being feminine, it is a matter of "if she will, she will, you may depend on't; and if she won't, she won't; so there's an end on't"—except that one must be ready to go further and promptly make a salad-end of the offender. To pick out the bad from the good and to keep an absolute record of each hen, trap nests may be used; but they involve more trouble and attendance than most people wish to give their hens and, besides, are a punishment to a good hen instead of a reward of merit. A practical way to distinguish a suspected shirker or a suspected egg-eater or feather-puller from the others is to dot her, with a touch of black paint. It is easy thus to mark a number of them with cabalistic signs. Then, for chickens that are useless or vicious, apply the axiom: Use the axe.

But although you cannot make a hen lay you can encourage her, and the best encourager is proper food. A hen needs what is called a "balanced ration." At all times of the year she needs both vegetable and animal food; at all times of the year she must have some kind of green stuff. Feed such things as whole or cracked corn, meat scrap, chopped bone, skim milk, whole wheat. Daily, in very cold weather, it is well to feed a hot mash of some such thing as bran and vegetables and chicken peppers. But ordinarily let the hens keep busy out in the open, picking up not only the food you have scatteringly fed, but also the multitudinous and infinitesimal titbits that they tirelessly peck for. That terrible word henpeck comes from the hen's terrible, tireless, nervous, incessant, unceasing work.

If a hen is to produce eggs, a fair proportion of her diet must be some form of meat. Bugs are meat; a hen always lays when she is chasing grasshoppers all day. When it isn't bug season give her meat scraps or cut bone. Even then, the egg crop will seriously diminish for a time in the winter months. Genial old Herrick, when he declared that his "teeming hen did lay her egg each day," was merely like all chicken fanciers in willfully forgetting the cold days when she wouldn't.

When fed within doors, scatter the dry food in some kind of clean litter on their scratching floor, to make them work for their meals. A cabbage on a string, at pecking height, is a titbit of delight, as are a beet and a turnip on projecting nails. There should always be charcoal. If the hens do not enjoy the ideal condition of having access to running water they should be given plenty of water in closed-top dishes, with just enough of open space to put in their bills.

There should by all means be a good, generous, outdoor ranging-place for them; a real yard, not a bare and tough-soiled prison. And they won't hurt the garden if let in for just a little while late in the afternoon, for they only dig and scratch and make the earth fly when they have a great deal of time, whereas in a very short time in a garden they will devour a lot of injurious insects.

Over-feeding is bad; it makes them sluggish. But over-economy in food is worse, and your hens will retaliate by economizing in eggs and flesh. They can't make bricks without straw.

Besides actual food they must have material to make shells for their eggs. For this, return them their own egg shells—if crushed, this does not teach them to become egg-eaters—and also give them plenty of crushed bone or pounded oyster shells.

For digestion their gizzards demand sharp gravel or something that takes its place. I knew of a pampered lot of fidgety white Plymouth Rocks that failed to thrive in a poultry yard fitted with every expensive equipment that wealth could supply. They left wheat untouched; they scorned milk curds; they refused lettuce; they would not look at honest yellow corn. Then by mere accident the trouble was discovered. Coal dust and slack, débris from a coal bin, were filled in upon a low spot, and the chickens fell upon it voraciously and at once began to thrive. Generations of chickens had been raised on that ground and had finally succeeded in absolutely clearing it of little sharp stones; and then came the coal grit to fill the long-felt want.

One rooster to fifteen hens is a good average, and where there is more than one rooster, alternate the days with them, keeping one penned up when another's free. If they're together they'll spend too much time and energy in just naturally fighting. It is not a bad idea to keep no rooster at all during the winter, but eat it and have a young bird in the spring, from outside stock. A few years ago there appeared a funny story by one of our foremost humorists and the crux of the tale was that a foolish city family, moving to the suburbs, actually expected to get eggs from a chicken flock that was without a rooster. Neither author nor editor was familiar with eggs, except on the breakfast-table, and did not know that there will be just as many eggs under the circumstances referred to, but that they will not hatch. That is no drawback in winter, for no one wants to hatch eggs at that time.

When eggs are set they ought not to be taken at random, just the run of the flock, but should be selected from the best hens. It is surprising how one can go on improving his flock by selecting eggs. There are as great differences in hens as in people, as to traits, character, amount of work and results, and also as to appearance.

The Foes of the Chicken

Chickens do die so easily—one of the facts to which the persistent optimist shuts his eyes. There are hawks, owls, crows, possums, weasels, minks, foxes, rats and cats—pole and plain. And besides these definite foes there are uncertain perils and sicknesses that sweep chickens away without warning and often without visible cause. A setting hen is usually given fifteen eggs; perhaps thirteen hatch out; and then they may begin to drop off till suddenly you realize that there are only eight or so. Sometimes the number dwindles even more, and the fussy hen with only one chick has ever been proverbial.

Eternal watchfulness is necessary. After a snow, if the flock has been let out for a free range, it must be counted for the night to be sure that none has become so dazzled by the whiteness as to be lost.

Chickens a success? Of course they are! No one ever completely recovers from hen fever. It usually gets a greater hold as the years go by—it gets into the system and stays there. For who that knows what that fresh morning egg tastes like can return to a shopworn product! How can a family that has learned to distinguish a pullet egg from an old hen's egg by taste return to even a guaranteed dairy-shop breakfast! How can the housewife, used to an egg basket always full, be content with a dozen of the aged from a store! How can a household used to chicken and cream gravy, to a small pair roasted, to the charms of frying size, broiling size, roasting size—even the stewing kind and even the chicken-salad sort, fresh, wholesome, clean-fed, clean-housed—how can such a household ever again be content with cold-storage poultry, even if a benign government stamps an assurance on the tail feathers that it is not over six months dead!

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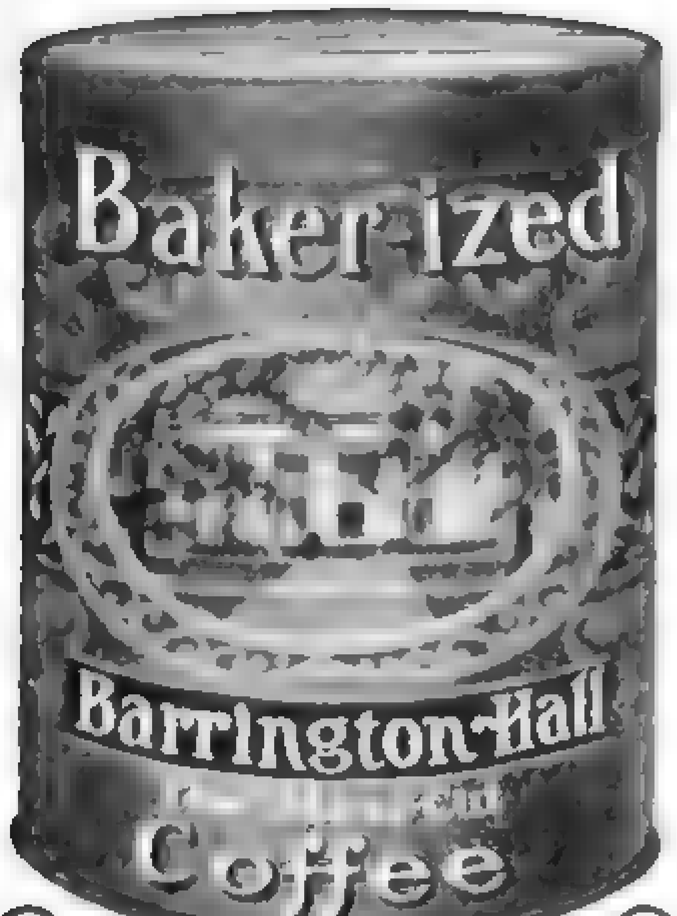

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My Own Is ....

The Senator's Secretary

A LARGE number of our leading Captains of Finance have dropped into Washington during the past month to have a look at things and see how the land lies. Without exception these Captains of Finance have gone home hysterically protesting that the country is going—or has gone—to the dogs, that all is lost, that we are on the verge of a succession of panics that will rend us asunder and break everybody in sight, including said Captains of Finance, which, to be sure, is in their eyes the vilest of catastrophes.

The trouble is this: These Captains of Finance have called on Attorney-General Wickersham and, to their intense astonishment, have discovered that Mr. Wickersham has a high regard for the oath of office he took when he entered the Cabinet, that he is in no sense a special retainer for Wall Street, that he has no intention of protecting these gentlemen in evading or breaking the law, and that he is fully in line with the policy of the Administration as to corporations and trusts that are organized or conducted illegally. They cannot understand it.

Apparently, because Mr. Wickersham had corporation business before he became Attorney-General and was practicing law in New York, these Captains of Finance thought all their troubles were over when he went into the Cabinet and they made up their minds they could go ahead with their schemes, regardless of the law. Their astonishment was pitiful and paralyzing when they discovered that the Attorney-General has the whole people as a client instead of the special interests.

The Ways of Wickersham

Two of them came gayly to town the other day to "save" a certain corporation that has for years flagrantly violated every law, and has been ruthless in crushing out competition on the one hand and extorting high prices from the consumers on the other. All they had to do, they thought, was to go to the Department of Justice and say to the Attorney-General: "Now, Wickersham, old friend, we are all right. You mustn't do anything to us. We are strong friends of the Republican party and we have always contributed liberally. It may be advantageous to the Administration to kick up a little dust, you know, but you mustn't do anything to us. You really mustn't. We might lose some money if you did. Our securities might go down in price, or our surplus be decreased. Of course you won't, Mr. Wickersham. We can rely on you to let us alone, eh? That's a good chap. We knew you wouldn't forget the old days."

"On the contrary," the Attorney-General replied, "I shall take early action against the corporation you represent, and against every other corporation that is violating the law as you have been violating it for years, and I shall use all the machinery of this office and of the Government to bring you within the law and to force you to observe the law and to reorganize so you can obey the law and be legally in existence. It is my intention to dissolve every corporation like yours if I can do it, and I think I can. Good-morning. Pleasant weather we are having, isn't it?"

Whereupon these particular Captains of Finance went gibbering home: "Why, that man Wickersham's an anarchist. That's what he is. He intends to make us obey the law. It's scandalous. Sell everything you've got. Clean up! We can do nothing with him."

On cases like this the whole recent Wall Street situation was predicated. The men who have been juggling the market there for years and who have been manipulating the law to allow corporations to do what they desired to do, not what they legally might do, have developed a hysterical fear of Washington and of the President. They do not know what is coming, but they are certain that what is coming bodes them no good. For this reason they have been dumping stocks on the market and have been predicting panics to come, and all that. They are afraid the Administration will have the law on them, and they know just how much they are amenable to the law.

There seems to have been an impression among the members of the Amalgamated Association of the Captains of Finance that as soon as Mr. Taft became President they were to be safe from annoyance, investigation or prosecution for violations of the law. This Administration moves slowly, but by this time it has seeped into the minds of these gentlemen that all such reports of complaisance on the part of Mr. Taft were greatly exaggerated. He not only has decided on a definite program, but he has made such engagements with the leaders of Congress as will help him pass the laws he wants.

Now, Mr. Taft is unfortunate in two ways, so far as his intentions are concerned: The Captains of Finance do not like him because they think he is going to do too much, and a good many people throughout the country do not like him because they think he is not going to do enough. What the Captains of Finance think is not particularly material to Mr. Taft, so far as the success of his Administration is concerned. He must look to the people for the commendation that is worth while. The people have, apparently, expected him to make a grand slam, to shoot off a thirteen-inch gun, to burst forth before this in a magnificent spectacular performance that would give them something to go on. He has not done it.

He had an opportunity when the Tariff Bill came to him for signature. If he had wanted to do something spectacular he could have vetoed that bill, and he would have had ample grounds. Then the people would have thrown up their multitudinous hats and shouted in glad acclaim for a time and, after business had remained unsettled for more long months, would have begun to wonder if that inspiring act had had its basis in real inspiration, after all.

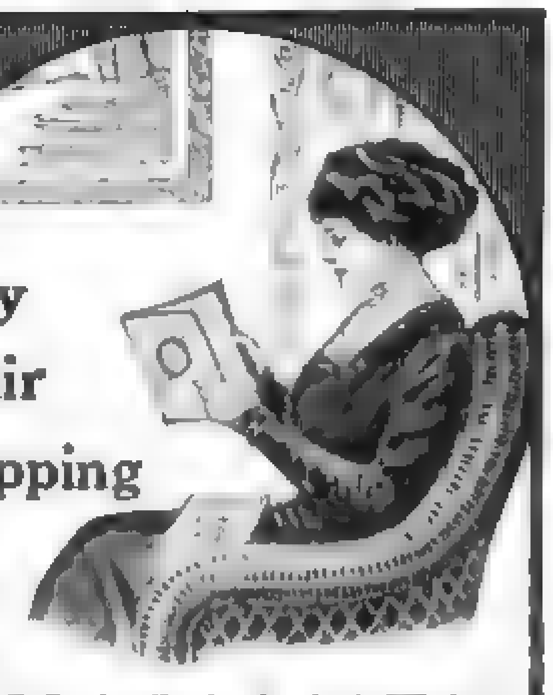
Taft didn't veto the Tariff Bill, because it was the best tariff revision he could get at that time. It may, in a popular sense, have been a mistake not to veto it. Still, that is water over the dam. He signed the bill and he is standing for it. Presently another opportunity to go into action may arrive. I think it will. Taft has made an agreement with the leaders of the Senate and House as to the laws he wants passed at this session. He is treating that agreement as made in good faith on both sides. He has sent in his messages and has had his bills drafted. They are before Congress.

His opportunity will rest on the completed action of the Senate and the House on those bills. Will Aldrich and Cannon keep faith? Will they pass the laws substantially as the President wants them, or will they draw all their teeth, make them innocuous, with the excuse that all legislation is compromise and that many compromises had to be made to get results? It is too early to answer those questions, but if Mr. Taft has any realization of how these leaders work he has just cause to be suspicious.

Senatorial Counter-Irritants

The leaders of the House and the Senate, being old-time politicians, work in old-time ways. That is, they rarely change their methods. Why should they? Old methods have always prevailed until now. For example, if a bill formulating a Presidential policy into law comes along, that bill can be passed, after due consideration, in substantially any shape the leaders want it—or could have been in years gone by—either before or after it has been filed down, and padded, and insulated, and denatured, until it provides for nothing harmful to the persons or combinations against which it is aimed.

To get time to do trimming down, and lopping off, and compressing, and devitalizing, there must be matters before the Senate of apparent grave importance that hold back this particular measure, or these particular measures. Hence, the multiplicity of investigations that have been started as blinds. Take that Senate investigation into high prices for food and other necessities. Early in the session, on January 5, Senator Elkins, of West Virginia, introduced a resolution calling for such an investigation. Just why Elkins was in such a hectic hurry to find out why food is costing so much is not apparent, unless he thought an investigation of the prices of food would stave off



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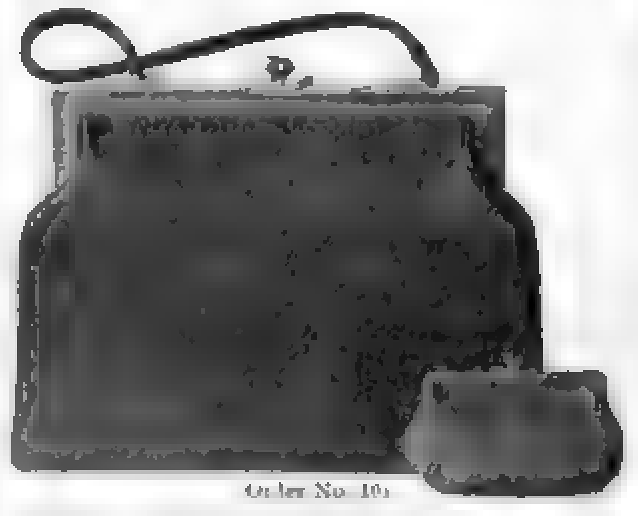

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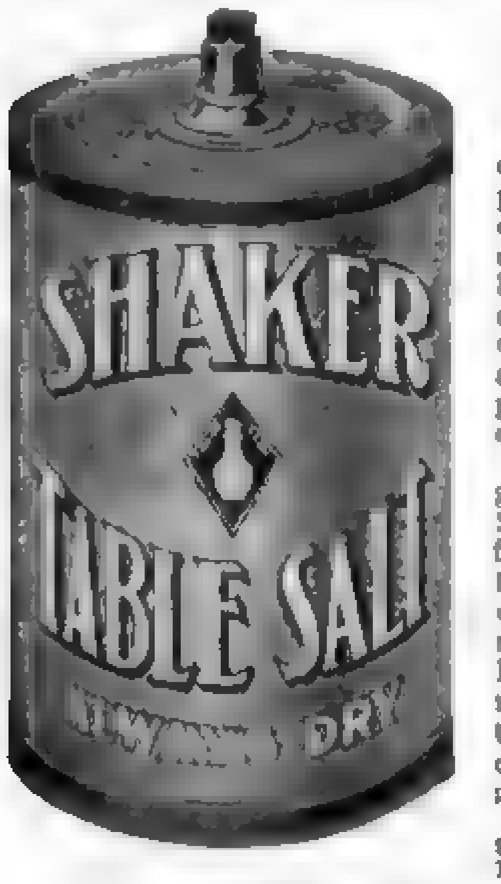

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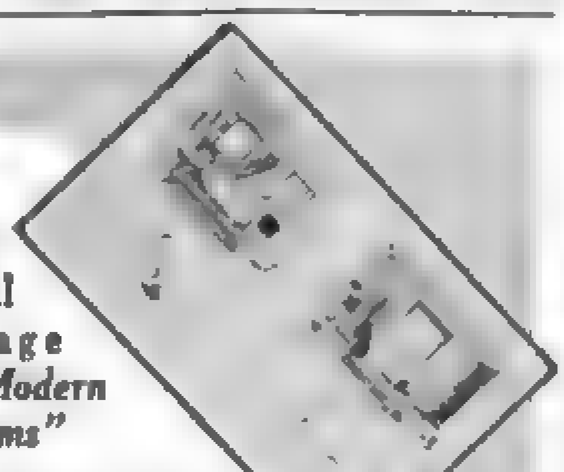

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an investigation into the high price of coal, of which he is a large producer. Just the same, he was in a hurry. He also inserted a tariff slant in his resolution, which might lead to the blaming of the tariff for some of the increased prices.

The Elkins resolution slumbered for thirty days in the committee where it had been referred. Then the Senate leaders found that the Ballinger-Pinchot investigation they had sanctioned was not doing much as an inciter of popular interest, and so, a month after the Elkins resolution, decided something must be done. Wherefore Senator Lodge introduced a resolution calling for an investigation of the high prices of food and other necessities, which was referred, and next morning reported out for passage. Senator Elkins went on the warpath. His screams of rage could be heard for many blocks. He desired to know why his resolution had been killed and the other adopted. He wasn't told, but he knew the reasons, which are that the Finance Committee, of which Lodge is a member, wanted to control the investigation so the sacred tariff might be held inviolate, that Lodge is a candidate for reëlection in Massachusetts and needs some help with the people, and that Elkins is a sort of a free lance, anyhow, insurging or being regular as the ultimate benefit to Elkins may direct.

Keeping the Public Interested

However, Elkins made such a fuss and directed the attention of the people at large to the evident desire of the old-time leaders to protect the tariff in the food investigation that the Lodge resolution was laid by and Elkins was given a chance, a sort of a modified chance, but still, more of a chance than he would have had if the Lodge resolution had been adopted. Thus there will be a sort of a tariff end to the inquiry into high prices, but not any more of that sort of thing than can be prevented. What Elkins got was his resolution "amended to meet the views of the Finance Committee," and Lodge will be a figure in the investigation. Thus three things were accomplished: Elkins was propitiated, Lodge given his chance to inquire into and recommend measures for the relief of the dear people, and the Finance Committee, headed by Aldrich, put in charge, according to its views. Everybody satisfied; no complaint forthcoming except in the case of the ultimate consumer

The Senate will do its investigating into food prices or, more comprehensively, into the high cost of living. This is expected to keep the public interested. Meantime, the carpenter-and-joiner work on the Presidential bills will go on. They will be toned down as far as Aldrich and the others dare. They will be made as innocuous as possible. Adroit debate will be suggested and maintained, and soft-pedal amendments foisted and fostered. When all is ready they will be put through with as much celerity as possible.

Now, here is where Taft's second opportunity will come. If he gets those bills—his Federal incorporation act, his various railroad laws and the rest—in emasculated shape, if the Senate leaders try to trick him by making his recommendations into ineffective law, as they will if they dare, he can make himself forever with the people by vetoing those bills, calling the attention of the country to the way he wanted the laws constructed and the way they were constructed for him, and convene Congress in extra session next summer to carry out his wishes.

He can—but will he? That would be a grand slam that would bring him into the admiration of the people who think he is too easy. It would be the right thing to do, also, if the Senate and House leaders try any denaturing on him. If they try? Of course they will try. They have been framing up legislation and investigations and introducing buffers for weeks, with just that end in view. Taft knows what he wants. He has studied the question carefully. He is a great lawyer. He will have a chance to see what he gets. He is the only man in the country who can hold the House and Senate in check by the power of the veto. It will take nerve if the situation arises. It will be up to him.

There is a possibility, though, that the plan of the leaders of the House and Senate will meet with more opposition than they imagine. The leaders of the House and Senate are old-school politicians. They do not realize and are impatient of the shift that has been occurring in those organizations for the past four or five years. Take the Senate, for example: Such men as Aldrich and Hale and Lodge and the others of the regulars are in exactly the same position as a governing class in a Bourbon country which does not realize the trend among the people. They are haughty, overbearing, conceited, arrogant. They are disposed to sneer at the efforts of the so-called progressives to represent their own constituencies instead of New England. They have crushed out rebellion in the past and they think they can crush it out again.

They do not realize that the temper of many of the people in the Middle West and Western states has changed. There is a greater shift in the United States Senate than they have comprehended. With a good many Senators it isn't any more a question of being too radical; it is a question of not being radical enough. Instead of a La Follette here or a Cummins there, there are twelve or fourteen Republicans in the Senate who are willing and ready to go as far as and even further than either of these. The old order is changing.

This, then, is the situation. Taft has made his bargain with the Senate and House leaders because they, representing the organizations of the House and Senate, were the men who could put Taft's policies into law. The opportunity is now before those leaders. They have the bills. They must pass them so that Taft can sign or veto them. There is a radical element in the Senate that will be disposed to help Taft get all he can in the way of the enactment of his ideas as expressed in his messages. The old leaders will take off as many rough edges, draw as many teeth, soften down as much as they can. They will certainly not deliver any more than they have to. They are still loyal to the old influences.

Then Mr. Taft will have two paths in front of him. He can veto because the leaders have not kept faith with him, or he can sign on the assumption that the leaders have kept faith. The judges will be the people at the elections next fall. The position of the President is not a happy one. Weak and ineffective bills, signed, will probably mean a Democratic House elected next fall, and the last two years of the President's term will be of no value to him because he can do nothing, he will be sewed up in a sack with the majorities of the two branches of Congress of opposite political faiths.

A veto will mean more legislation, more business unrest, more loud cries from Wall Street, and continuous trouble. The entire future of the President depends on the way he holds the leaders of the House and Senate up to their promises and forces them to perform. If he lets them palm off sickly and anæmic laws on him instead of sturdy and virile ones he is done for. If he doesn't he has a chance.

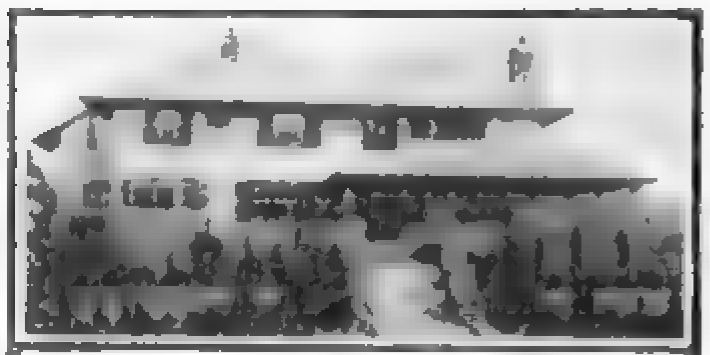
The President should read that chapter of Gulliver's Travels wherein the distressing experiences of Gulliver, when he was staked out and tied down by the Lilliputians, are portrayed. There is an analogy there, and he should find it, for if ever there was a similar attempt by tricky, adroit, unscrupulous, self-seeking politicians to enmesh and bind down a giant, that attempt is now being made, with Mr. Taft as the man around whom the tape is being wound, and the politicians who are working at the job making no bones over what they are trying to do.

The Danger of Pork

EDGAR SMITH, the Muskogee lawyer, tells a story of a young man who was tried for hog-stealing in Arkansas.

The young man was convicted, and his lawyer made an eloquent plea for mercy "This young man was sorely tempted, your Honor," he said, "and he fell. Hitherto he has borne an unblemished reputation in this community and he is the sole support of a widowed mother and two sisters. Be merciful."

"Stand up," said the judge to the prisoner. "Young man, I could give you five years for this offense against the morals of our community and laws of our state; but in view of what your counsel has said I will be lenient, and do hereby sentence you to two years in the penitentiary: and, young man, when you have served that sentence and are free again I advise you to move to some community where they do not raise hogs."



A New Haven home supplied by a Leader System

Running Water Conveniences For Suburban or Country Homes

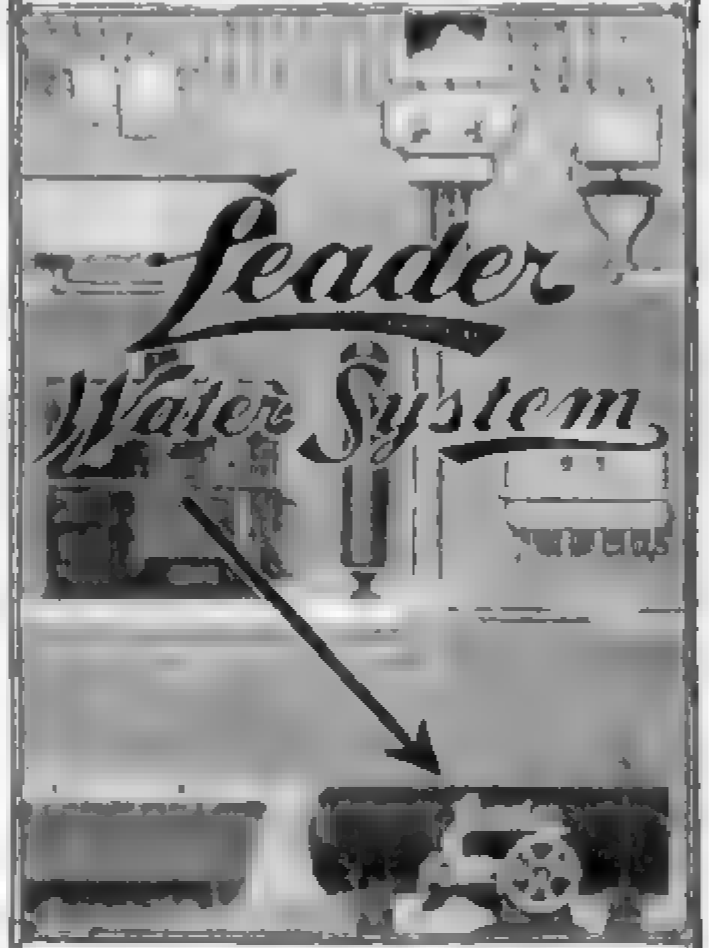
Out of the beaten track—miles from city improvements—on mountains, along the seashore, on farms—anywhere you choose to build, settle or "summer"—the conveniences that an adequate, satisfying supply of running water brings to *other* homes can be enjoyed in *yours.*

To the 4, 7, 12 or 16 room cottage, bungalow, barn, garage, club house and country estate alike—a

Leader Water System

in a suitable size or capacity will furnish the supply. The well, spring, cistern or adjacent lake, and a simple, easy-to-install system of plumbing are all that is necessary.

Banish all thought of garret or house-top tanks. Gravity systems that freeze and burst in Winter—that dry out, split and leak in Summer, have been supplanted. The *Leader Water System* is built upon a different—absolutely dependable idea.



Compressed air in an air-tight *Leader* tank—an electric motor, gas engine, windmill, or hand pump now makes a steady, even hydrant pressure a positive certainty.

Day or night—the year 'round—regardless of climatic conditions, the *Leader System* is working to save steps, eliminate water carrying drudgery and promote running water comforts for *others* in such homes as you plan or have—it can do it for *you.* And the care or attention it actually requires is less than one third that the average household gives to an ordinary heating system.

Tell Us Where to Send It and We'll Mail This Booklet Free

"How I Solved the Water Supply Problem"—an interestingly instructive booklet telling how others—in suburban and country homes, hotels, club houses and summer resorts have met and solved this vital problem—is *yours* for the asking. We will send this booklet and our complete illustrated catalogue of *Leader Water Systems*—by return mail. Simply tear out, sign and mail the coupon below

Leader Iron Works
2002 Jasper Street, Decatur, Ill.
Room 520, 15 William St., New York City.

Sign and Mail This Coupon

Leader Iron Works, 2002 Jasper St., Decatur, Ill.

Without cost or obligation, mail me your booklet "How I Solved the Water Supply Problem" together with your complete catalogue of *Leader* Water Systems

Name

St. No. or Box

Town *State*

Mortifying Confession

A woman who says, "Thank heaven, I'm through with my Spring housecleaning," makes a mortifying confession.

She admits that for **twelve months** she allowed her house to grow **dirtier, month by month,** until it became just **twelve times** as dirty as it should be.

What excuse can she offer? Why does she clean house thoroughly only once or twice a year?

The confusion—the misery—the worry it causes—when done in the old-fashioned way—is her **only** excuse.

The Duntley Pneumatic Cleaner

transforms the cleaning of the home from an infinite burden into a comparative pastime—into an actual pleasure.

Instead of an upheaval of furniture, taking up carpets, etc., the Duntley Cleaner, by an **easy, simple, daily renovation,** gives you perpetual freedom from **dust, grime** and **disease germs—without** disturbing furniture or furnishings.

Try It—At My Expense

I know so well that the Duntley Cleaner will free you forever from the housecleaning bugbear, that I am willing to send you one for a **free** demonstration in your own home—no matter where you live.

I am not afraid to ship the Duntley Pneumatic Cleaner a thousand miles away, to let it tell its own story, and to prove to you **why** it has won Grand Prizes here and Gold Medals abroad.

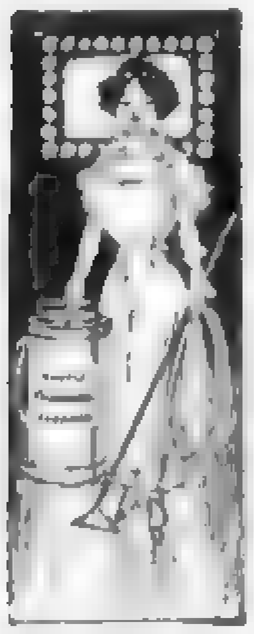
I will even **rent** you a Duntley Cleaner by the month, until you **convince yourself** that it is **cheaper** to **have** it than to be **without** it—and then when you decide to buy, I will apply **all** the rent you have paid on the regular purchase price—$35 to $125.

And when I am willing to take **all the risk,** won't you give me the opportunity to **prove** these statements—by filling out and mailing me the coupon below—today—**now?**

A Business of Your Own
Earning $10 a day or more

There is such an immense demand for vacuum cleaning that any honest, energetic worker can earn big money daily doing commercial cleaning

The following letter is evidence of the splendid possibilities of this business:



Home Cleaning Co.
GENERAL HOUSECLEANING
— [illegible] —

Seattle Wash. Nov.22, 1909.

Duntley Mfg. Co.
Chicago, Ills.

Gentlemen: In the past forty-three days my Duntley Pneumatic Cleaner has netted $477.25 — an average of over $11.00 per day, doing splendid work and giving entire satisfaction to the people for whom I have worked

Yours respectfully,
Elmer S. Hancock

I have started scores of men in the commercial cleaning business—like Mr. Hancock—and I will do exactly for you what I have done for them, if you will simply fill out and mail me the coupon below.

Don't hesitate—do it **right now.**

J. W. Duntley, Pres., 400 Harvester Bldg., Chicago

----- *Cut on This Line and Mail Coupon at Once* -----

Duntley Manufacturing Co., 400 Harvester Bldg., Chicago

Send me booklet of Duntley Pneumatic Cleaners for ...... household or ...... commercial use, and your book on scientific housecleaning

Name ....

Address ....

County

Town .... *State*

Mark X before the one in which you are interested.

MAGAZINE MEN

Meredith Nicholson

Walter Camp

Carolyn Wells

F. Hopkinson Smith

Ruth McEnery Stuart

Arthur William Brown
Arthur Stringer

Richard Washburn Child

Edwin Legrand Sabin

NEW-SKIN

Instead of Court Plaster

NEW-SKIN
WATERPROOF
LIQUID COURT PLASTER
NEW SKIN COMPANY

10c

EVERYBODY in the house needs *New-Skin* occasionally.

Paint the little cut or scratch with *New-Skin* and the thing is done.

It dries instantly, and will not wash off.

The wound is kept under an air-tight covering, so that neither germs nor dirt can get into it.

New-Skin is also best for burns, hang nails, split lips, blisters, chafed feet, chapped hands, etc.

For any small accident to the skin—"Paint it with *New-Skin* and forget it."

Be sure to get the genuine.

For sale by druggists everywhere, 10, 25 and 50 cents, or by mail. Stamps taken.

Newskin Company Dept. A **New York**

Eastwood Play Shoe

For the Boy who is Hard on Shoes

$3.75

Real smoke tanned leather, unlined. Natural (Chrome gray) color. Both inner and outer soles the best oak tanned leather obtainable. The shoe is outing cut, laces low in front. Seamless, easy and very pliable. Spring heel, made with an arch to the last that gives full support to the foot.

Good for all forms of play and recreation. Always comfortable.

Eastwood Play Shoe [illegible]

[illegible] they will wear longer than any ordinary shoe.

Youths' sizes, 10 to 13½, $3.25
Boys' sizes, 1 to 5, . . 3.75
Men's sizes, 6 to 10, . . 4.25

Above prices include delivery

Send for [illegible] shoe [illegible] The imperial [illegible] women and children [illegible]

Wm. Eastwood & Son Co. 190 Main Street, Rochester, N. Y.

The Home of Good Shoemaking

Wanted in YOUR Town
—a Lady Representative

to take orders for our Parisian Model Corsets, fitted-to-measure, very latest styles. Every pair guaranteed. Liberal proposition. No capital required. **Write for particulars.**

Parisian Model CORSETS

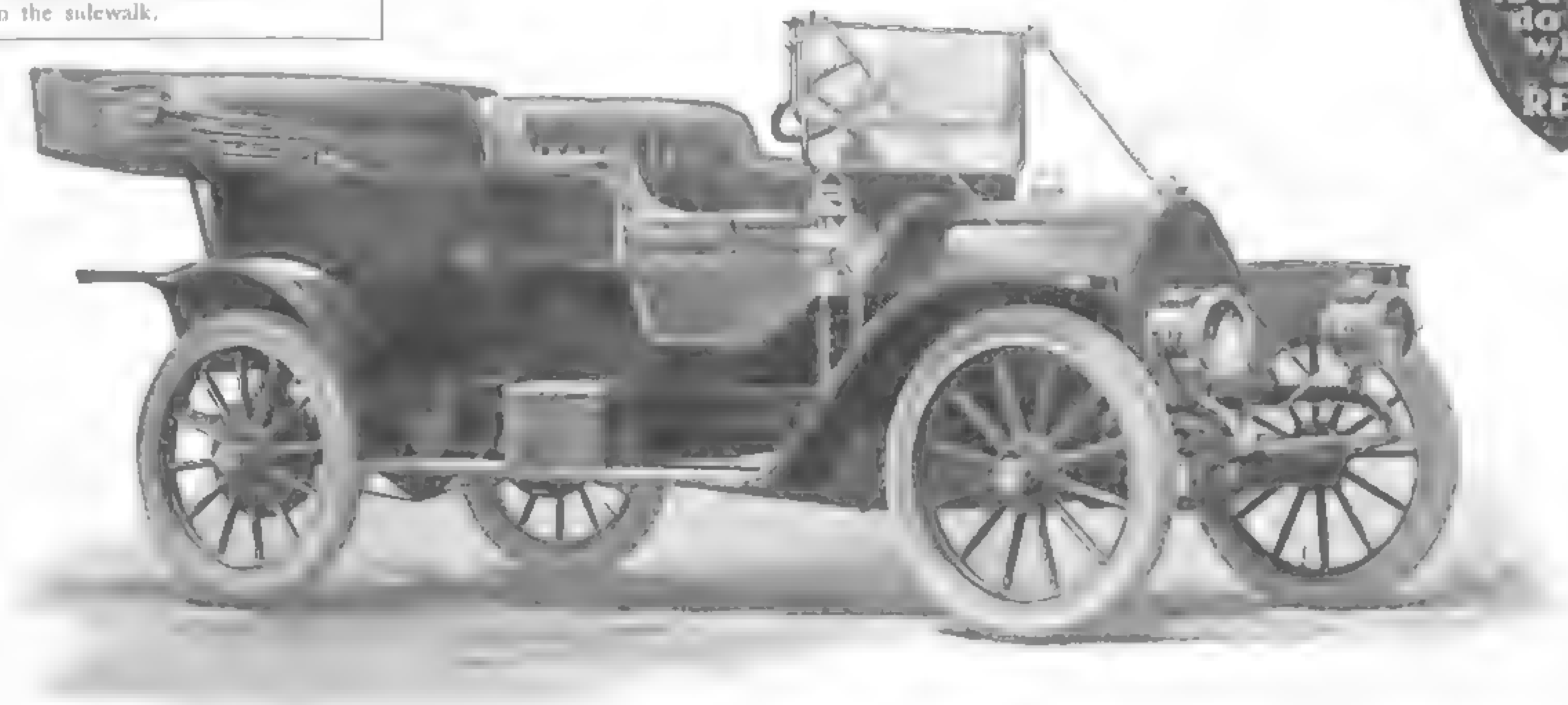
are especially cut to fit with ease, grace and comfort, conforming to the refined, natural lines of the [illegible] American woman. [illegible] figure [illegible] beauty and grace. Let us [illegible] permanent profitable and easy [illegible] business in your own home. Apply at once. Address

Parisian Corset Co., 526 Race St., Cincinnati, O.

Send for CATALOG explaining our Modern System of FITTING BY MAIL where we have no representative.

Notice that the driver's seat and control are on the left-hand side of the car. This is the new and right way — convenient for dismounting to the sidewalk.

You can do it with a REO



Four-Cylinder Reo $1250

thirty horse-power — fifty miles an hour.

An Extraordinary Fact with Its Explanation

THE best buyers of automobiles buy on business grounds. And that's what we're talking about: the *business reasons* why the Reo at $1250 is better than any automobile at $1500 or $2000, and equal to any at $3000 — and without the unnecessary weight.

First: It is easy to sell this kind of a car for $1250. We didn't have to run after our hundreds of dealers and by expensive salesmanship try to load them up with cars. We just notified them what we are making and the price, and they came to us and loaded us up with orders. That saves a lot of money.

Second: The Reo has always made good and so our dealers had the same experience with their customers and prospects. Therefore we are getting a great many re-orders from our dealers, even so early in the season.

Third: When you make 10,000 automobiles in a season, that brings down manufacturing costs — lower price for material, and lower cost for making by keeping the factory working at full capacity all the year 'round.

Fourth — and the most important: You know from your own business experience that it is comparatively easy to find men to do things well, if you give them plenty of money to do it with. But how rare is the man who can turn out an article of first-class quality at a small price! He is worth his weight in gold.

Mr. **R E Olds** is this man. He has done this kind of work successfully all his life. For twenty-five years he has built high-grade gasoline motors at low prices. For ten years he has built reliable get-there-and-back automobiles at low cost. He is a genius at this kind of motor-car building. He puts cost where cost earns its money; he saves money where it is usually wasted. His economies are real — and never at the expense of the effectiveness of the car.

This is the business-like way to build a car, and the *only way* possible to build for $1250 the equal of a $3000 car. If you will buy your car in as business-like a way, you will make no mistake. This is the best proof we can give in an advertisement — but *we* know that every word of it is true. Look up the car. That will give you the proof *you* want. We haven't room to go into weight; but let's say this: weight is money — for quickly-worn-out-tires, for operating expenses, for costly parts in replacement.

Send for the Catalogue

It gives in full, what we only hint at here — the same business reasons why such a car was built for so little money. It also shows this car, inside and out. Send also for "Number 31" The Story of New York to Atlanta. Reo four-cylinder roadster, with same motor and general specifications, at the same price, $1250.

The two-cylinder touring car at $1000 and the single-cylinder runabout at $500 are also described in the Reo catalogue. Top and Meager Automatic Windshield extra on all styles of Reos — but no charge for fitting.

R M Owen & Co Lansing Michigan General Sales Agents for Reo Motor Car Co

Licensed under Selden Patent

An Open Letter to *The Post's* Friends

By The Advertising Manager

Do Women *Read* carefully and do they *Decide* and *Act* upon what they read? I think so. Women do *not* puzzle over their reading, but by intuition, let us say, they quicker come to a decision on what they read, and more frequently than a man they come to a *right* decision.

So I have said that in writing to women only absolute frankness will avail. Further I said that I could, by entire frankness alone, interest 100,000 women; interest them—in an *advertisement* even.

And so all this is the story of how I came to write the advertisement below—to interest *The Post's* Friends. Our Board of Directors, wise in experience, said: "An advertisement has never been written that secured 100,000 replies—but we will appropriate the money, go ahead, try to write such an advertisement." And I have tried.

And Here is the Advertisement

First, an acknowledgment. This advertisement is a "home" production. That is, as with all important work, there was an associate, not a man, to whom we turned for "our" ideas. And the first idea was that we should tell you a few of the New Styles—which we do.

Russia has given the world the Styles for Spring. In the world of Music and the Drama, backward Russia has come to be foremost. Her influence is unrivalled. And so now does the Art of Fashion follow that of Music and we of the world of Fashion turn to Russia.

For Spring we find Russian Blouses in vogue, both jaunty and becoming, and the new Paletot Costumes, and Russian Turbans worn with Russian Mesh Veils, and Russian Simplicity pervading everything.

We find coarse Russian Linens and bright, new colored Wash Dresses in vogue and Hand-embroidery liberally used over every kind of garment and material. And stylish Dresses, Waists and Suits are trimmed in the new Russian Side-effect—but our space is much too short to tell you all the new styles. Besides we want to *show you the styles* by sending you *your* copy of the "NATIONAL" Style Book.

I say YOUR copy with very good reason. Because in undertaking to write this advertisement, I said (with a great deal of assurance), "I must have the privilege of reserving 100,000 books for my *Post* friends." And so I say YOUR book because I have reserved one "NATIONAL" Style Book for YOU.

And frankly here is what I believe and know to be true of this book and also why you should send for it:

> In all the History of Fashions this book stands alone—the most beautiful and interesting Style Book ever published.
>
> It is the most splendidly illustrated—each page pictures perfectly some new delightful fashion for YOU.
>
> It is the most complete Fashion Book—the *all-inclusive* book—because in its pages the list of *desirable* new styles is completed.
>
> More care, more time, more money have been spent in the production of this Guide to the New Fashions, than ever were spent on any other style publication ever issued.

On the next page you see four beautiful new Styles, designed and drawn for the "NATIONAL" by a talented woman—the famous American Fashion Artist, Anna Burnham Westermann. But hundreds of just such beautiful fashions are shown for your pleasure and advantage in the "NATIONAL" Style Book.

There are "NATIONAL" Waists, 98 cents to $7.98, Lingerie Dresses and Tub Suits, $4.98 to $16.98; Silk Suits and Dresses, $11.98 to $29.98; Ready-Made Skirts, $1.49 to $14.98; Hats, $1.98 to $14.98; Petticoats, Underwear, Hosiery; and "NATIONAL" Tailored Suits, Made to Measure, $10 to $40; and all kinds of apparel for Ladies, Misses and Children.

But, let me further suggest. This Style Book does far more than merely *show* you these new styles. It not only *tells* you what is to be worn, but it places all the desirable new styles *within your reach* at prices that mean a saving to you.

And so this Style Book becomes more than *Interesting* and *Instructive*—it becomes an Advantage—an advantage to YOU in increased Pleasure and Satisfaction and Saving.

And now if I could only tell you all I know of our Styles, our prices and our service, the offer of the Style Book would be valued as an *Opportunity*.

Let me repeat to you what one woman wrote me, one of a party of ladies from California, whom I had the pleasure of taking through our building:

> "My visit at the 'NATIONAL' was an event. It is wonderful. To think that I can order any new Suit, have it made to my measure from my own choice of several hundred Materials—[over 450 is the correct number]—*it is wonderful.*
>
> "I have kept the 'NATIONAL' Guarantee Tag you gave me and am showing it to my friends, telling them how a 'Guarantee Tag' goes on each suit you make and how it guarantees that you take all the risk of pleasing your patrons. I will try to make all my friends as warm friends of the 'NATIONAL' as I have become."

Now I wish I were going to have the pleasure of showing each of you through the "NATIONAL." [And certainly some of my 100,000 friends who visit New York will give me that pleasure.] Instead of merely writing to you about the "NATIONAL," I would like to *show* you all about it—how for 22 years we have been making suits to order from measurements sent by mail, and how perfectly we have pleased hundreds of thousands of women. And also I would like to *prove* to you what I now state here as a matter of my own knowledge, that is: "The 'NATIONAL' can please YOU."

I will now have to let the Style Book tell you the rest of the story of the "NATIONAL"—simply reserving space here to state briefly the "NATIONAL" Policy. First, Expressage is always prepaid by us to any part of the world; Second, everything is sold under a guarantee of satisfaction or money back without quibble or question. But my space here is limited.

And so for News and Fashion Plates of the Waists with the new sleeves, and Skirts and Dresses with the new over-skirt effect, and Tub Suits and Hats, I will now refer you to YOUR Style Book which you understand I have reserved for you—awaiting the word from you.

In writing for your Style Book you may, if you will, address your letter to me. And remember, I promise you will be interested and pleased with your "NATIONAL" Style Book. I even hope it may be as much a source of delight to you as your reply itself will be to

The Advertising Manager.

Copyright, 1910 by National Cloak & Suit Co.

The Message of This Advertisement to You

is that one copy of this new "NATIONAL" Style Book is YOURS, FREE, and *without obligation* whatsoever—that I have reserved one copy for YOU, only waiting for you to say it is welcome by writing for it NOW.

We believe every reader of *The Post* is going to take this advertisement to heart personally—that YOU are going to consider that there is here reserved for YOU an interesting, complete, instructive pictorial review of all the fascinating new styles—and that this book belongs to YOU by right—as a reader of *The Post.* The only question is, has the advertisement interested you sufficiently to become one of the 100,000 friends or—

Are you going to leave the pleasure of this—YOUR "NATIONAL" Style Book—for some one else?

In writing for YOUR "NATIONAL" Style Book, be sure to state whether you wish samples of materials for a Tailored Suit and give the colors you prefer. Samples are sent gladly, but only when asked for. And it will be worth while asking for them.

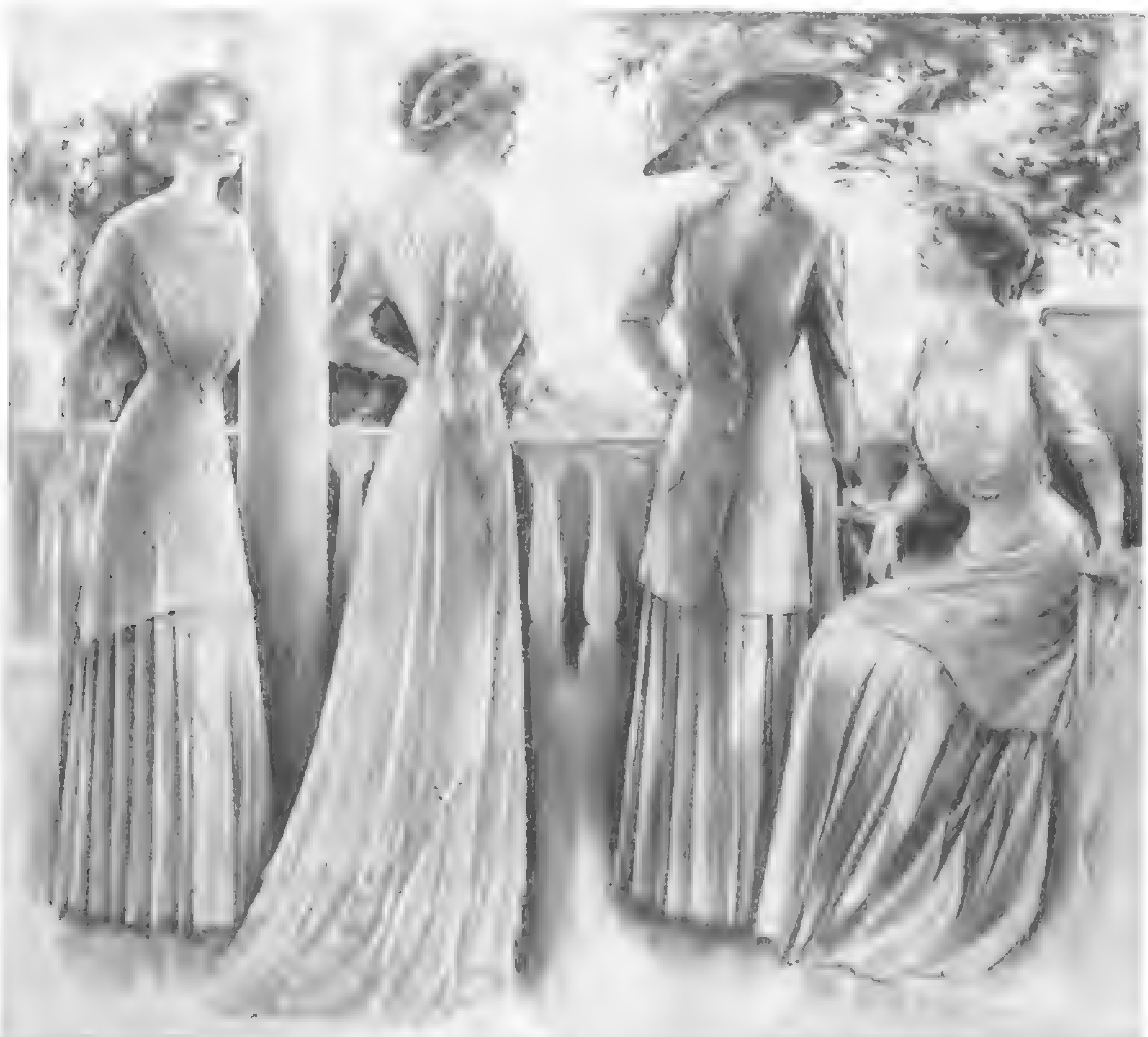
National Cloak & Suit Co.

239 West 24th Street, New York City

MAIL ORDERS ONLY

NO AGENTS OR BRANCHES

NEW YORK FASHIONS 1910
NATIONAL CLOAK & SUIT CO
NEW YORK CITY



Four "NATIONAL" Spring Styles

THE COMPLETE "NATIONAL" STYLE BOOK WILL BE SENT FREE UPON REQUEST

General Offices
527 Fifth Avenue

6%

How to Meet the Higher Cost of Living

THE most effective way is *to increase your income.* If you are receiving less than 6% upon your savings, the way is open to you to realize a larger return by investing in the 6% Gold Bonds of the American Real Estate Company. These Bonds pay the highest interest return consistent with safety. The money received therefrom is invested directly in the most stable and profitable business on earth—selected New York real estate—earning *business* profits divided with you to the extent of 6%.

DO not be deceived by the statement that money cannot be invested safely at 6%. Money can earn and is earning 6%, and more, in thousands of profitable businesses. No business assures larger profits with greater security than New York real estate. The best proof that the Bonds of this Company *can pay* 6% is that they *have paid* 6% for more than 22 years, during which period the business of this Company has grown from its original capitalization of $100,000 to Assets of over $15,500,000, with Surplus of over $1,750,000.

IN offering these Bonds the American Real Estate Company submits not prospects, but facts; not hopes, but demonstrable proof. The soundness of its business is established, time-tried, panic-proven. It offers to investors the highest return—ample security—a proven record of efficiency and integrity. Issued in two forms:

6% Coupon Bonds

For those who wish to invest $100 or more. **For Income Earning,** paying interest semi-annually by coupons.

6% Accumulative Bonds

For those who wish to save $25 or more a year. **For Income Saving,** purchasable by instalments.

The fullest information, including map of New York City showing the location of properties, free, on request.

American Real Estate Co.

Capital and Surplus, $1,851,154.38
Founded 1888 Assets, $15,136,190.47
Room 511, 527 Fifth Avenue, New York

4%
AND
SAFETY

Long Distance Banking

Hundreds of depositors—hundreds of miles away—place their savings here because of the strength and standing of this bank.

No matter where you live, you can safely deposit and withdraw small or large amounts. And your money is earning 4% interest, compounded twice a year.

Nearly $3,000,000.00 resources pledged by law to protect depositors

Our beautiful illustrated booklet "Banking by Mail" explains our safe, simple method of long distance banking. Free for the asking.

Commonwealth Trust Co.
Commonwealth Bldg., PITTSBURGH, PA.

YOUR SAVINGS

The Small Mortgage and Its Pitfalls

EVERY now and then something happens in Wall Street—it may be the collapse of a pool, or the effect of a forbidding message from Washington, or the result of an adverse court decision—that causes prices to shiver and gives the timid and conservative owner of securities a jolt. It makes him ask the old question: "Can't I put my money where it is free from market influences?" And the answer is that he can. And this entails the explanation of an admirable form of investment, the well-selected real-estate mortgage. It is easy to understand how the great money-lenders like the big insurance companies and the capitalists get desirable mortgages, but how is the average man or woman with one or two thousand dollars to get one? Here is where the small mortgage comes in.

The good real-estate mortgage has the first requirement of any safe investment, which is stability. Land is the most stable of all security. It cannot shrink, save by earthquakes or flood, and these disasters are infrequent; it cannot move away; it is not susceptible to panic or depression. It is, as most people know, the very basis of the world's wealth.

Summed up, the principal advantages of the real-estate mortgage as an investment are these:

(1) When well selected it is an investment without speculative features, for the principal neither rises nor falls in value.

(2) It permits a revision of the rate of interest at stated periods. This means that if the mortgage comes due when money rates are high the lender can raise the rate and take advantage of the prevailing money conditions. With a bond, on the other hand, the rate is fixed all the time.

(3) It is an investment that you can see with your own eyes and watch all the time.

It might be well to explain what a real-estate mortgage is. It is a document transferring property from the owner, who is borrowing money, to the lender, on condition that the owner will get the property back if he pays the debt. It is accompanied by a bond or promise to pay the debt. Hence the expression, "bond and mortgage." The bond, or note, is really the evidence of the debt, while the mortgage is the collateral or the security behind it.

A Visit to a Mortgage Shop

There was a time when the real-estate mortgage was generally regarded as a very dreadful thing. Today, the title companies carry stocks of mortgages for sale, just as a grocer carries lines of canned goods.

Let us say, for example, that a man in a city has saved $2000 and wants to buy a real-estate mortgage. He goes to the title company and he is given the choice of a guaranteed or an unguaranteed mortgage. In a guaranteed mortgage the principal and interest are guaranteed by the company, which collects and pays the interest twice a year. If the borrower should default the interest and the property is sold under foreclosure the investor would lose nothing. The mortgages sold through the big title agencies, however, are usually pretty good ones, whether guaranteed or not. The advantages of a guaranteed mortgage, aside from the security of principal and interest, are that the company watches the property and sees that the owner keeps up the insurance and taxes.

In buying a mortgage the investor should lay down certain rules which, if followed in all other investments, will be found helpful. First of all, he shoud find out the nature of the property mortgaged. It may be a dwelling-house or a store, and it must produce income. Then it is a good plan for him to go out and look it over. In an investment where you can see for yourself, never take anybody's word.

At this point comes an important fact that the mortgage buyer should know and heed: A mortgage is always more desirable for investment when it is on a house in which the owner lives, or on a store in which he does business. The reason is quite obvious. If the house is his home it is reasonable to suppose that he will keep it in good condition and that it will be the last thing he is likely to sacrifice. If it is his store he will find it to his profit to make it attractive to customers.

When the investor with his $2000 finds all these conditions met the company assigns the original mortgage to him. If it is a guaranteed mortgage a guaranty accompanies it. On such a mortgage in New York the investor would get 4½ per cent. The company itself is getting 5 per cent from the borrower, the half per cent difference representing the cost of doing business and profit. If it is an unguaranteed mortgage the investor gets the full 5 per cent that the borrower is paying, the company having got its fee and profit out of the original transaction.

Practically the only disadvantage of an unguaranteed mortgage bought through a reputable title agency is that the owner must collect the interest. Likewise, he must see that taxes and insurance are kept up. When the mortgage matures he must also see that the property is revalued. Here is another item of supreme importance. Mortgages usually run for three years, but more than fifty per cent are renewed several times, making the average life of the loan about ten years. But many investors carelessly permit a mortgage to be renewed after three years, without making a revaluation of the property. Many things may happen in that time to impair its value. If the mortgage is on a dwelling-house, for instance, some undesirable structure may have been erected alongside which has depreciated the value. It may be a stable, a gas-house or a brewery. Undesirable people may have settled on the same street, and this runs property down. The whole character of the neighborhood may have changed from a residential district to a manufacturing section. If the mortgage is guaranteed the company makes the revaluation; if not the holder of the mortgage can have it done by one of the companies for a small fee, usually about $10.

Interest Adjustments

In connection with the renewal of the mortgage comes the revision of interest rate. If the mortgage happens to mature when the money market is very tight and rates high the lender can raise the rate and, if the giver of the mortgage objects, can "call" it—that is, demand the money. One-half of one per cent is a fair raise in a tight money market, while one per cent is considered a panic raise. The reverse is also true. If the mortgage was drawn when money was high and rates are much lower when it matures the borrower has the advantage in a reduction of interest.

The amount of money loaned on a mortgage is of great importance. It should never be more than two-thirds of the valuation put on the property. If the house is valued at $3000 the mortgage should not be for more than $2000.

In the real-estate mortgage business the path of the lender is strewn with pitfalls. First, take what is known as the "fake lease," which is something like a "salted" mine. In order to show a higher renting power than the property really has, which would help largely in determining the amount to be loaned, the unscrupulous borrower executes a deceptive lease. It is done in this way: The owner may claim that the house is bringing $50 a month, when, in reality, the tenant is only paying $40. The lease says $50 a month, but the landlord gets around this by giving the tenant a receipt in advance for two months' rent-free. The "fake lease" is often practiced by the owners of small flat-houses in the bigger cities. In connection with loans on this kind of property it is important to watch out for another deception. The flats are only occupied on an average of eight months a year, because the tenants disregard their leases and move out in the summer. The landlord of an apartment house, in getting a loan, however, tries to impress the lender with the fact that the flats are occupied and yield rent all the year round. In making such a loan, therefore, use eight months as the total rent basis, and this will be generally a safe estimate on which to base the earning power of the property.

The dower rights of a wife may cause unpleasant complications if they are not considered when the mortgage is executed.

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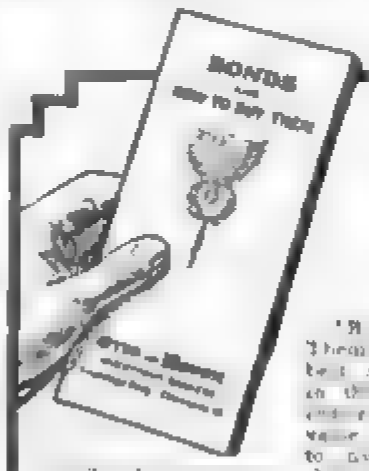

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It has often happened that a man claimed to be single when he gave a mortgage. Later, when the property was foreclosed or sold it developed that he had a wife and she had her dower rights in the property. This right varies with the different states. In New York it is one-third.

There is still another pitfall which applies particularly to women in small towns, where frequently the only means of securing small loans on real estate is through the local lawyers. A woman, for example, who has saved a thousand dollars goes to the lawyer who says he has a client with property on which he wants to borrow. He is willing to pay 6 per cent interest. The proposition is agreeable to the woman, who leaves the money. The lawyer then says, "I'll keep the papers for you," to which the lender also assents. The interest is paid regularly. Then it stops suddenly; the lawyer gets into financial trouble, or he may skip out. When the woman tries to get her mortgage and papers she finds that they do not exist. The lawyer has used the money for speculation and paid the interest himself. It is a typical instance. The lesson of this is simply that when you buy a mortgage, no matter where you live, insist upon having all the papers yourself. Then you know just when and where your savings are invested.

If your mortgage is not guaranteed it is of the utmost importance to see yourself that the title to the property is good. Likewise, the fire insurance must be kept up, for a fire is liable to start any time and wipe out the house.

First Mortgages Best

Experience has taught that the best and safest mortgage for the small investor is the first mortgage, which is the first claim on the property. Many people, especially foreigners residing in big cities, make the mistake of buying second mortgages because, like many speculative enterprises, they have the lure of a high interest rate, usually 6 per cent, with a discount for cash. Many second mortgages are sold on installments, and the 10 per cent discount for cash is a good bait. This means that a $3000 mortgage may be had for $2700 cash. Of course, this deal looks very fine; but the average buyer of such a mortgage does not realize that there is a first mortgage ahead of his, that if the property should get into trouble through a default of the interest on this mortgage, or through failure to pay fixed charges, or some other reason, the house is liable to be sold and his investment lost unless he has enough cash on hand to protect all these obligations. Since very few buyers of second mortgages have surplus cash, they lose out. The buying of second mortgages illustrates a very common financial mistake, because it shows that the man with a small sum of money is always willing to take chances with his savings in the hope of a big return, and the result is that he loses savings and yield. Therefore, do not buy a second mortgage unless you have a good cash balance on hand to meet any emergencies that may arise. A rich man often makes big money out of second mortgages because he has the money on hand with which to buy in the property and hold it.

The average rate of interest on the small mortgage in the East is about 5 per cent and in the West it is 6 per cent and sometimes higher. The smaller the mortgage the higher the rate of interest. The mortgages on skyscrapers, for example, seldom pay more than 4 per cent, and some less. A mortgage on an income-producing property like a store pays a lower rate than one on a dwelling. In the big cities it is possible to obtain mortgage certificates in denominations of $200, $500, $1000 and higher, that pay 4½ per cent and are guaranteed as to principal and interest. They are issued against groups of mortgages on city property and are really substitutes for mortgages and bonds. If one of the mortgages comprising the group matures another is put into its place. These certificates should not be confounded with debenture bonds issued by companies speculating in real estate, which pay a much higher rate of interest.

A small mortgage on unimproved land, save on a very highly-developed farm, is never desirable. The small mortgage on a farm is a good investment when you can see the farm, or when you buy the mortgage through a house which makes a specialty of such investments and which has a reputation for integrity.

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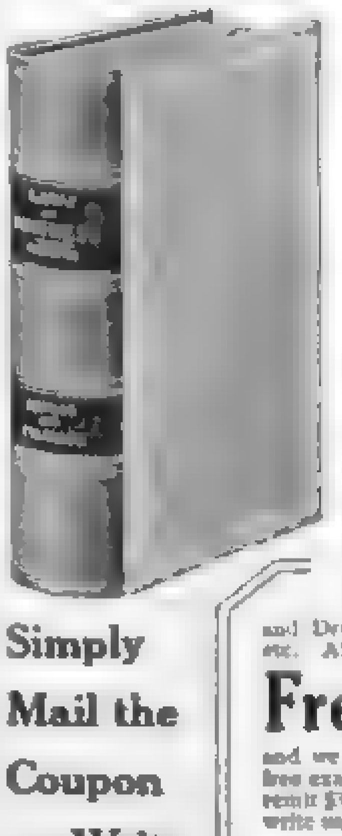

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THE HOUSE OF MYSTERY

(Continued from Page 22)

ornaments came up with the bottom of the trap. But that wasn't the funny thing about that trap—nice piece of work as it was. It's a regular cupboard. Double, you understand. Space in between—and all the fixings for a materializin' séance, the straight fixings that the dope sees and the crooked ones that only the medium and the spook sees, tucked inside. A shutter lamp, blue glass—a set of gauze robes—phosphorescent stars and crescents—a little rope ladder all curled up—and whole books of notes. Right on top was"—she paused impressively to get suspense for her climax—"was them notes on yellow foolscap that I seen in the hands of the visitor last week. And"—another impressive pause—"they're the dope for Robert H. Norcross!"

"The what?"

"The full information on him—dead sweetheart, passed out thirty years ago up-state. Fine job with good little details—whoever got 'em must 'a' talked with somebody that was right close to her—an old aunt, I'm thinking. But no medium made them notes. Looks like a private detective's work. Not a bit of professional talk. The notes on Robert H. Norcross. See!"

Doctor Blake, whose face had lightened more and more as he listened, jumped up and grasped Rosalie's hand.

"Didn't I tell you!" he cried. "Didn't I tell you!"

But she failed to respond to his enthusiasm. She turned on him a grave face, and her eyes shone.

"What I'm wonderin'," she said, "is who plays her spook? 'Cause if she has a trap she uses confederates, and it can't be none of the servants, unless I'm worse fooled on that little Ellen than ever I was on Mrs. Markham. That's the next thing to consider."

"Does look curious," replied Doctor Blake. "But, of course, you can be trusted to discover that! But about Annette?"

"Something's a little wrong there," responded Rosalie. "Quiet and dopy and strange. That," her voice fell to soft contemplation, "is another thing I've got to find out."

"We must get her out of there!" he exploded. "Away from that vampire!"

"Well, that's what I'm taking your money for, ain't it?" responded Rosalie.

After they parted Rosalie Le Grange stood on a corner, among the pushcart peddlers and the bargaining wives, and watched Doctor Blake's taxicab disappear down Stanton Street.

"Ain't it funny?" she said half aloud, "that a smart young man like him never thought to ask in whose room it was I found the trap?"

X

BULGER, trailing whiffs of outdoor air, had dropped into the Norcross offices to share the late afternoon drink. He sat now sipping his highball, tilted back with an affectation of ease. Norcross, in his regular place at the glass-covered desk, laid his glass down; and his gaze wandered again to the spire of Old Trinity and then, following down, to the churchyard at its foot.

Had he faced about suddenly at that moment he would have surprised Bulger in a strained attitude of attention. But he did not turn; he spoke with averted glance.

"You never asked me, Bulger, how I was making it with that medium woman."

Bulger took a deep swallow of whisky and water that he might control his voice. When, finally, he spoke, he showed a fine assumption of indifference.

"Well, no. Can't say I'm heavily interested. When I found for you the best medium that money could buy I decided that my job was done. Of course," he added, "I was complimented to have you tell me—what I've forgotten. If you want to consult a medium it's really none of my business. How the Lusitania does loom up at her dock out there!"

Norcross let his eyes wander in search of the Lusitania, but his mind refused to stray from the vital subject.

"You've no business to be indifferent, Bulger. When you come to my age you won't be. Martha says it's the most important thing. And she's right—she's right. What's the ten or twenty years I've got to live in this world, compared with all that's waiting us out there? Of course," he added, "I don't know much about your private life; I don't know if you have another part of you waiting."

"Who's Martha?" inquired Bulger.

"No one in this world," responded Norcross. "She's a control now—Mrs. Markham's best control." Norcross jumped up and began to pace the floor in his hurried little walk. Bulger did not fail to notice that, within a minute or two, a heavy, beady perspiration came out on his face and forehead. The room was cool, the Railroad King was old and spare. Nothing save some struggle of the inner consciousness could produce that effect of mighty labor.

"Bulger," said Norcross, speaking in quick, staccato jerks, "if I told you what I'd seen and heard in the last fortnight I couldn't make you believe it. Proofs! Proofs! I've wasted thirty years. I might have had her—the best part of her—all this time. You think I'm crazy——" he stopped and peered into Bulger's face. "If any one had talked this way to me six months ago I'd have thought so myself. Do you or don't you?" he exploded.

"About as crazy as you ever were," responded Bulger. "Not to sugar-coat the pill, people have always said you were crazy—just before you let off your fireworks. You've got there because you dared to do things that only a candidate for Bloomingdale would attempt. But you always landed, and we've another name for it now."

"That's it!" exclaimed Norcross. "That is exactly it. I dare to say now that the dead do return! People have believed in ghosts as long as they've believed in a Divine Providence—just as many centuries and ages—every race, every nation. We hear in this generation that certain people have proved it, found the way, set up the wires—and we laugh and call it all fraud. I don't laugh! Why, we're on the verge of things that make the railroad and the steamboat and the telegraph seem like toys—if we only dared. I dare—I dare!" He went on pacing the floor; and now the beads had assembled into rivers, so that a tiny stream trickled down and fogged his reading glasses. He jerked them off, wiped them, wiped his face and forehead. The action calmed him, brought him back to his reasonable grip on himself. At the end of his route across the room he sat down abruptly.

Bulger did not miss this shift of the new Norcross back toward the old, iron, inscrutable Norcross whom the world knew. The next remark he directed against that aspect of his man.

"It's all right," said Bulger, "if you want to follow that line." During the short pause that ensued he thought and felt intensely. Working under the direction of a mind infinitely his superior for intrigue and subtlety, he had instruction to play gently upon the Norcross contrariety, the Norcross habit of rejecting advice. This, if ever, seemed the time. With a bold hand he laid his counter upon the board. "Just one thing to be careful about—of course, it's a mouse trying to steer a lion for me to advise you—but watch those people when they get on the subject of business; sometimes they work people, you know."

Norcross's face, fixed on the third monument from the south door of Old Trinity, permitted itself the luxury of a slight smile.

"I'm safe there," he responded. "Don't think I haven't tried her out—put tests of my own. I know what you're thinking about—Marsh and Diss Debar. I tried at my very first séance to make her talk business and I've tried it twice since. I couldn't get a single rise out of that. This medium receives from me her regular rate and no more. I established that in the beginning. Though I suppose the guides could advise on business as well as on anything else. But on the other side they think about other things than this"—his hand swept over lower Manhattan—"this money-grubbing."

Bulger leaned his elbows on his knees.

"It sounds wonderful," he said.

"Not more wonderful than wireless telegraphy," answered Norcross. "And the ancients, she says, dreamed of talking with spirits long before they dreamed of talking to each other across an ocean.

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"I promised to forget it."

"Well, remember for a minute. I"—his voice exploded—"I may see her, Bulger—before the month is over I may see her!"

Bulger threw himself back in his chair.

"What?" he exclaimed, jumping with an affectation of surprise.

It was as though the sudden motion, the exclamation, had touched a spring in the mind of Norcross, had projected his spirit from that disintegrating, anæmic cell in his brain to the sound, full-blooded cells by which he did his daily business. His form, which had seemed relaxed and old, stiffened visibly. He turned his eyes on Bulger.

"Forget that, too," he said. "Some day, when I'm strong enough, you'll go with me—and you'll believe, too." And now the secretary had signaled the chauffeur and Norcross had risen to go.

. . . .

The streams of destiny were converging that afternoon; the lines were drawing close together. Among the towers of lower Manhattan Norcross sat baring his soul; on a bench in Stuyvesant Square Rosalie Le Grange had reported the consummation of her investigations to Dr. Walter Huntington Blake; in a back parlor of the upper West Side Paula Markham, with many a sidelong glance at the approaches, sat memorizing the last syllable of a set of notes on yellow legal-cap paper. But the master current was flowing elsewhere. In the offices of the Evening Sun the stereotypers had just shot the front page of the Wall Street edition down to the clanking basement. It carried a beat; and that item of news had as much to do with this story as with the ultimate destinies of the L. D. and W. Railroad. On October nineteenth, two weeks hence, the directors of the road were to meet and decide whether to pay or pass the dividend. "The directors"—that, as the Sun insinuated, meant none other than Norcross. Holding a majority of the L. D. and W. stock, holding the will of those directors, his creatures, he alone would decide whether to declare the dividend or to pass it. The stock wavered at about fifty, waiting the decision. If Norcross put it on a dividend-paying basis it was good for eighty. To know which way he would decide, to extract any information from that inscrutable mind—that were to open a steel vault with a penknife. "All trading," the Sun assured its readers, "will be speculative; it is considered a pure gamble."

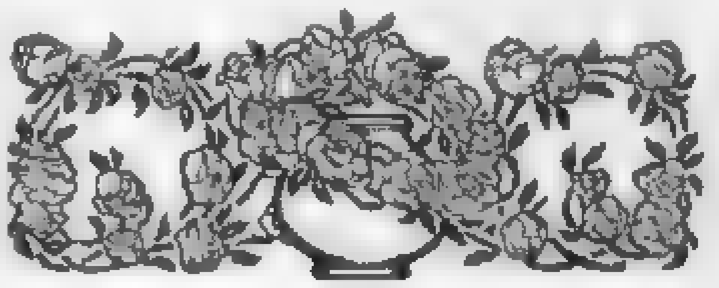
. . . .

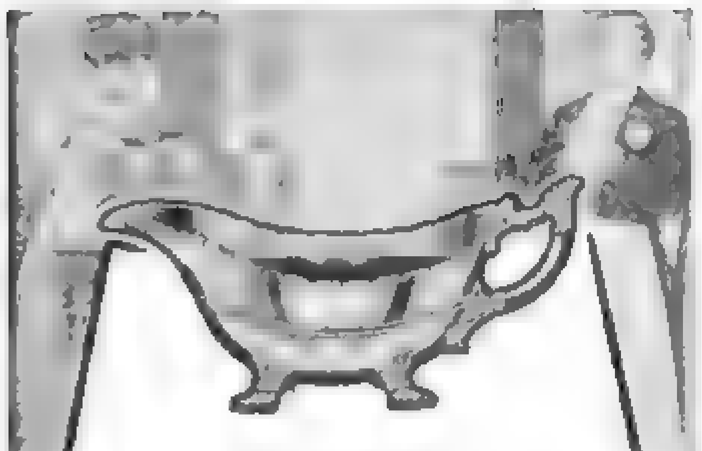
As Bulger parted with Norcross on the Street and turned south, a newsboy thrust the Wall Street Sun into his face. The announcement of the L. D. and W. situation jumped out at him from a headline. The inside information, held for two weeks by the group of speculators in which Bulger moved, was out; the public was admitted to the transaction; now was the time, if ever, to strike. He found a soundproof telephone and did a few minutes of rapid talking. Then he proceeded to his office.

The force was gone. Alone at his desk, he went over the papers in a complicated calculation which he had made twenty times before. By all devices Watson could hold back the collapse of the Mongolia Mine until after October nineteenth. By straining his credit to the utmost—liquidating everything—he himself could raise a trifle more than seventy thousand dollars. He hesitated no longer. Methodically he apportioned out the seventy thousand dollars among a dozen brokers, who tomorrow should buy for him on a ten point margin L. D. and W. stock at fifty to fifty-three.

This done, Bulger locked up the papers again, telephoned for a cab, and proceeded to his club, where he dined with his customary hilarity and good humor.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)





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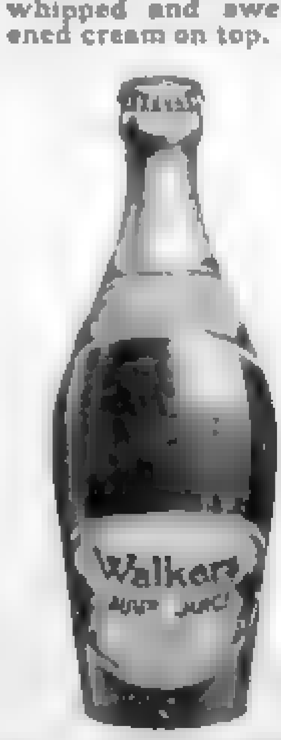

The "Ten-Pin" Bottle

THAT AWFUL NIGHT

(Continued from Page 5)

didn't want to—to go, you know, and she threw the extra gasoline can overboard. When we stalled there was nothing to do but swim ashore, borrow a skiff, and steal some gasoline from the boathouse on one of the islands. I wasn't going to sit out there in a dead motor boat and let her people stand on the bank in the morning and pop at me with a target rifle."

"Thertainly not!" said Aggie, who had shamelessly allied herself with him.

"Not only that," he went on defiantly, "but when a man cares for a girl the way I care for—her, he either carries her off and marries her, or he dies trying."

"And quite right, I'm thure." Thus Aggie. She was still clutching her jug; the dog, the first to be saved, had sniffed the cork, got a whiff of the ether, and retired with a moan to the corner.

"If she tried to swim to shore ——" began the Shawl Man, and groaned. But Aggie had forgotten her lisp in her rôle of comforter.

"Nonthenth!" she said. "Probably Mithter Carleton came along with hith motor canoe and took her home. Heth alwayth mooning around the lake late at night."

The Shawl Man jumped to his feet and the boat rocked.

"Denby Carleton!" he cried. "By Heaven, that's just it!"

Then he went to pieces. As Tish wrote to her niece, Martha Ann Lee, afterward. "His composure went to pieces on the rocks of adversity and sank in a sea of woe." He raged up and down the launch, muttering strange and awful things, and every now and then he stooped over the engine in the middle of the boat, and gritted his teeth and turned something. And the engine would draw a quick breath and turn over on its other side and settle down to sleep again. And then, when he finally gave up, he declared he was going to swim after the canoe and kill Carleton for stealing the girl and throwing his clothes overboard.

Yes, we found a soft hat floating, and the rest were gone.

He stood up on the front peak of the launch and began to untie the shawl, but Tish pulled him back and told him if the girl wanted Mr. Carleton instead of him he was well rid of her. And she asked him his name. This brought him around a little. He said, "Mansfield, Donald Mansfield," and stalked back and sat down in the stern, squarely on the dog.

"Keep away from that dog," Aggie exclaimed. "He hath mange."

"Fleas!" Tish snapped.

"Mange!" said Aggie.

"Upon my word, Aggie Pilkington," Tish sniffed, "if the creature has mange, why on earth are you still hugging that jar of gasoline?"

Then, of course, the Shawl Man, who shall be Mansfield now, gave a whoop and seized the jug.

"Ith cleaning fluid," Aggie protested. "Thereth ether and alcohol ——"

"Never mind what's in it," he said excitedly. "I know this engine. It'll run on the gas out of a bottle of Apollinaris." And while he poured the stuff into the tank he explained his plan. If the engine ran on the mixture, and didn't get something that he called a "bun on," we could get back to Sunset Island, which I gathered belonged to the girl's father, get into somebody's boathouse—preferably the father's—and obtain some gasoline. Also, he would try to find some clothes. It shows how thoroughly demoralized we were that not one of us objected to his stealing anything he needed, and that Tish asked him to bring her a blanket if he happened on one!

The engine would not start at once. And after he had explained that he had only one hand to crank with, having to hold on the shawl with the other, we turned our backs, and almost immediately there was an explosion. The boat jumped out of the water and dropped back with a thud. I could not scream. Then there came a series of reports, and I sat waiting for the floor to separate and drop me into sixty feet of water and mud and crawly things, with the family burial lot full, provided my body was ever found, unless they moved Cousin James beside his first wife, where he ought to be, anyhow. And then I realized that we were moving.

We did not float. We got to shore by a distinct species of leaps; once or twice I am quite sure we left the surface of the lake. If that stuff had ever been put on the dog the fleas would have killed themselves jumping. And all the time there was a combination of odors that, as Tish said afterward, reminded one individually of burnt brandy sauce and an operating-room, and collectively of something that has died in the alley. And whenever we stopped Mr. Mansfield would do something that he called "spinner" again.

When we got near enough to shore we could see that the big, white Lovell house was lighted up, late as it was, and there were people on the boat-dock with lanterns. Mr. Mansfield saw it, too, and changed the course of the launch so we stopped at a smaller landing, half a mile or so down the beach, and tied up there.

"You are perfectly safe here," he said, "and I'll be back in ten minutes. The only way Major Lovell could recognize his boat in the dark would be by the sound of the engine, and if he hears this racket he'll take us for a battle in a moving-picture show. Just sit tight and keep warm."

He threw the shawl to us and dived into the darkness. Somebody was shouting at the Lovell dock, but we sat in safe obscurity and listened to the wash of the water against the piles. The absurdity of the situation began to dawn on me, and the sight of Tish and Aggie, luminous in the starlight—it had stopped raining—trying to get into their wet shoes, made me fairly hysterical. To add to it all, the patter of Mr. Mansfield's bare feet on the boards of the dock waked our sleeping dog, and with a series of staccato barks he was at our unlucky young man's heels. He seemed to have a fondness for feet.

"If you could see yourself, Lizzie, I might understand your mirth," Tish said scathingly. "But I fail to see anything funny."

"Then for goodness' sake, Tish," I cried, "stop dangling that shoe on your toe and see what is the matter with your figure. It has slipped up under your chin."

"Good heaventh!" said Aggie. "They are coming down the beach after uth!"

It was true. The lanterns had left the Lovell dock and were bobbing wildly along the waterfront in our direction, guided by the barking of the dog. Of all the hours of that awful night that was the most terrible. We sat there shivering and helpless and watched Nemesis chasing and bobbing down on us. About half-way to us the first lantern stopped and fired a gun, and back along the beach new lanterns kept adding themselves to the line that stretched out like the tail of a comet.

Tish thought she was very cool, but both Aggie and I distinctly heard her say that the stars had stopped raining. And once she said that she had always been a respected member of the community, and that nobody in his sober senses would believe her if she told the true story. And when the first lantern was so close that we could see a vague outline of the man behind it, desperation gave me a courage that has appalled me since.

I went over to the engine and tried to "spinner."

What is more to the point, I did it. The wheels began to revolve with a sickening speed; the whole frame of the boat jarred and quivered. I sank back on my knees and closed my eyes.

"We're not moving," Tish said with awful calmness.

And at that a white figure hurled itself from the darkness at the end of the landing and flew down the dock to us. It had a can in one hand and a lantern in the other. It hesitated a second to throw off the rope, which was why we hadn't moved, of course, and as the engine was going full he had only time to catch one of the awning supports as it flew past. The boat went as if it had been shot out of a gun, and when Aggie and Tish and I had assorted ourselves from a heap on the floor we were well out from shore.

It was just as well that Aggie took one of her awful sneezing spells just then, as she always does when she is excited, for by the time she was breathing easily the shore was well behind and Mr. Mansfield had put on the shawl again.

It is a little difficult, looking back, to explain our state of mind that night. It was

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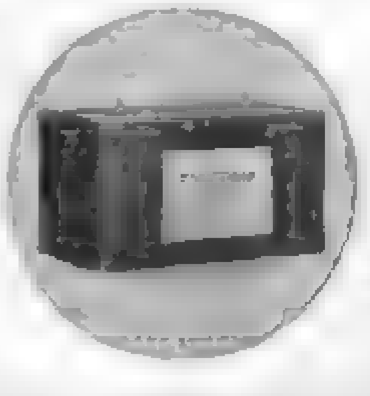

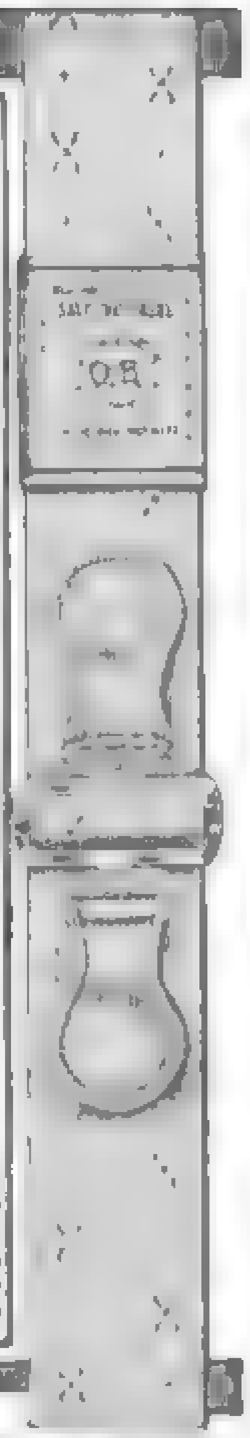

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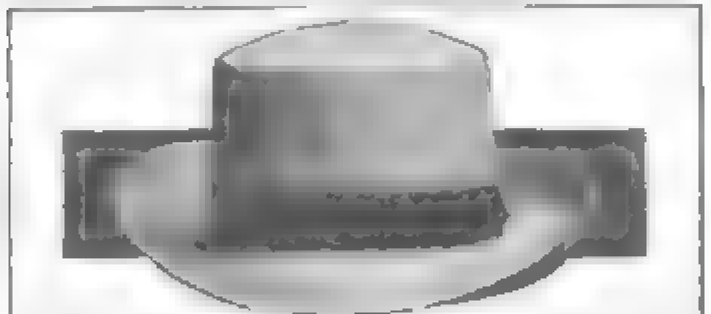

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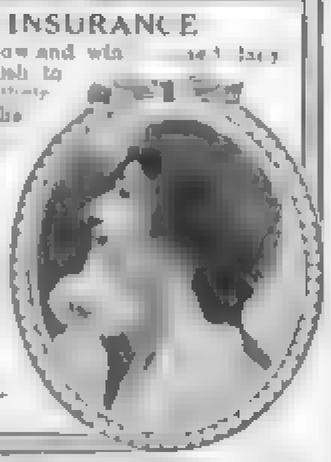

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our one taste of romance—Aggie's roofer being too far back to count. Now, with six months of perspective, I think we were intoxicated with adventure to the point of abandon. For when Mr. Mansfield offered to take us home, before starting on his pursuit of the motor canoe, we refused to go. As Tish said, with dignity:

"No doubt when you do overtake them, Mr. Mansfield, the young woman will feel the need of some of her own sex, women of —er—maturity and experience, to advise her. I consider it our duty to go."

"Oh, leth go," said Aggie. "Mr. Carleton'th a large man. Do you think you will have to fight him for your lady?" Aggie's tone was cheerfully bloodthirsty and she clutched the end of the broken oar like a club. Aggie, the apostle of peace!

"Frankly, I should like to see the end of the affair myself," I admitted. "I should like to see the young lady's face when she finds you eloping with three maiden ladies, and—I am curious to know how your caveman theory works out."

"The original cave man was no fool," he observed, calmly looking ahead. "A man doesn't carry a woman off unless he's crazy about her, in the first place. If he's got sufficient force of character to dare her daddy's stone club—jail, in this case—and enough physical strength to hold her to him with one arm and fight off pursuit and rivals with the other, it—well, it doesn't matter much what the girl thinks of him in the beginning, she'll die for him in the end."

"Ith—ith the very pretty?" Aggie ventured, after swallowing hard.

"I don't know," he said indifferently, straining his eyes ahead. "Oh—yes, I suppose she is. I never thought about it, although I haven't thought of anybody else—anything else—for the week I've known her."

"The week!" we all repeated faintly.

"When her groom lifts her off her horse I want to kill him. If that ass Carleton gets her to Telusah first and marries her I'll take her from him. She's my woman."

Tish stood right up in the boat and pointed her finger at him. "You d-don't know what you are talking about," she stuttered. "How—how dare you speak of taking a married woman from her husband!"

"Figs!" he said disrespectfully. "In the first place, if the engine holds out we'll run them down at least a mile from Telusah; and in the second place, while I judge you are talking by the book and not by experience, a few words said over a man and a woman don't make them husband and wife. It gives the woman the man's name, but—the man don't necessarily get the woman. Mine—or nobody's," he added under his breath.

"Mr. Wiggenth uthed to talk exactly that way!" Aggie said softly.

I merely said:

"I wish somebody had wooed me like that thirty years ago; I wouldn't be earning my own living, young man."

"That's what she wants to do—stay single and work for a livelihood," he said with disgust. "I told her it was all fool nonsense; that the place for her kind of woman was in some man's home ——"

"Cave," I suggested.

"Bearing his children ——"

"Silence!" Tish shouted, and even Aggie was roused out of her dream.

He shut down the engine just then, and we all heard it—a faint throbbing that one felt in the ears, rather than heard. He leaped up on the peak of the boat and stared into the darkness ahead.

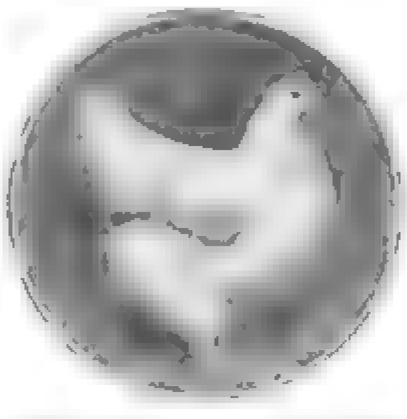
"Better than I expected," he said with suppressed excitement. "They're not a mile ahead. I wish I had a stick of some sort; I may have to knock that chump on the head."

Luckily he did not see Aggie's oar, and, to his everlasting honor be it said, he went dauntlessly into the battle with his bare hands—"and bare arms and legs," Tish ironically suggests that I add.

For battle it was.

We overtook the canoe somewhere about Long Point, and our lantern showed two people, as we expected. It was Mr. Carleton, who evidently hadn't dressed to elope, and the Girl. She was in a white party frock of some sort. She stopped paddling and stared up at us defiantly as we must have loomed black behind our lantern.

"Lillian," Mr. Mansfield said cheerfully, "I am not going to do that puppy with you the honor of asking you to choose between us. I give you your choice—either get into the launch comfortably, or



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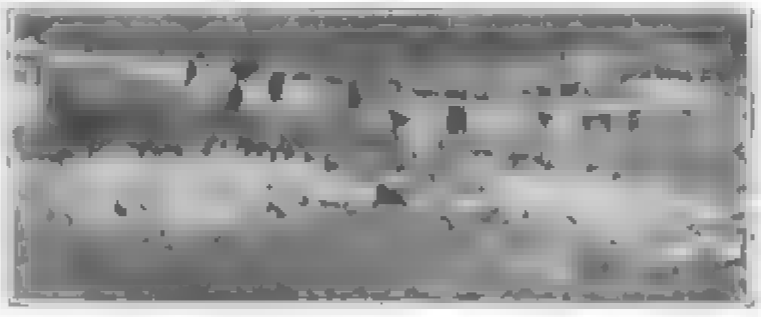
It also tells about broiler plants, egg plants, and remember, there is also an article in this book called "Two Years on the Kellerstrass Poultry Farm," which explains hundreds of things—just what we do in two years on the farm, [illegible] Poultry [illegible] This is the greatest article ever written by a [illegible]tical poultry[illegible]

Remember this book was written by a man who has sold the highest priced chickens in the world who also sold $[illegible] worth of eggs per hen from a flock of hens in one season in fact, if you breed a chicken of any kind you know my reputation as a breeder. This is the first time I have ever offered to sell any of my "methods or secrets" to the breeder or to the public



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B[illegible], Cal.
KELLERSTRASS FARM, Kansas City, Mo.
Dear Sir: I received your book sent me Satur[illegible] worth to me $500 00 [illegible] "[illegible] book" Common [illegible] experience. Worth $1,000.00 [illegible] Respt.
(Signed) L. R. HAYWARD.

263 Eggs in 272 Days
ERNEST KELLERSTRASS, Kansas City, Mo.
Dear Sir: I [illegible] of the Kellerstrass Strain Crystal W[illegible] two hundred and sixty-three (263) eggs in 272 days.
(Signed) P. J. HARLLER, Chattahoochee, Ga.

Saves Thirty Million Chicks' Lives Annually
[illegible] and State Experiment Stations have been studying without success for ten years. Ernest Kellerstrass, the Kansas City poultry fancier, found the secret.—*St. Louis Republic.*

Good, Sound Logic
Winchester, Kans.
Dear Sir: Received your book all O. K. this A. M. and find same very interesting, and full of *good, sound logic.* Yours truly, CHAS. FORSYTHE.

Worth Many Times the Price
95 Orange Ave., Irvington, N. J., Nov. 8th, 1909
ERNEST KELLERSTRASS
Dear Sir: Received your poultry book It is worth many times the price and should be in the hands of every one handling chickens, as it contains information that would take many years to learn.
I remain, yours very truly, (Signed) JOHN SENSFELDER.

Best Dollar's Worth
MR. E. KELLERSTRASS, Kansas City, Mo. Oct. 16th, 1909.
Dear Sir: Received your book all right. Am well pleased with book, best dollar's worth I have ever received
Yours truly, (Signed) CHAS. P. GOETZ, Buffalo, N. Y.

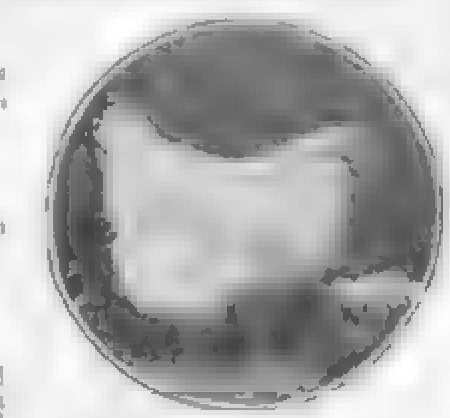
Common Sense Methods
Springfield, Ill., Jan. 29th, 1910.
MR. ERNEST KELLERSTRASS, Kansas City, Mo.
Dear Sir: I received your poultry book the 27th inst. It is full of good [illegible] acquire in no other way than [illegible] caring for fowls. I am very well [illegible] W. H. HARRISON, 338 So. Douglas Ave.

231 Eggs Per Bird
My Dear Mr. Kellerstrass: I have sixteen of your hens that averaged two hundred and thirty one (231) eggs per bird in 12 months.
LAWRENCE JACKSON, Pittsburg, Pa.

More Than My Money's Worth
Cincinnati, Ohio, Dec. 31, 1909.
MR. ERNEST KELLERSTRASS, Kansas City, Mo.
Dear Sir: I consider your book chuck full of valuable information for any one, especially a beginner. I have already received more than my money's worth and have only read about one-third of the book. Yours respectfully,
(Signed) GEO. W. HENCKENSTEIN.

$68.00 Worth of Eggs Per Hen
[illegible] KELLERSTRASS, Kansas City, Mo.
Dear Sir: Congratulations on the splendid showing you have made by selling $68.00 worth of eggs [illegible] from thirty hens in one season.
[illegible] CURTIS, Editor, Reliable Poultry Journal, Quincy, Ill.

Best Book on Poultry
[illegible] Oct. 20[illegible] 1909
Mr. [illegible] I was surprised when I read where you opened those chicks and found lath nails and tacks in their craws. I never heard of such a thing; it stands to reason that would kill them.
Yours truly, (Signed) H. M. GROVER.



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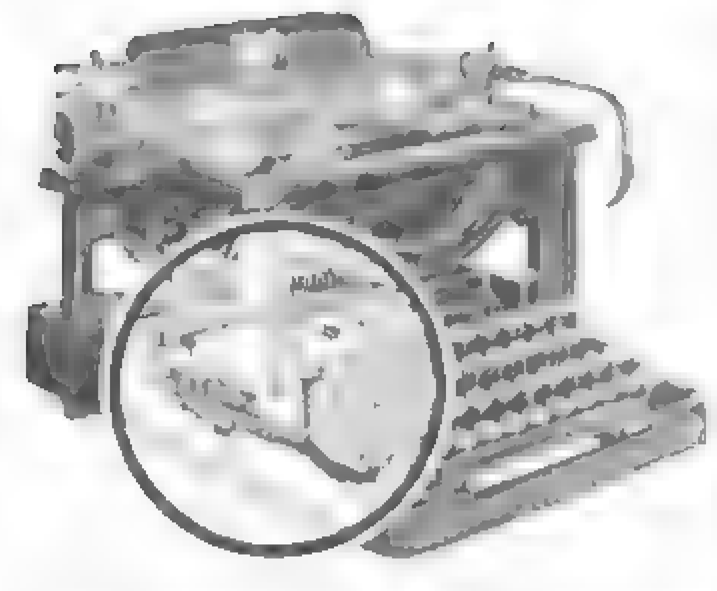

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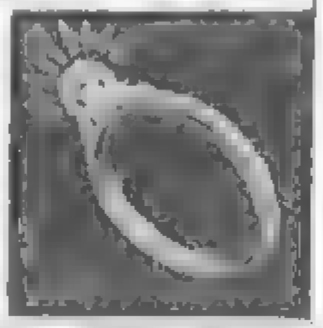

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stay where you are, in which case I shall run you down and pick you out of the water."

"You coward!" said Mr. Carleton from the stern of the canoe. "You can't try your high-handed methods with me. Run us down if you like. It's a penitentiary offense to kidnap a girl and marry her."

"Oh, piffle!" said Mr. Mansfield rudely. "I suppose you didn't intend to marry her yourself at Telusah!"

"I intend to return her to her parents in safety, by way of the trolley," retorted Carleton stiffly. The Mansfield man threw back his head and laughed.

"Did you hear that, Lillian?" he called. "That's love for you! Why, the idiot didn't even intend to marry you! He was going to take you home to your people!" He laughed again in pure delight.

But the girl had plenty of spirit.

"I don't intend to be married at all," she flared at him. "Certainly not to you, Donald Mansfield. Run us down if you like. I would rather die than marry you."

"You hear what she says," said Carleton from the darkness. "If you are a gentleman you will take your boat and your ruffianly accomplices back to where you came from—or to perdition, as far as I'm concerned."

"Ruffian yourself," Tish said furiously, but I pulled her down. There was silence, then ——

"Lillian," Mr. Mansfield said very gently, "'Lady' Carleton is right. If it's as bad as that I'll take you home. I had a sort of fool idea that you would know it was inevitable—that you were my woman. If I've been a bit raw about it it's because the thing seemed so clear to me. Give me your hand."

"I shall not get into the launch," the girl said haughtily.

"Your hand."

"Confound you, Mansfield, can't you see she hates you?" This was Carleton.

"The girl th a fool," Aggie muttered angrily behind me. In the instant that I turned my head something happened—I don't know just what. For the girl was alone in the canoe, we were alone in the launch, and just below me the water was boiling into white spray. Now and then an arm shot into the air, or a leg, and occasionally, not often, both heads were above water at the same time. And it was then that Aggie, the president of the Civic Club and corresponding secretary of the Working Girls' Home, with her draggled skirts pinned up above her bare feet, stood up suddenly and banged Mr. Carleton on the head with what was left of her oar!

"Oh, you've killed him," the girl screeched. "Don! Don!" Donald being the Mansfield man!

Then, of course, the canoe turned over and the rest of what she was saying ended in a gurgle.

We got them all into the launch finally, for there was only five feet of water, which explained much that we had not understood about the fight, and they were as disconsolate looking a lot of lovers as I ever wish to see. Mr. Carleton sat in the stern and held his head, which Aggie's oar had almost broken, and the girl dripped and shivered in a corner by herself and stared at the Mansfield man, who was coaxing Tish for one of her petticoats, so he could give the girl his shawl.

The launch would not start after all, and it developed that the propeller shaft was choked with weeds. This meant that the Mansfield man must crawl overboard, get on his back under the launch—which is much more unpleasant, I should think, than getting under an automobile—and clear off the shaft. And while he was holding his breath under the boat, and while Tish had turned her back on everybody and with the aid of the lantern was trying to take a splinter out of the sole of her foot, the Carleton man got up dizzily and went over to the girl.

"Surely, Lillian," he said, steadying himself by the awning frame, "you—you don't intend to let that ——"

"Please go away," she said. "I don't want to talk. How funny you look with that bandage around your head!" And then, to me—she had accepted the presence of three barefooted maiden ladies in the launch without comment—"Oh, do you think he might be caught and—and drown?"

That is about all of the story. He did not drown. He came magnificently over the edge of the boat in a few minutes, with a string of green waterweeds clinging to his head. Aggie, who, as you have seen, is romantic, muttered something about "grape leaves in his hair," which she said afterward was Ibsen, although the only use I have ever known for grape leaves was to wrap pats of butter in, in the country.

He turned the launch around and we started for home. I do not recall that any one spoke on the way back, except Tish, who asked me if I had any castor oil at the house—she wanted it to soften her shoes if they dried stiff. The girl sat by herself and watched the big fellow in the shawl-toga. And once or twice when he glanced up and saw her he smiled over at her, but he did not go near her or speak to her.

It was pale dawn when we stopped at the dock of the Watermelon Camp. We who had been sodden shadows in the night were now damp and shivering outlines. Mr. Mansfield, having given the girl the shawl, drew around him still closer the awning curtain, with which he had draped himself, and Aggie, still clutching the oar, held up one hand in the gray light to hide the drooping corners of her mouth. No one stirred in the camp.

Mr. Carleton got up stiffly and glanced around at all of us. Then he stalked over to the man at the wheel, who was staring ahead and whistling under his breath.

"Will you give me your word to take her home?" he said.

"Ask her if she wants to go home." He threw this over his shoulder, between whistles, as it were. Then the girl, looking very pretty, but slim and slinky in her wet things, went over to the Mansfield man and put her hand on his shoulder.

"I—I think I will go with you, Don!" she said. And that ends the story.

We left Mr. Carleton on the dock, staring after us through the mist, and we all went back to the cottage and put the girl to bed. We gave Mr. Mansfield a pillow by the sitting-room wood fire and Tish's green kimono to sleep in. And after that we all three took a mustard footbath and some camphor sprinkled on sugar.

Aggie wakened me at nine o'clock the next morning by hunting in my bureau for her second-best teeth, and it was then that we found our lovers had gone. In the girl's room there was a letter of thanks. She said she did not wish to disturb us after that awful night, but that she could not sleep, and that she and Mr. Mansfield were going down to Telusah to be married.

Tish read the letter aloud and stared at us, while Paulina whined for her breakfast.

"Upon my soul," Tish gasped, when she could speak, "instead of clapping him into jail she's going to marry him!"

"Do you thuppoth he went to Telutha in that kimono!" Aggie said in a husky whisper. She had taken a terrible cold.

But Mr. Mansfield did not go to Telusah in Tish's kimono, and, after all, the beginning of this story is also the end. For now you can understand why Tish dropped the bowl when the young man brought her kimono back from the Watermelon Camp and asked for Mr. Carleton's trousers!

I have told the story in defense of Tish and the rest of us. I wish to brand as false the story told by the man from the hotel, who happened to be fishing for muscallonge early that morning. He said, you remember, that he saw Miss Carberry in her green kimono leave our cottage just after dawn and go stealthily along the beach through the mist to the Watermelon Camp. When she got there, he said, to his horror he saw her strip off the green kimono and hang it to a tree. Just then the mist shut down and he saw nothing more.

In his anxiety for Miss Carberry's sanity he was on the point of landing to investigate, when he hooked the largest 'longe of the season—registered weight at the hatcheries thirty-seven pounds four ounces—and when he looked again at the shore all he saw was a red-haired man hurrying along the beach in a pair of corduroy trousers and a running shirt!

Tish closed the incident with one comment:

"Young millionaire!" she snapped, when she saw the papers. "Young scamp, I say, stealing poor Mr. Carleton's sweetheart and then his trousers. As for my green kimono, after all we did for him, he might have had the grace at least to roll it up and stick it under a barrel. I shall burn it."

But she did not. Aggie saw it only the other day, put away in a lavender silk sachet with a bundle of newspaper clippings, a half-eaten bath sponge, and a particular kind of bass hook which we had found on the sitting-room floor.

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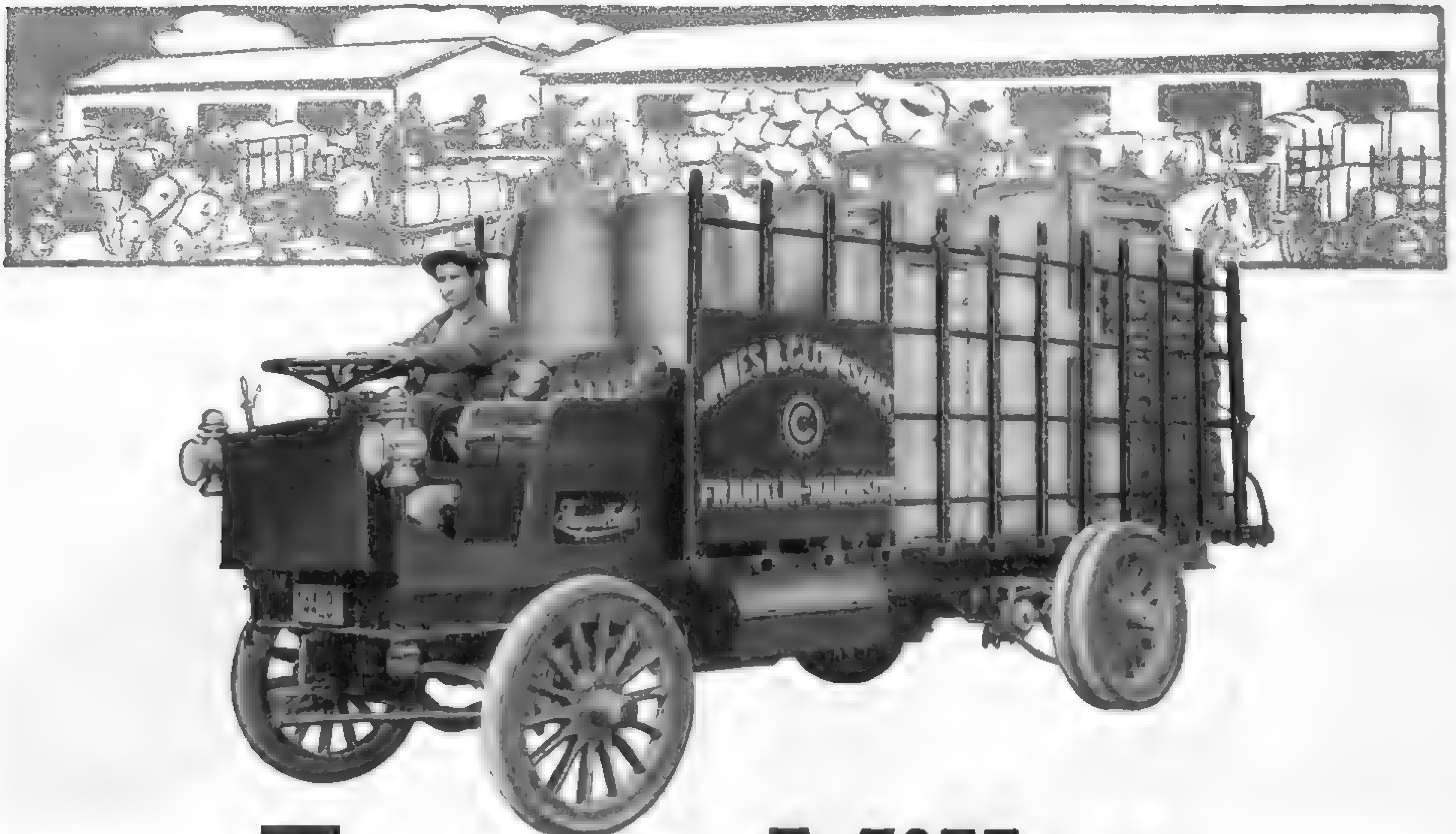

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THE BUSINESS OF FARMING

(Continued from Page 19)

corn for late feeding, and secured almost as profitable a soiling crop.

Wishing to know definitely about the value of pasturage, Mr. Mason kept tab on the returns from a seven-and-a-half-acre pasture for the first ten days. It yielded him exactly one dollar an acre per day. This year he is dedicating that same pasture to an effort to secure fifty dollars an acre in milk by giving it a rich top-dressing. Then, after it has served its purpose as a pasture, he will put it into fodder corn. He is confident that he will realize his ideal of fifty dollars the acre in milk from rye pasturage, and as much more from ensilage, or one hundred dollars per acre.

"The aim of every farmer," declares Mr. Mason, "should be to make one acre keep one cow, and to make that cow yield ten thousand pounds of milk. It can be done, and the best dairy farmers, the real leaders in the business, will be doing it before many years." Because of the large milk yield per cow, and because of the strong Mexican demand for these spotted cattle, Mr. Mason has a splendid Holstein sire and is grading up his herd from the best milkers in it. "You see," he explained, "you can sell anything in the shape of a good cow to the Mexicans, at an advanced price, so long as it's black and white. Not all dairymen are alive to the possibilities in this direction. It certainly is the way in which to turn the trick these days."

One thing rests heavily on this shrewd farmer's heart—that he did not long ago wake up to the immense advantage of a well-ordered crop rotation. "Why," he exclaimed, "if I had realized that a field will yield just as much in corn in five years when two years of that time it is growing clover or some good forage crop, as when it is cropped for corn five seasons straight, I should have been several thousand dollars ahead in money, to say nothing of gain in soil fertility."

To produce a big flow of plain milk and ship it in cans to a city distributing depot, whence it is peddled from house to house, is one kind of dairying; but it bears about the same relation to dairying for high-class butter production that painting billboards bears to painting pictures for the salon. They are equally useful and necessary, but making milk for the city wagon is comparatively a simple proposition of the wholesale manufacture of an unrefined product, while dairying for fine butter production involves a refinement of skill that makes the other seem elementary and simple by contrast. Dairying for butter fills out the definition of dairying to the full, while dairying for the milk train is better described as manufacturing milk. Therefore, a view of the modern practice of dairying as a business which does not include a survey of an up-to-date butter dairy can hardly be less than lame and one-sided.

A Big Yield From a Small Herd

At Cedarville, a little hamlet situated about six miles out of Freeport, Illinois, is one of the best-known fine butter dairies in that state. At least its operations are intimately familiar to the dairy experts of the agricultural colleges of the Middle West. At Madison, for example, Professor Lee asked: "Have you seen the Charles Foss dairy? It's worth investigating. He has only ninety-six acres, keeps only fourteen or fifteen milch cows, and cleans up about twenty-four hundred dollars a year—perhaps more, counting everything. He had taken up school-teaching as a profession, but, finding it rather wearing and hard on his health, decided to turn his hand to dairying. The results go a long way toward establishing the fact that a man from one of the professions or from a calling wholly dissimilar to farming can make good on the dairy farm."

Another special value in the experience of Mr. Foss is to be found in the fact that, though his herd and farm are small, he applies to their management the close business methods that might naturally be expected on a great farm conducted on strict industrial lines. If you were to haunt the places where farmers meet and discuss their affairs you would be familiar with this expression: "Oh, this weighing and bookkeeping and fussing is all right on a big

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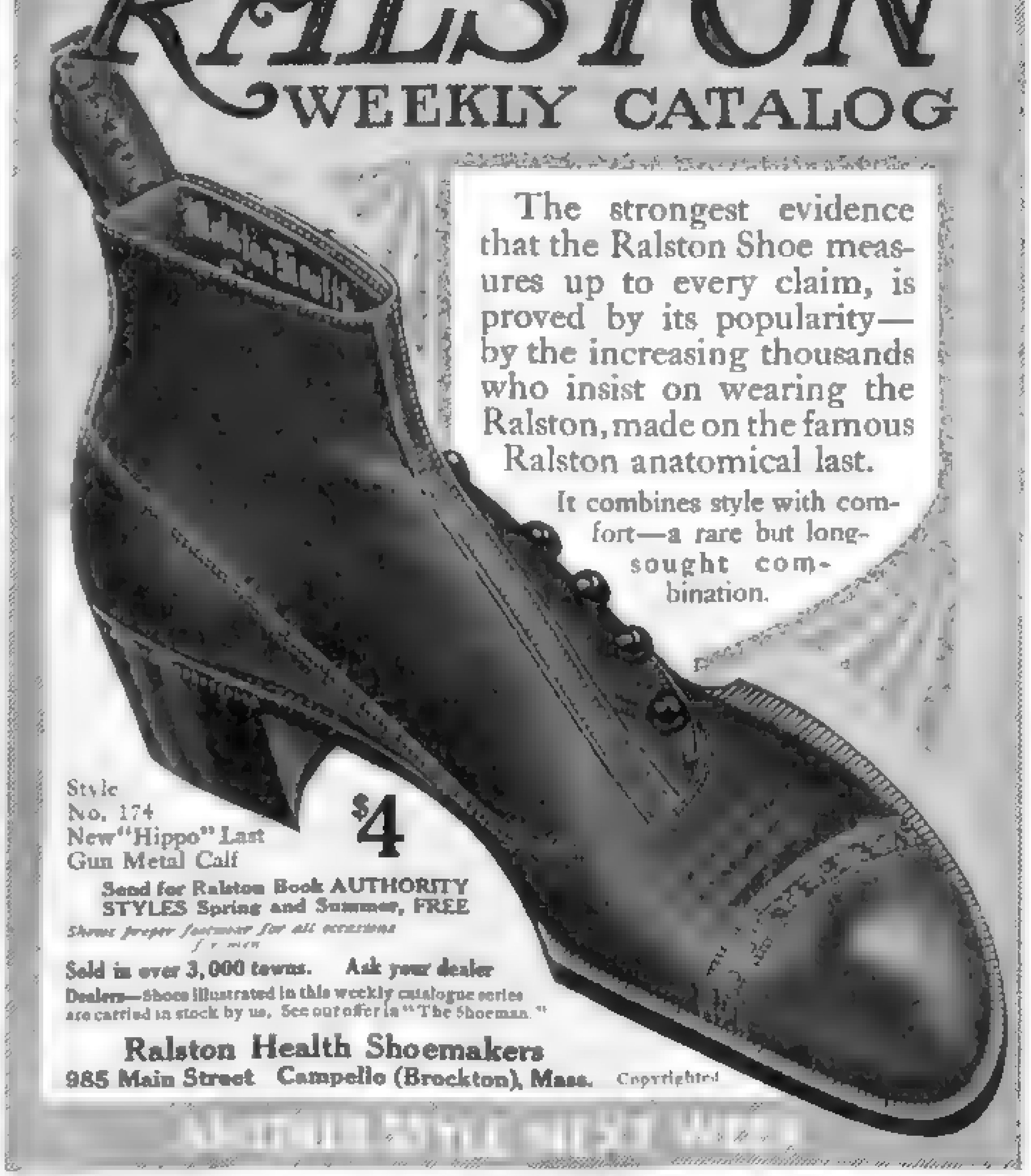
RALSTON WEEKLY CATALOG



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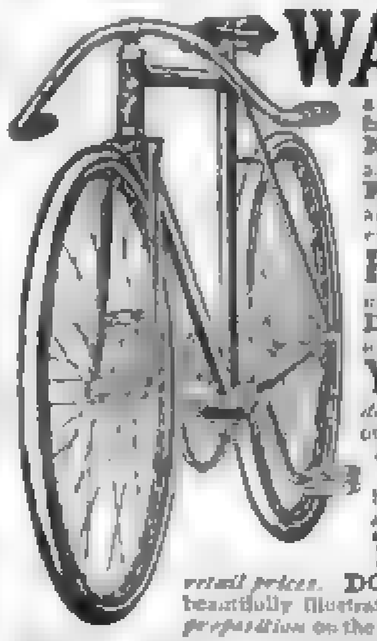
ANOTHER STYLE NEXT WEEK



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TIRES, COASTER-BRAKES, single wheels, imported roller chains and pedals, parts, repairs and equipment of all kinds at *half the usual retail prices.* DO NOT WAIT, but write today and we will send you free by return mail our large catalogue, beautifully illustrated and containing a great fund of interesting matter and useful information, also a *wonderful proposition* on the first sample bicycle going to your town. It only costs a postal to get everything. Write it now.

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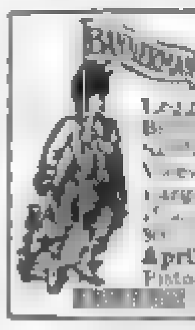

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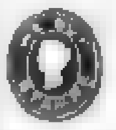

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Do You Know What Confectionery Your Children Eat?

No mistaking the fine quality and wholesomeness of the children's confectionery if it be the NECCO kind. Purity and cleanliness are the first consideration in the making. That is why all NECCO SWEETS are *unusually* good—whether the choice be the simpler kinds, the famous LENOX CHOCOLATES, or any of the other 500 varieties.

So tell the children to ask for NECCO SWEETS. Sold by best dealers everywhere.

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"Cleaning out the sink" is a job every woman hates. But with **Mrs. Vrooman's Sink Strainer** this unpleasant task is reduced to a mere nothing.

Simply hang the strainer on the side of the sink and it is ready for use, yet out of the way.

Throw everything into it. When the water drains out, the greasy scraps left in the bottom are emptied straight into the garbage pail. There is no litter in the sink, and the necessity of touching the refuse with the hands is entirely avoided.

Mrs. Vrooman's Sink Strainer Saves Plumbers' Bills

by keeping the drain pipes from clogging. It is an inexpensive, sanitary, convenient kitchen utensil which every housewife needs. The sink is kept sweet and clean with half the work, and the strainer

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in just this one saving of time and trouble alone. Strong and durable. Two sizes and three finishes. Obtainable of your dealer.

Ask him to show you also the **Androck Toaster**, the **Ideal Carpet Beater**, and the other inexpensive, handy Andrews Specialties for lightening household work. If he hasn't them, please send us his name and we will help you obtain them.

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Incorporated
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For Sale by Dealers Everywhere
Factory: Danbury, Ct.

farm where things have to be run like a corporation, but my farm's too small for such fussing. It wouldn't pay me to bother with it." In the results which this retired school-teacher has nailed down is the answer to this common excuse of the small farmer, that his place is too small to be run with the business system of a corporation.

When Mr. Foss began dairying, in 1900, with "just common cows," his herd averaged one hundred and seventy pounds a year of butter fat to the cow. Now it averages three hundred and twenty-eight pounds of butter fat to the cow. He has more than doubled the production of his herd—the average production per cow. And the net profits, per cow, are more than six times as large.

Of course there's a reason, and in that reason hundreds of dairy farmers may find the way out of a passive prosperity, out of a vocation that yields a fair living into prosperity of the modern militant type, into an organized business that will match up against the business of the prosperous lumber dealer, storekeeper and small manufacturer who minister to the farmer's needs.

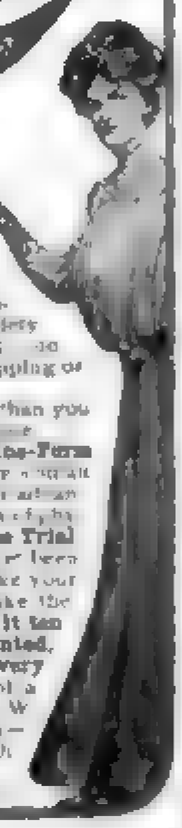
One incident in the farming experience of Mr. Foss throws the spotlight upon a main factor in the methods by which the retired school-teacher has brought his herd up to so remarkable an average of productivity. For a certain year his average of butter fat to the cow was three hundred and twenty pounds. Just at the close of that year one of his star cows suddenly died from overfeeding. The next year his average fell to three hundred and seven pounds. The cow that died had produced, during her lacteal period of twenty-one months, 16,814 pounds of milk containing seven hundred and sixteen pounds of butter fat. The moral of this tale is not the more obvious one of special care against overfeeding—that speaks for itself—but it is rather the difference between a good cow and a poor one—the importance of knowing the actual, individual performance of each cow in the herd, not alone in pounds of milk but also in butter fat, the ultimate product of a butter farm, as well.

A Cow's Evening Capacity

Mr. Foss is strong on the absolute necessity of knowing exactly what each and every cow in the herd is doing—not guessing at it. As a school-teacher he was not more insistent that his pupils should master the multiplication table than he now is that he shall reduce to a definite record the daily performance of each milk-giving cow in his barn. He insists that cows are deceptive creatures and that plenty of them put up such a front as to fool the very men who milk them morning and night—even as to the quantity of milk, to say nothing of the amount of butter fat. Mr. Foss insists that his success is due as much to weeding out the poor producers and keeping the profit-makers as to any other factor in his methods—and probably much more. He says that the percentage of dairy farmers who keep a performance record of individual cows is so small as to be insignificant—and he might truthfully add that most of them are inclined to scoff at the idea, and to remark that they don't need to go through with "all that tomfoolery to tell what cows are making good."

But the weight of authority is on the side of Mr. Foss and his contention. Clarence B. Lane, Assistant Chief of the Dairy Division of the United States Department of Agriculture, declares that guesswork is about the most expensive luxury in which the ordinary dairyman indulges, and that the shrewdest judges are not able to go into a herd and pick out the best milker. This authority says:

"To cite an example of a single dairyman in a Western state: Eleven heifers in his herd gave, during the first milking season, 2807 pounds of butter, which netted 20.4 cents per pound, an average of fifty-one dollars for each heifer. With an allowance of forty dollars for feed he had a net average profit of eleven dollars per head. In the absence of a daily record he might have been content with the result and gone on in his blissful ignorance of the fact that five of the heifers, instead of giving a profit of eleven dollars each, actually lost for him an average of eight dollars and twenty cents each. Neither would he have known that six of the heifers gave him an average profit of twenty-seven dollars. Further, he would not have known that if he had not been



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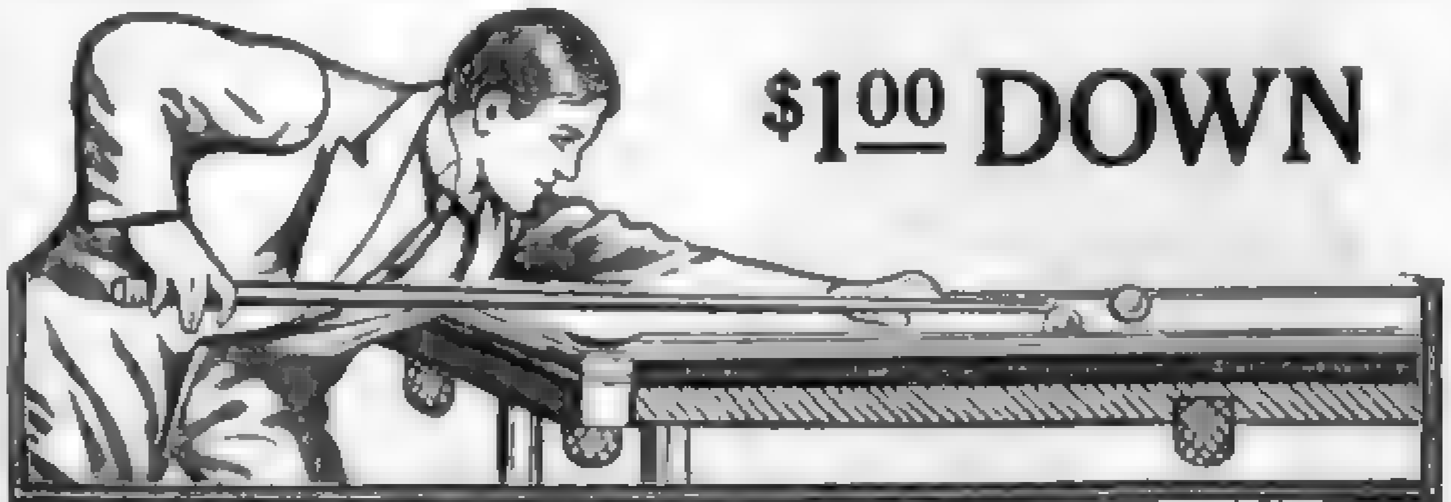
Open it. The separately wrapped pieces stay clean till used. Waxed inside paper keeps them fresh—prevents sticking

Taste it. The chicle is springy. The pure mint leaf flavor is refreshing—and you can't chew it out!

Look for the spear! The flavor lasts!



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The Virginia owner of a 16 passenger car writes: "My car earned me a NET PROFIT of $6,480 in a year." A St. Joseph (Mich.) owner writes: "My 12 passenger car more than paid for itself last season. I earned $1,415 in 55 days." We have many letters like these and shall be glad to furnish you with the names of RAPID passenger car owners who are making big money.

Write us about your own locality and our expert traffic service department will outline a plan for you and advise you what kind of car to buy. Operating RAPIDS is so profitable that you will have no difficulty in interesting outside capital if you cannot handle it with your own money. Write us TODAY.

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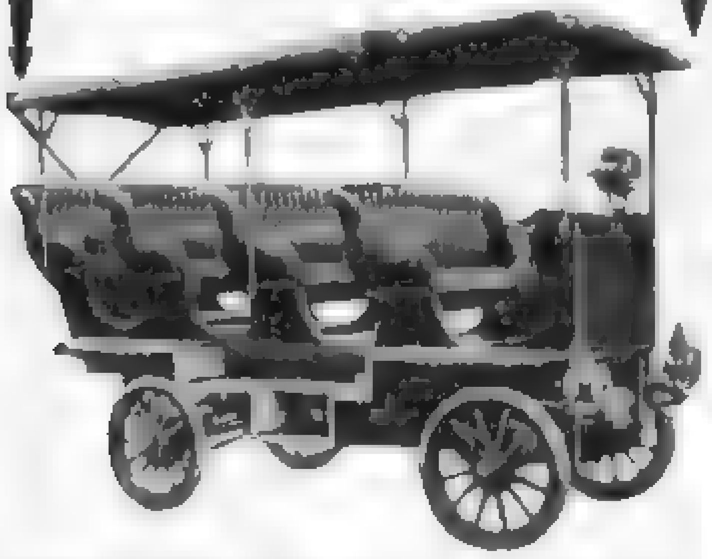

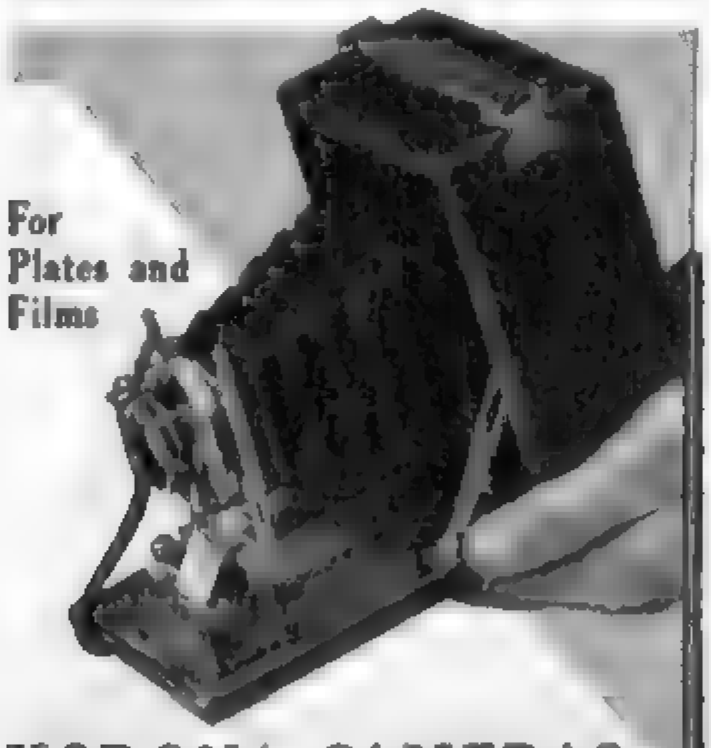

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GUNDLACH-MANHATTAN OPTICAL COMPANY
692 South Clinton Avenue Rochester, N. Y.

the unprofitable owner of the five poorest heifers, his whole profit, instead of being one hundred and twenty-one dollars, would have been one hundred and sixty-two dollars, or forty-one dollars more profit with no more than half the work. In one instance reported, a dairyman, before beginning his tests, made a note of the joint opinion of himself and his sons, who had done the milking in the herd for years, as to the half-dozen best cows in the herd, and an estimate of the season's milk yield. When the year's record was completed it was found that, in order of actual merit, the cows stood thus: First the fifth; second a cow not on his merit list; third his fourth; fourth his first; fifth his sixth; sixth like the second, and his second and third still lower on the list. More facts were verified by subsequent records. The records showed this owner, further, that about one-fourth of his cows were being kept at a loss, while others barely paid."

What did his first year's work of individual record-keeping reveal to Mr. Foss? He had milked fourteen cows and they had averaged two hundred and twenty-four pounds of butter fat. But the low seven of his herd had averaged only one hundred and seventy-nine pounds, while the high seven averaged two hundred and sixty-nine pounds. This difference of ninety pounds made him open his eyes to the necessity of weeding out his herd. He sold four of his cows and bought two new ones. When the records of the second year were finished and analyzed, the first result that struck him with great force was this: only one cow had failed to deliver more than two hundred pounds of butter fat. The low half of his herd averaged two hundred and twenty-three pounds of butter fat to a cow, and the high half two hundred and ninety-eight pounds. This was decidedly a gain, but still left a difference of seventy-five pounds between the average of the high and the low halves of his herd. Straightway he sold two more cows. The third year his herd showed an average increase of butter fat production per cow of forty-seven pounds—but there was still a difference of eighty-three pounds between the high and the low halves of the herd, which called for further weeding out of poor producers. This process of accurate elimination and replacement would have been impossible without an individual record of the performance of each cow.

Home-Raised Heifers

How Mr. Foss has brought up his herd by breeding is further illustrated by the fact that two of his young cows whose mothers were record-bearers are today producing seventy per cent more net profit than their mothers did—and their mothers, in their time, returned two dollars for each dollar spent on them. "Raise your own heifers," is the advice of Mr. Foss, "and sell those that do not test out up to your standard. Buy cows only on results of a thorough test." The rate of improvement possible through up-to-date business methods is indicated by the fact that Mr. Foss now gets an average return per cow of $2.62 for every dollar's worth of food—including pasturage—consumed by them. The average cost of feeding a cow on the Foss farm is fifty-two dollars a year. The average return per cow is $127. The skim milk, which is fed to the swine, is averaged at twenty dollars the cow for the year. The average net profit from each cow for the year is $75. The manure for fertilizing and the skim milk pay for the labor required in operating the dairy, according to Mr. Foss.

Naturally, a man who looks after his herd with such care and exactness may be expected to treat his lands, his soil, with equal thoroughness. He sees that every acre of his tillage is generously fertilized. His herd produces three hundred loads of manure, which is spread on the land when fresh, every acre receiving a rich top dressing at least once in three years. As a bedding for his cows Mr. Foss uses shredded cornstalks. He does not plant an acre of corn without preceding it with a top dressing from his cow stable, unless the land is in clover. The elements of his crop rotation plan are: corn, oats, clover and alfalfa. A clover crop, or its equivalent as a soil-builder, comes once in three years in his scheme.

In the opinion of Mr. Foss the building of a silo marked a great day in his advancement as a farmer. He looks upon his silo, which cost him $259.33 and holds ninety

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A century of success *must* be based on right service. When you buy fire insurance secure the best. It costs no more.

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Any Agent or Broker Can Get You a Hartford Policy

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A CENTURY OF SERVICE

STATEMENT
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Capital,	$ 2,000,000.00
Liabilities,	14,321,953.11
Assets,	23,035,700.61
Policy-holders' Surplus,	8,713,747.50

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Thousands of people the country over are taking advantage of our liberal offer of a beautiful Lindsay Light to users of the famous Lindsay Tungsten Gas Mantle.

Under this handsome offer you are not only using a mantle which lasts longer and gives better light than any you have ever tried, but you can gradually fit your house out completely with the handsomest gaslight made.

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is the wonderful gas mantle that has created such a sensation wherever gas is used.

Hundreds of thousands of homes have welcomed it as the one gas mantle that meets every requirement—length of service, quality of light, all-around satisfaction. It saves your eyes and your temper. It is real economy, for the Lindsay Tungsten at 30 cents is cheaper than the "cheapest" gas mantle made.

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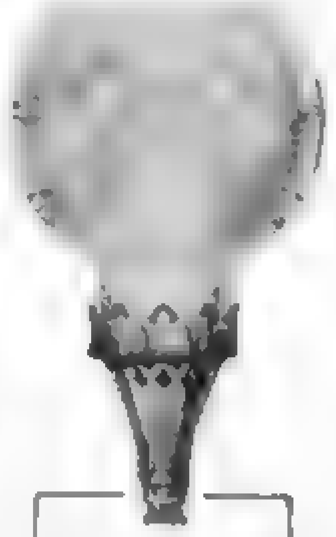
Lindsay Light Company, Dept. W, New York—Chicago

Be sure to look for the name LINDSAY and the lavender colored mantle, or you may get a worthless imitation. Lindsay leads the gaslight world. (8)



This beautiful light is Colonial brass finish with a richly etched globe. It gives a pleasant illumination, yet burns only one-fourth the gas of an open-tip burner. Complete with a high-grade Lindsay mantle.

They die outdoors!

No mixing
No Spreading—
No Muss—
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Just crumble up a
Rat Bis-Kit
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Easy Starting Device

No Trouble
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Works Wonders in Beautifying Simplest and Grandest Homes

Charming Moorish beauty and dignity of appearance of Metal Spanish Tile gives an air of distinction to the home graced by this wonderful new and practically indestructible roofing.

It has taken home builders of America by storm, for it is the modernization of the wonderfully beautiful roofs of historic Spanish edifices.

The art of making this roofing, left behind by fleeing Moors driven out of Spain centuries ago, until 1910 could not be made practical for the modern home, despite its alluring beauties.

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Carpenters! Builders! Contractors! Write today for full particulars about this wonderful roofing — how it will add tremendously to the value of every house you [illegible] of its truly amazing powers [illegible]. Our special proposition to the trade will especially interest you. Our catalog No. [illegible] the subject of roofing. Write today — a postal will do.

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tons of ensilage, as a monument celebrating a significant step in his progress. Much of the increased productiveness of his herd he attributes to this line of feeding. The raising of soiling crops is another supplemental help, which has kept the productivity of his herd from sagging at the period of dry pasturage. Early corn and clover sustain the milk flow, and the dreaded drought of July and August is now powerless to enforce a shrinkage in the butter output of his dairy. His winter ration is thirty pounds of ensilage a day, and five pounds of stover, and five pounds of clover or alfalfa once a day to each cow.

Mr. Foss believes that the average gain of sixty-two and two-thirds pounds of butter fat per cow — or a total gain of four hundred and twenty pounds of butter for his herd — which he made the year he first fed ensilage and soiling crops, was mainly due to those agencies. Certainly an increase of $20.17 a cow, in net returns for the year, is little short of startling. There are very few dairy states in which such an increase would not more than double the production of the average cow. The success of Mr. Foss in marketing his butter rests directly upon the basis of superior quality, and this means skill and the most scrupulous care in every process of manufacture. One of his most valuable possessions is a cold spring that does not vary two degrees, winter or summer, from the standard of forty-eight degrees. The milk is taken direct from the stable to the dairy house, where it is strained and separated and the cream placed in the steel tank of this spring house and then left to cool. His dairy house, with separator and churn and gasoline engine, is a model of construction and sanitation. Mr. Foss personally attends to every detail of manufacture — from the time the milk enters the dairy house until it is packed in jars in the form of butter.

Butter Supplied by Contract

All of the butter from the Foss farm is sold on contract, direct to the consumers. He concluded at the outset that he would find his own market, instead of helping to feed a middleman. More than this, he wished not only to get the full market price, without deductions for freight or commissions, but also he was determined to get more than the regular market price — and to put the returns all down in his own pocket. Therefore he made his own market by going out after it himself. He went to one private family after another in the prosperous little city of Freeport and agreed to furnish their tables with butter. Soon the neighbors of these customers fell into line, and he now supplies twenty-nine families. This is done on a yearly contract — for 1909 he received thirty cents a pound for five months and thirty-seven cents for seven months. His deliveries are made Saturday of each week.

Members of the faculty of the Illinois College of Agriculture have repeatedly visited the farm of Mr. Foss and have coöperated with him in making the tests and records of his work, thus giving the weight of the authority of that institution to the figures here given. Wilber J. Fraser, Chief in Dairy Husbandry at the University of Illinois Experiment Station, has this to say of the possibilities of the Foss farm and dairy: "Mr. Foss can easily enlarge his herd to twenty-five or more cows on the same farm, and that number would bring in $2864 without any further increase in production. With six hundred dollars from hogs and two hundred and fifty dollars' worth of product consumed by the family, this would make an income of $3714 per year from ninety-six acres, or $38.68 per acre." Since this statement was made, however, Mr. Foss has not only greatly increased his average production of butter fat per cow, but has received a better price for his product; in other words, his average profit per cow is considerably larger than when Mr. Fraser made the above statement.

When asked by the dairying authorities of the state to give the kernel of his experience he wrote: "This improvement has come about by weighing and testing the milk; by selling the low producers; by buying and raising better cows; by using the silo and feeding a more nearly balanced ration; by studying and supplying the individual needs of the cow. Without the advice of the State Department of Dairy Husbandry I never would have succeeded. I wouldn't think of giving up testing cows."

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The Fulper Filter-Stone-
The only germ-proof filtering medium
"The Filter That *Filters*"

You *think* that your drinking-water is free from germs. But *is* it?

The clearest spring water is often laden with bacteria. In the city home, where water is served from filter beds miles away, there is danger of disease-germs from leaky conduits and other sources. And even though you boil your drinking-water, *it isn't clean and pure* unless filtered.

The only way to be sure that your drinking-water is absolutely *germ-free, clean and palatable* is to filter it — right in your own home — close to your table — through the Fulper Filter Stone of the

FULPER Germ-proof Filter
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The **Fulper Stone** is a natural porous stone treated by an exclusive process that [illegible] the passage of germs. Only the pure water finds its way through — drop by drop — all germs and impurities are held [illegible] the surface of the filter.

The "**Fulper**" is made of gray stoneware, glazed, in two parts. Easy to clean, absolutely sanitary, and nothing to wear out.

The cost of a Fulper Filter large enough to supply an average family is only $3.65. Separate Ice Compartment 75 cents.

If your Dealer hasn't the "Fulper," don't risk a substitute. Send us the money *with Dealer's name* and we will see that you are supplied with the genuine "Fulper Stone" Filter.

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"Nature's Laboratory," explains why nearly all drinking water contains bacteria. It also gives a report by the eminent bacteriologist, Dr. [illegible] Write for it today.

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IMPROVED NATURAL STONE GERM PROOF FILTER Fulper Pottery Co. Flemington, N. J.
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The demand for the Fulper Filter is increasing at an enormous rate. Our Selling-Helps — the most liberal ever offered in this line — enable you to make quick sales with little effort. Customers' inquiries referred to neighboring Dealers. Write us for representation.

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WOOD-SHINE is the latest and best of varnish stains for domestic use. When you try it you will say, "Here at last is the perfect wood stain and home beautifier." Acts like magic. Years in advance of all others. Made by one of the oldest varnish houses in the country after several years' experimentation. It is free from specks, streakiness and softness of ordinary wood stains.

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We include with this offer a copy of our unique book for children "A Day With Helpful Handy Andy," illustrated in full colors by Ike Morgan, brimful of interesting and instructive matter of how to help solve some of the perplexing problems of housekeeping. This useful and beautiful book is alone worth more than 10 cents. F. H. MESSENGER CO., Manufacturers (Est. 1865) of Varnish and Paint Specialties. 8 Green St., Auburn, N. Y.

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Sixteen times around the world

Cadillac once more proves itself most economical motor car

Remarkable record submitted by 75 Cadillac "Thirty" owners in New York metropolitan district who have driven their cars 398,884 miles at a total cost for mechanical repairs of $53.21, averaging 71 cents per car

Equivalent to 16 times around the world—398,884 miles—at a total repair cost of $53.21!

That is the amazing record revealed by statistics just compiled from the experiences of 75 Cadillac "Thirty" owners in New York City and vicinity.

It is doubtful if the entire history of travel and transportation—steam, electric or gasoline—can show a case of parallel economy.

There was in this instance no special striving to attain a minimum.

The 75 owners went their separate ways with their 75 Cadillac "Thirty" cars, each without reference to the other.

They took no special precautions, but drove where they pleased, when they pleased, how they pleased; without the slightest idea that their experience was to be made a matter of record.

At the close of 1909 statistics were collected and compiled from the signed statements of the 75 users.

It was found that the 75 cars had traveled a total distance of 398,884 miles, or a distance equivalent to 16 trips around the world.

Forty-six of the owners had no repair cost whatever—not a single penny—in spite of the fact that some of them had driven their cars as much as 18,000 miles.

The highest individual repair charge for the entire year was that of one user, whose car cost him—for special reasons which did not reflect upon the construction in any way—$10, the distance it carried being 9,000 miles.

Eleven of the others expended during the year from 25 cents to 50 cents. The average distance traveled was 5,318 miles per car, yet the average repair expense was less than 71 cents per car.

The signed statements of these 75 users showed further that the average gasoline consumption for the touring cars was one gallon for each 15 miles of travel and one quart of oil for each 175 miles of travel. The Demi-Tonneau cars showed an average of 17½ miles for each gallon of gasoline and 200 miles for each quart of oil. Some users obtained 20 or more miles for each gallon of gasoline, but the figures first given are averages.

There is no disguising the fact that this record has proved a revelation, even to automobile manufacturers themselves.

It proves beyond a doubt what the Cadillac Company has always maintained, that the elements in motor car construction which are absolutely necessary to economy and immunity from repairs are scientific design, standardization, accuracy of workmanship and correct alignment. Also that necessity for repairs is the result of poor design, inaccuracy of workmanship, ill-fitting and incorrectly aligned parts.

A year or more ago they proved before the Royal Automobile Club of London that three Cadillacs could be torn down; all the parts thrown in a pile; a portion of these parts discarded and new ones substituted, and the three cars built up again from the heap of parts to run with absolute sweetness and without so much as an iota of looseness.

For this the Cadillac was awarded the Dewar Trophy.

And now comes another demonstration which simply emphasizes the fact that the convictions of the Cadillac Company as to the essentials of a long-lived, serviceable and economical car are correct.

Cadillac measurements are finer in a greater proportion of essential parts than those of any other car in the world—finer than the costliest cars made.

SHALL HE GO BACK?

(Concluded from Page 17)

his native place a document known as his penal certificate, which contains a list of all his peccadillos, crimes, convictions, and past performances in general. Thus the Italian immigration authorities know exactly what sort of a chap he is before he starts. They cooperate with us as best they can and refuse passports to those who are apparently within our prohibited classes; but our tests are woefully vague, and at worst all an Italian criminal has to do is to ship from a French or German port, in which case, at present, he doesn't have to have a passport. Now, of course, if we made it a rule that all immigrants from countries issuing penal certificates must exhibit them, and should not be admitted otherwise, we could find out just which were the criminals and which were not; but such a rule might make trouble and give offense to the countries in question.

You hear a great deal about the activities of the so-called Black Hand, but we probably know nothing of ninety-nine per cent of the actual cases of extortion committed by Italians in New York City. Of course, under the three-year provision of our law, any Italian who belongs to the excluded class but who slips in unawares, may be deported at any time within three years after his entry. But once he's here and safely hidden away among the mass of his countrymen he is generally able to live out the three-year period, after which there is no means of sending him back, no matter what his record may be on the other side. So far as criminals are concerned, the only ones the law permits us to deport are those actually convicted, or who admit having committed crimes involving moral turpitude. How moral turpitude is to be defined depends entirely upon the good judgment of the examining inspectors—or Board of Inquiry—who pass upon the case, if they are clever enough to find out that the applicant has committed any crime at all. The Government of Italy is ready and anxious to help us, but the vagueness and laxity of our laws make this a difficult matter. I think it would be a good thing to exclude every Italian who had committed any crime, or who had a bad police record at home; and to deport at any time before they became citizens any such who had succeeded in getting in. It goes almost without saying that the conviction of an alien for crime committed in this country could well be made a cause for his instant deportation.

Italian Government Regulations

"You can see the good faith of the Italian Government in the matter from the fact that on May 9, 1899, the Royal Department of the Interior issued this circular to the governors of the provinces":

The commissioner handed me the following:

(1) Whenever a passport is issued to persons convicted of misdemeanors or sentenced to serve a short period of imprisonment, such persons must always sign a statement acknowledging that tney have been warned of the risk of being rejected from the port where they are directed.

(2) Such persons must always have the penal certificates wherein must be clearly stated the causes of their convictions.

(3) Such persons must always be warned to show their penal certificates as soon as they arrive in the United States and to sincerely state to the American Board of Special Inquiry the circumstances and the reasons which caused their convictions, so that the said board may determine its judgment.

"I don't know how Italy can very well do more," I commented, handing back the paper.

"Nor I," he assented. "The next move must come from us. All we have got to make certain of is that the governments of countries issuing penal certificates would not regard a regulation compelling their production as an invidious discrimination. Going? Well, glad to have seen you. Come down as often as you like."

"Some pretty picturesque characters get by us," remarked the doctor, after we had left the commissioner's office and had wandered back to the big reception hall. "There was that fellow, Bosco-bosco. He was a chap with a record in Italy as long as your arm, but he wanted new fields to conquer, so he came over here and started doing business among his newly-landed countrymen. He would come down to Ellis Island and meet a party who were bound for Chicago, and tell them that he had a pull with the railroad and could sell them tickets for half-price. Of course, that appealed to them, and, after collecting eight dollars and seventy-five cents from each one, he would take them to the elevated station at the Battery and put them aboard a train for Harlem.

"'You just ride till you get there!' he would say.

"But the best one—he was a humorist, that fellow—was the time he sold permits for five dollars apiece to certain ignorant Italians to play their hand organs on the Third Avenue elevated. One Dago got on at Chatham Square with his organ and monkey and took a seat in the middle of the car, and when the train got about opposite Houston Street he started up Garry Owen. The conductor came rushing up in a great state. 'Here you! Stop that noise!' But the Ginny just grinned and held out a piece of paper.

"'Permitta bearer to play his org with monk on any car New York. (Signed) Bosco-bosco.'

"Well, you've seen almost everything," he added, "except the waiting-rooms. Of course you know we don't let any woman go ashore unless she has first been met here by some properly authorized person."

The Women in the Cage

I shake hands with the good doctor, and, with a nod to the man in uniform at the gate, descend the big stairs at the end of the hall in company with a group of immigrants who have just been admitted. On my right is a family of six little Hollanders with their father and mother, looking for all the world like the pony ballet from some Broadway theater doing a Dutch dance.

Near the exit, at the foot of the stairs, I come to the cage where the female aliens wait until claimed by their relatives. A long rail separates by twenty feet the claimants from the claimed, and a group of inspectors are interrogating the various applicants. It takes a long time to record all their answers, and they are getting impatient. The women inside the cage have crowded up to the front in a dense mass and are peering through the gratings, their faces pressed close to the wire. Now and then one of them will wave excitedly to a man at the rail. Occasionally the men outside indicate to one another some one in the crowd of women—but it is very quiet, very restrained. They are so afraid something may go wrong and that they will not be let out of the cage. Presently the inspector turns around and shouts:

"All right—Becky Lipsky."

There is a flutter in the cage and a little birdlike woman, leading a four-year-old boy by the hand, rushes to the opening at the side.

A curly-haired young man with a serious, determined face walks unemotionally from the rail, and paying no attention to my presence greets the woman with a mere nod and takes her bundle. Then, without speaking, they pass into the covered gallery leading to the dock.

"Humph!" I remark. "Didn't even kiss her!"

"Take a peek through the door," answers the gateman. "Sure, they don't do it here. They wait!"

I walk over to the door just in time to see Becky Lipsky throw herself sobbing into her husband's arms, while he rains kisses upon her cheeks and that of the child.

As I turn back toward the cage a rosy Finnish lad embraces his mother and sister, and a big Swede tosses his little son, whom he has never seen before, high aloft, and then clasps him to his breast with unaffected rapture, while the red-cheeked wife and her three other sturdy children look on delightedly. But most touching of all are the two silent ones who come together without speaking, and with only a long clasp of the hand pass out into the new life together.

"Ye wouldn't keep them out—eh?" asks the gateman with a grin and a jerk of his head toward the Swedes.

"No; I'd let them all in, God bless them!"

20 BUSINESS QUESTIONS

Can You Answer Them?

1. How does death of original payee affect negotiability of commercial paper?

2. Will an endorsement to order or to bearer give negotiability to an otherwise non-negotiable instrument?

3. What rights are acquired by one who purchases negotiable paper after its maturity?

4. Under what condition may drawer of a bill of exchange reissue it after payment?

5. How does maker's discharge in insolvency affect negotiability of commercial paper?

6. What defenses are available against holder of non-negotiable commercial paper?

7. Wherein does a memorandum check differ from an ordinary check?

8. To what extent are corporation bonds negotiable?

9. Does a negotiable instrument take effect from date or from date of delivery?

10. When may a bill or note be lawfully antedated or post-dated?

11. When is an agent individually liable on a note made for his principal?

12. If a bill or note specifies no time for payment when does it become due?

13. If a bill or note fails to designate a place of payment, where is it payable?

14. Are words expressing consideration necessary in a bill or a note?

15. What is the extent of the implied power of any holder to fill in blanks?

16. Will initials alone constitute a sufficient signature on a bill or a note?

17. How may drawer's liability be restricted on a bill of exchange?

18. When is a memorandum on a negotiable instrument considered as a part thereof?

19. When may words of negotiability be inserted in a bill or a note?

20. May negotiable bills or notes be made payable on a designated person's death?

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You can get the answer from your lawyer—if you have time.

But most of the civil suits in our courts are there because someone lacked time or did not take time to get the answer to some seemingly trivial business problem.

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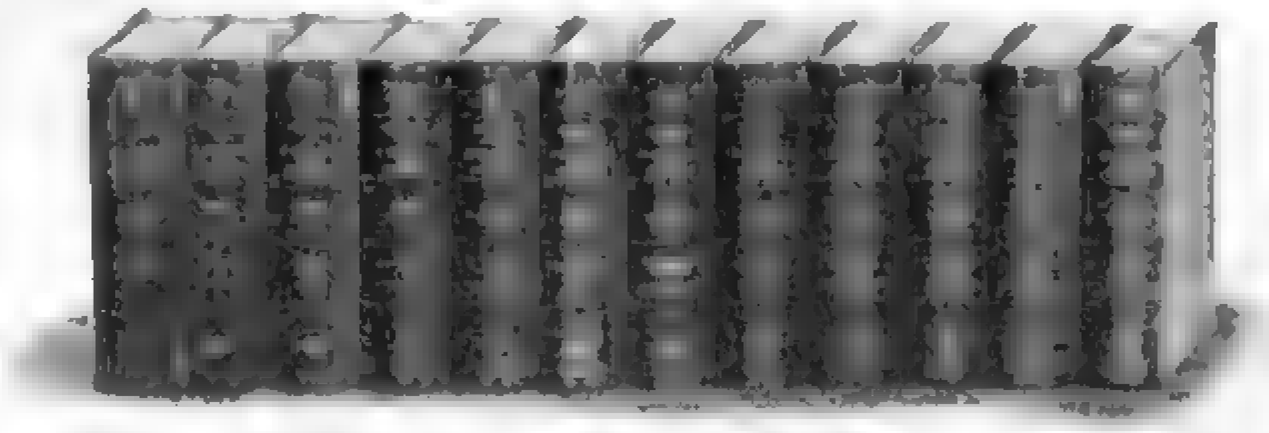

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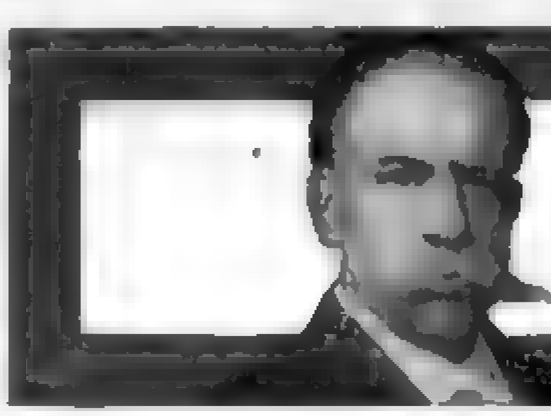


Mr. William L. Austin, Vice-President and Engineer of the Baldwin Locomotive Works, Philadelphia.

This Noted Engineer Says

Mr. Austin is one of the most notable mechanical engineers in the world. He permits us to publish the following:

"Having been a designer of machinery for over thirty-seven years, I can appreciate the AutoStrop Safety Razor as being the perfection of simplicity. When I first saw one I immediately fell in love with it, as I recognized the unmistakable evidence of careful original thought. It is so handy, reliable and delightful to use that I do not see how anyone can enjoy shaving without it."

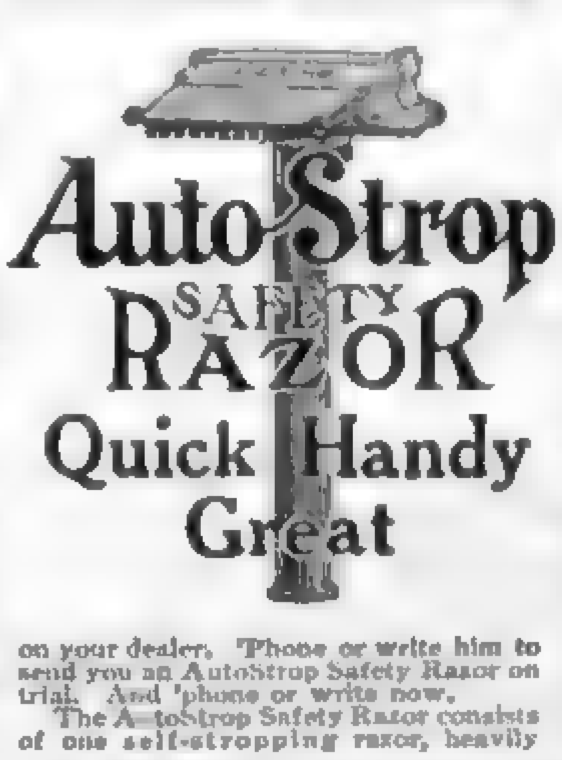
Try it FREE

(Dealers Read This, Too)

No dealer can lose anything by selling AutoStrop Safety Razors on 30 days' free trial, for if he should have any razors returned, we take them back.

Therefore, don't be timid about asking a dealer to sell you an AutoStrop Safety Razor on trial. He's glad to do it. It's profit in his cash register.

Men who "do things" act—act quick. No delay. No procrastination. No "to-morrow" for theirs. Don't wait to call



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The AutoStrop Safety Razor consists of one self-stropping razor, heavily silver plated, 12 fine blades and horsehide strop in handsome leather case. Price $5, which is your total shaving expense for years, as one blade often lasts six months to one year.

"The Slaughter of the Innocents"

is a book. Whoever wants to know what he doesn't know about shaving, wants it. Really, what it tells you is what you don't know.

And whoever wants to shave himself as well as the head barber can, wants it, too. Make no mistake. It does teach you this trick.

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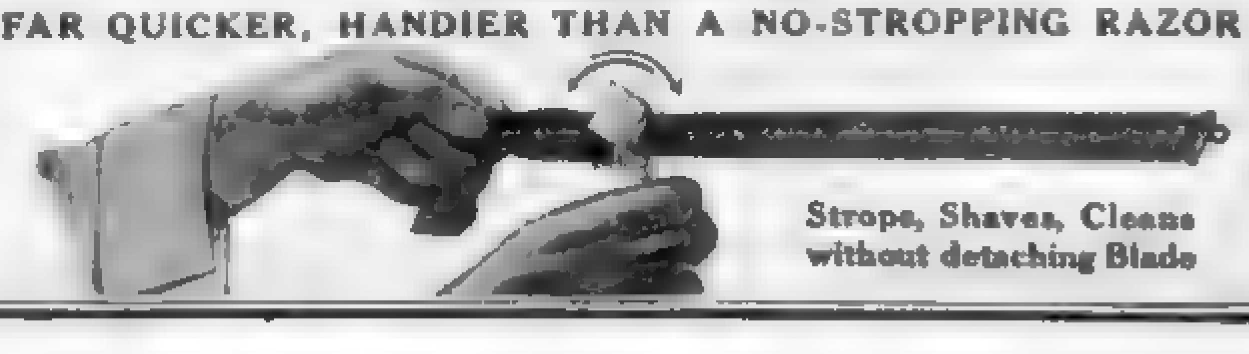

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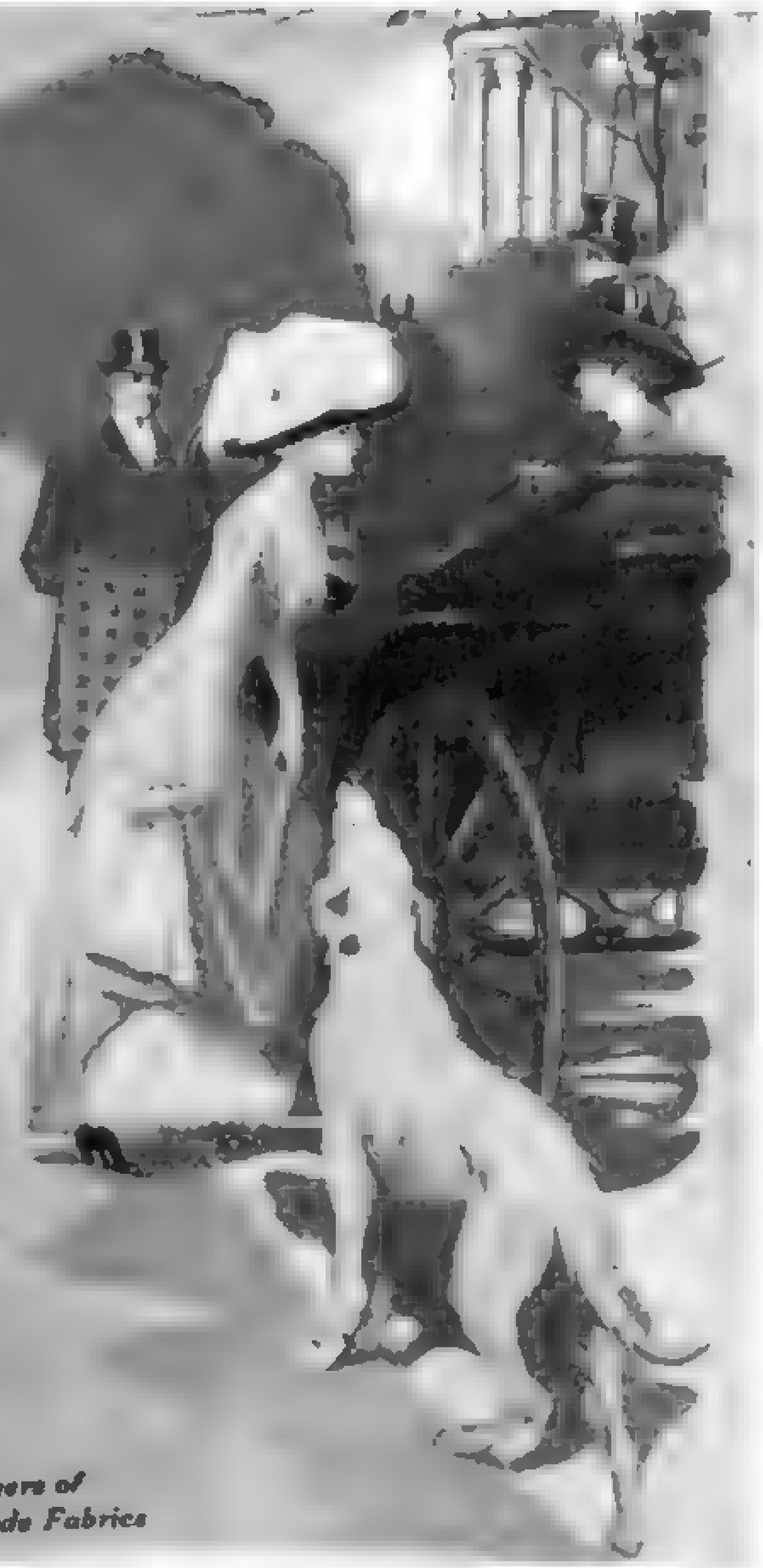

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Special Taxi-cab Service.

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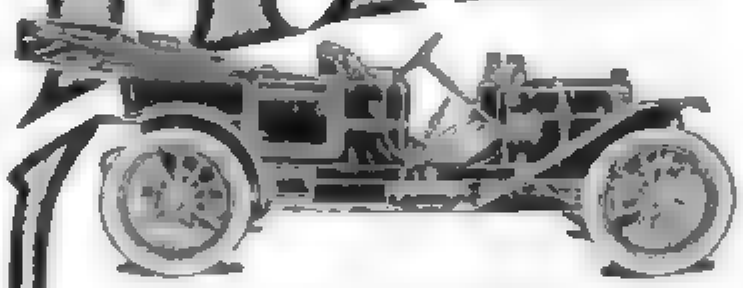

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We sell direct only—factory to you, saving you all dealers' and jobbers' profits, expensive packing and ⅔ the freight. You put the finished sections together and apply your choice of seven stains (sent free). The result is handsome, substantial furniture of the highest grade at less than half the cost of common-place. QUARTER-sawed WHITE Oak—rich in beautiful flake and grain—is used throughout. You see just what you get—it's honest all through. Our Name and Guarantee back every piece—your money back any time you say. Try our way ONCE—that's the proof.

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WRITE TODAY for beautiful catalog, free. COME-PACKT FURNITURE CO., 314 Edwin St., Ann Arbor, Mich.

MIGUEL

(Continued from Page 13)

"Rats!" with extraordinary gusto, and, so far from being cast down or disheartened, accepted the fiat of the head of the house of Barrea with a joy extremely puzzling to the cowboy. Hank drew in a long breath as though making preparation for combat, said "Good!" two or three times and tucked in his shirt, which had contracted a habit of straying generously over the posterior portion of his overalls.

"We will now give this low-down Barrea," he announced with solemnity, "me an' you, we will give this ol' rat a few samples of trust methods. A love trust—me an' you. How does that sound? What're you staring at? Ain't that shirt all in?"

"What are trust methods?" inquired Miguel innocently.

Hank hung his head for shame of such ignorance and led Miguel to a secluded corner of Baptismo's, where he elucidated much that had been unguessed possibilities to this simple child of Nature. The cowman's interest in his employee's wooing appeared to be disproportionate to their relationship; but then Hank had spent two days in town and was actuated, moreover, by reasons of a private character.

"If you get the girl you can put a stop to Barrea's stealin' my cattle, perhaps," he told Miguel

Miguel was profuse in his gratitude. He flung his arms about Hank and patted him on the back between the shoulders, and the cowman permitted this caress phlegmatically, being used to the demonstration. After leaving him the vaquero went alertly about his business.

This business did not take him to Paulo's home, nor did he attempt to win over the haughty Barrea. But he wrote a note—ah, what a respectfully tender missive that was!—and by the perfidious employment of a quirt as a gift to Pedro, the brother, he had it conveyed to his love by stealth. For a whole day he hung about the neighborhood with the aspect of a chicken-thief, awaiting an answer. Did she smile on his suit? If so, then she would surely give a sign. Supposing the wretched boy —— At that moment he espied Pedro darting in pursuit of a runaway goat.

"No," said Pedro, a true son of his father, "there is nothing. It may be that she sent something. I cannot recall."

One of poor Miguel's last dollars slipped into the nimble little palm—and there, nestling softly between the vaquero's calloused fingers, was a rose. For once Miguel did not go into raptures, exclaiming to the skies. A sudden realization of what this meant, of the completeness of her surrender and the trust she reposed in him to defy her family's authority thus, sobered his elation so that his every thought was of her alone, and every thought was big and tender. He raised the flower slowly to his lips, then put it away.

Of this part of his doings he said nothing to Señor Hank, the Señor lacking somewhat of sentiment; but he did not permit emotion to stay the practical operation of their plans. He took horse and publicly announced his intent to return to the ranch, and set out, followed by Hank's impassioned warnings to go straight and stay there until he should come, if Miguel placed any value on his neck. The cowman shouted these instructions in a loud voice in the street, that he who loitered might hear.

In the fag-end of a day Barrea discovered that the stream watering his pastures was no more. His cattle were walking the fences. Above, in the mountains, a diminutive landslide had dammed the channel, diverting the current to a Tumbling K tank. Barrea was obliged to dig for water, which undertaking drained shekels from his hoarded store.

While this happening was curious, it was as nothing to the mystery surrounding the fate of certain calves Barrea had penned. These excellent animals had been scarcely weaned—as to that, Barrea's cows knew nothing—and were awaiting the branding irons, when the corral in which they were confined discovered an unexpected weakness, and they were gone. The victim had urgent reasons for not desiring publicity in the matter of these calves, and refrained from all questioning or action thereon. But in his home he expatiated on the unscrupulous character of foreign competition.

Then, lo and behold, he was haled to the *juzgado civil* to answer a charge of manufacturing *mescal*. A little, a dozen drops only, he had made for his private needs, but that this should be held against him by Eduardo, an old friend, who himself had drunk of it —— Barrea shed tears. The *presidente*, who drew twenty-five dollars each month from the American company on general principles, and feared it more than he liked Barrea, was deaf to this appeal. Besides, he considered the reminder to be in very bad taste. The law had been infringed on, and he fined Barrea.

Thus it came about that when Miguel returned to town at the end of three weeks on an errand for the boss, a distracted citizen waited upon him in Baptismo's place

"Ah, Miguel, it is you. I am rejoiced," exclaimed Barrea, patting his back and shoulders. "I once did you an injustice, Miguel. And my poor Paulo! She is sick of the heart. She ——"

"You will give her to me?" was the eager demand. There was a husk in Miguel's voice.

"If it must be it must. But she will have no dower. Understand that. She ——"

"No," interrupted Miguel. He would have given all he expected to have on earth for Paulo, just as she stood in her plain blue dress; but when Señor Hank gave an order it was an order.

"No, I have changed my mind," said Miguel easily. "It is not for me she grieves. And a very beautiful lady in Santa Rosa ——"

"Bah!" burst out Barrea, unable to control himself longer, and stalked from the bar.

"There is the Black Strip, Señor Barrea. Do not forget that," Miguel called after him. "It was my father's and grandfather's, that land."

About this time some of Barrea's most prized yearlings began to flaunt strange contortions of brands. It was monstrous. The work was so clumsily done that the most unsophisticated eye could discern where the new irons had been run over on a wet blanket. There was recourse to law open to him on this, and Barrea had ample suspicions; but he could secure no positive evidence to corroborate them, and, moreover, he entertained a vast distrust of the law and courts by reason of what might be hauled forth to the light of day besides his own grievance.

Then some person or persons cut four miles of his fence and made off with the wire, which is a heinous thing to do. Barrea sent his lamentations echoing up and down the street and, blind now to his own vulnerability, ran about crying for justice.

"Pish, Barrea!" exclaimed the *presidente*. "Did not I and you totally destroy eleven miles of fence belonging to the Señor Smith? In the nineties, it was."

Suddenly Miguel appeared a league beyond the town limits with a herd of three thousand steers that the Tumbling K had purchased in the south and destined for Arizona, there to be wintered. His friends learned with an augmentation of respect that the fearless vaquero had been promoted trail boss; through the blue of evening they could see the dust boiling up where the army of cattle approached. From it came a continuous, mumbling murmur, pierced at intervals by the shrill cries of the impatient drags. Miguel bedded the herd down on the borders of Barrea's fields, despite the latter's frenzied protests, remarking, merely, on the lovely nature of the night.

Some fool or fiend—he was the latter, Barrea held—handled a slicker carelessly as the steers were settling to rest, and the herd got to its feet as one, and went through Barrea's grain and the pasture beyond like a tornado. Three thousand maddened brutes charging in a compact mass over the crops—Barrea tore his beard and wailed Ruined was the corn; crushed the wheat; and his cattle, the beautiful hundred graded Herefords of which he had been so proud—they, too, were gone, swept away in that wild stampede.

"And the night was clear," he whined to his wife. "What could start them?"

Wonderful, indeed, was the skill of the new trail boss. Leading his men at reckless speed over ground broken and gaping with fissures and holes and dry creek channels went Miguel, and headed and milled the cattle two miles to the north. Next morning he made a count and reported by a

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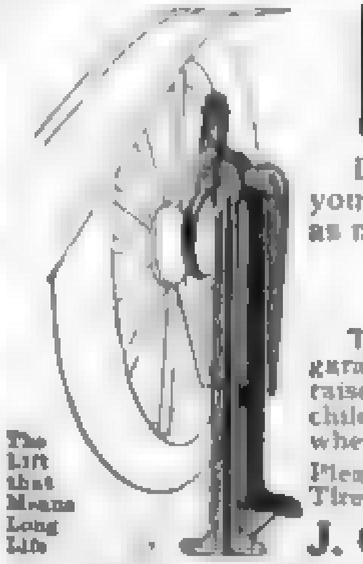

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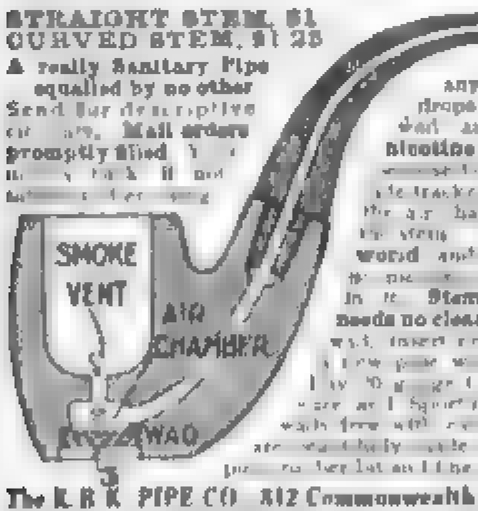

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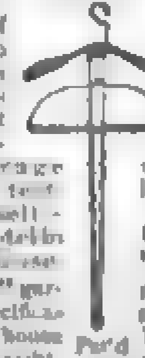

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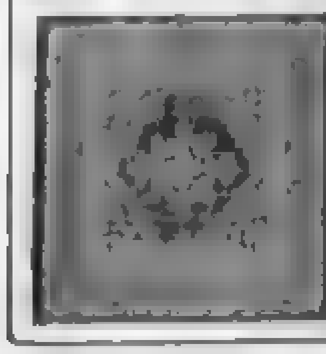

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rider to Señor Hank that none was lost. In fact, their numbers were swelled by ninety-odd of high grade; a circumstance that Miguel regarded with complacence as a special dispensation of Providence. He took his herd north, rejoicing, and passed it across the border. Barrea sought him at the Tumbling K headquarters; not the Barrea of the river-bank, but a chastened, conciliating individual.

"Take her, Miguel. For the love of Heaven, take her. She is sick of the heart. My poor Paulo. She will never be happy unless."

"And the Black Strip?"

"It is your wedding portion," said Barrea, grimacing. "In truth, it was your father's, anyway. So I give you joy."

Miguel waited to hear no more, but leaped on Corazón and spurred to town. What bliss was his! It might be supposed that the presence of Señora Barrea, sitting stony-faced throughout that interview, would have damped his ardor, but they little know Miguel who so think. There was his Paulo, rosy and radiant, listening in awed admiration to the conqueror's easy flow of conversation. She had scarcely courage to look at him, this hero who had defied her father. And when she thought on how he, Miguel, had chosen her to be his wife, she trembled with pride and a loving desire to be found worthy of it. It was an honor too overwhelming for a simple girl—he to stoop to her—the man who was backed by the army and entire American nation. This she had on unquestionable authority, Pedro having confided it to her. Indeed, Pedro made boast of this to his playmates, and earned a bloody nose maintaining the contention against sneering cavilers.

"Good!" was all Señor Hank would say when informed of the result. "You can't buck modern methods, Miguel. No use trying."

One evening as he departed ceremoniously from a delicious hour spent with Paulo and her mamma, Miguel was waylaid by Barrea in the hall.

"What do you do now, Miguel?" he asked craftily.

"I bring you some calves soon," replied the vaquero. "A few Señor Hank has presented me with. Also, some Herefords that are not of our herds."

Barrea studied him. Miguel bore the scrutiny with a grin.

"Señor Barrea," he said, suddenly grave, "why do we not buy cattle in the south, you and I, and bring them over the trail to the line, to sell there? We make forty per cent on the money we spend alone."

"Alone? On the money we spend alone?" repeated Barrea in eager curiosity. "What do you mean, Miguel?"

"I have remarked that when Señor Hank buys in the south—let us say—two thousand head—they have multiplied to twenty-four hundred by the time he reaches the border. Yes, even though they be male cattle, steers and bulls."

"Ay, curse him!" said Barrea in a fiery whisper. "And where do they come from? A hundred of mine own, the most extraordinary steers, big as mountains, agile as goats, white of face. . . . Ah, the robber! The thief! The blackguard!"

"It is trust methods, Barrea," explained Miguel soothingly. "Yes, it is as I say. Señor Hank explained it all to me clearly. He has said it is right and the custom among live ones—which is to say, those who are adept. Now, let us, therefore, take what money you have and seek cattle from the ignorant fools to the south."

"Miguel, you are your father's own boy," cried Barrea with emotion, and his hand grasped that of his prospective son-in-law in generous admiration and a solemn pact.

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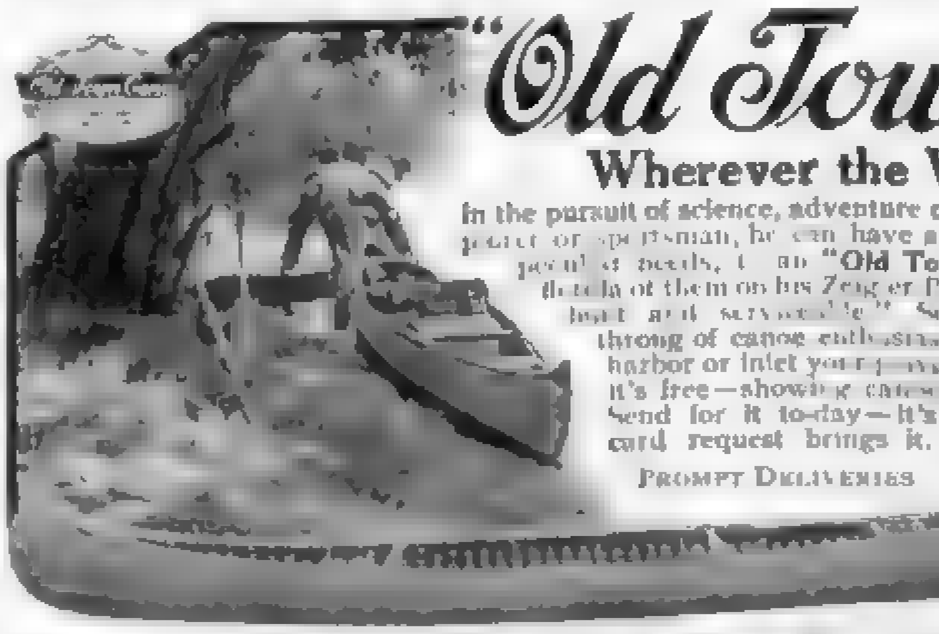

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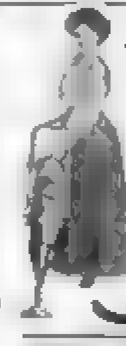

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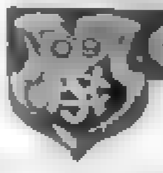

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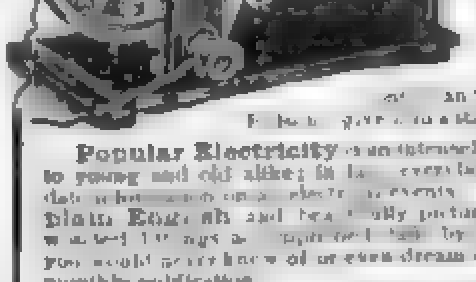

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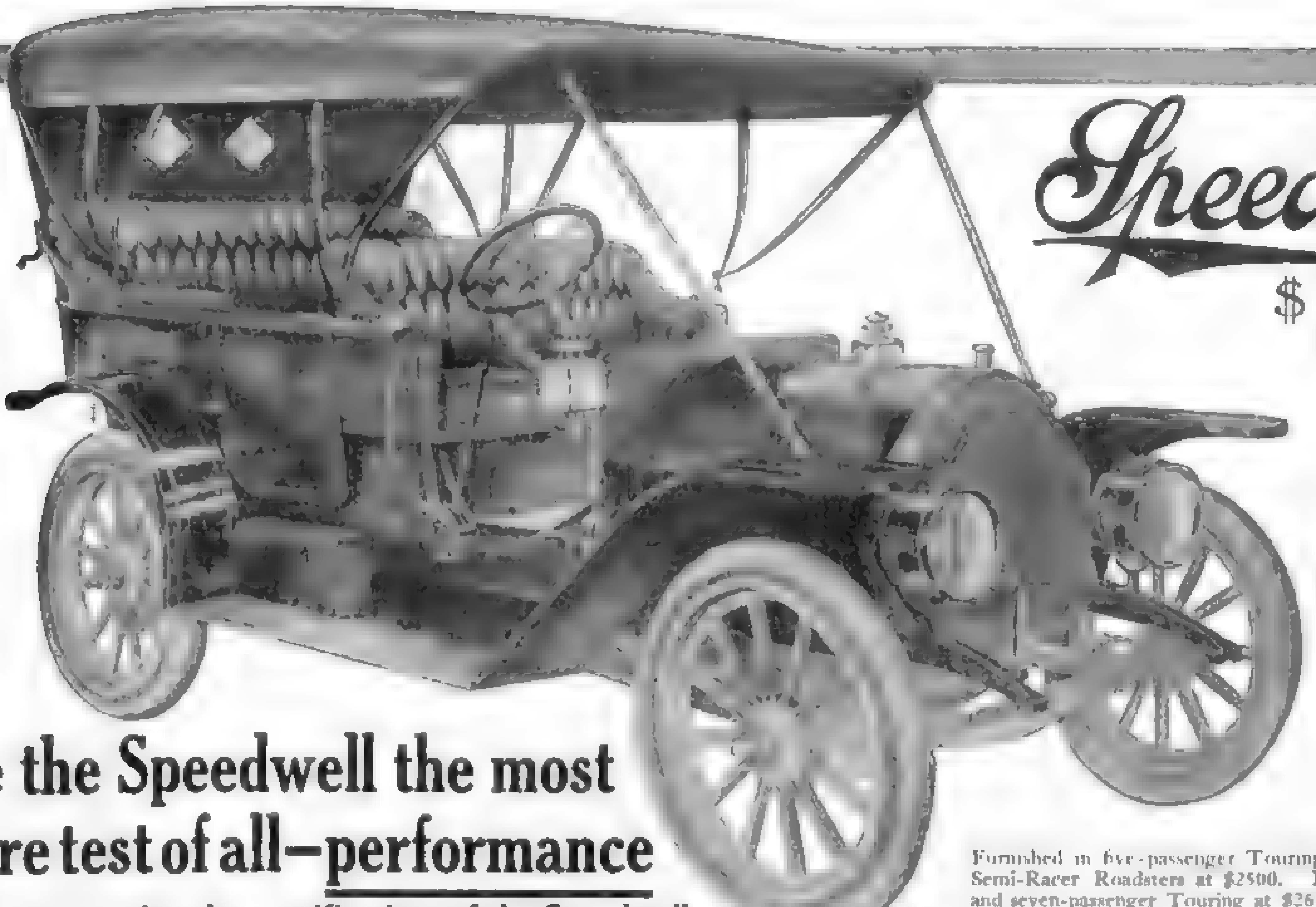

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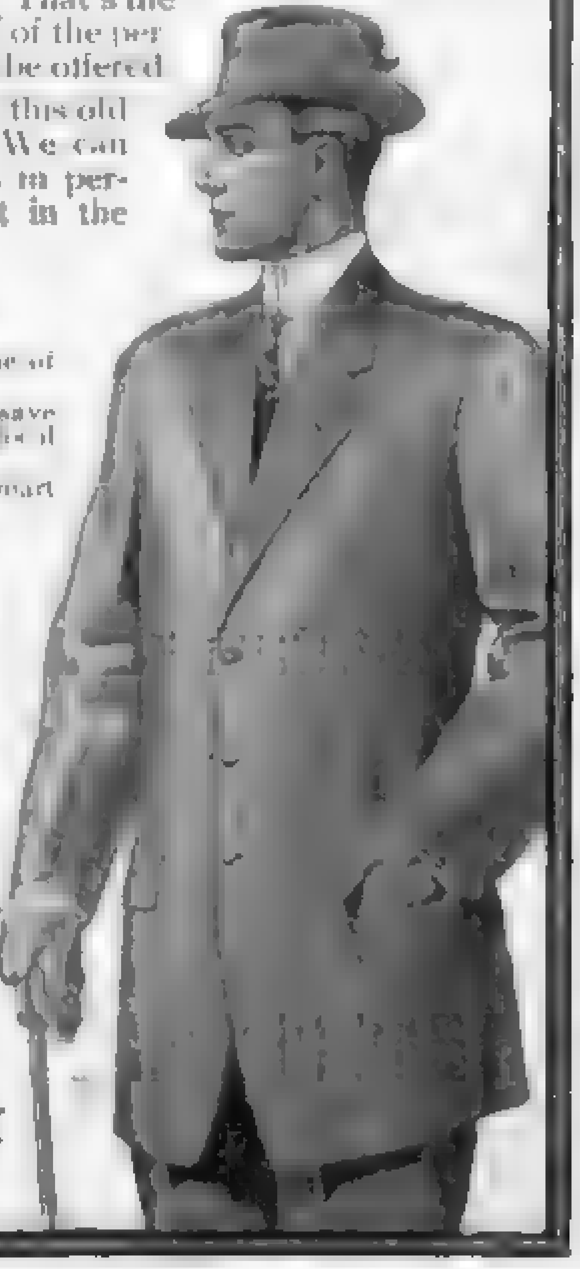

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The Sheldon School
514 Republic Building Chicago, Ills.

WIVES ACROSS THE SEA

(Continued from Page 7)

has not been active, like the Frenchwoman, in the history of her country; she has not helped sway political destinies, as have some Englishwomen; she has just been her husband's humble and willing slave. The Englishwoman looks on her husband as head of the family, as master; the German wife looks on her lord as a demigod. It is not unheard of for a country nobleman to come in from hunting and, if no maidservant is at hand, calmly sit down and stretch out his muddy boots for the baroness to remove. Yet domestic despotism is the logical outcome of a nation where for two hundred years Government service, civil and military, has been the chief factor of evolution to national greatness, and where a male citizen from his seventeenth to his forty-fifth year is liable for military duty. The German's great passion is national aspiration. The state must order a man's daily living and secure social justice. Therefore, in Germany, the policeman keeps his benevolent paw upon citizen and visitor, pointing out that half of one's natural impulses are *verboten*, or forbidden. An American may be amused when an official harries him off a seat in a park on which is written "For children only," and then off another which is "For nurses and children," and then makes him pick up a tiny piece of paper he has dropped as he opened a letter. He may even regard it as a joke if, on referring to the Emperor as "Bill," a policeman informs him that he must not commit lese-majesty. But he could never thrive on being eternally *verboten*, as the Germans seem to.

Newspaper Marriage Marts

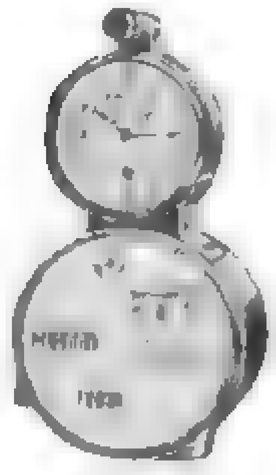
From the beginning the little German girl is trained for matrimony. "Eat your fish fresh and marry your daughter while she is young," runs the German proverb. The girl, coming from a race of practical-minded, deft-handed people with a counterbalance of idealism, has her dreams of a fairy prince. They dwindle and fade in the face of realities till at last she is glad to marry a sober business man from ten to thirty years her senior. This discrepancy in years is due to the circumstance that a man in Germany, according to Government regulations, must spend so many years in preparation for his profession that by the time he is able to support a wife he is at the age when an American man has already made the initial success of his career. But men and women are anxious enough to marry. When other hope fails some of them advertise, for many German newspapers have a kind of marriage market in their columns. Such advertisements read:

> I am still young, strong, and with a fortune of twelve thousand marks. How shall I go about getting a husband? Kind advice sought by—— and so on.

> A Jewish lady of twenty-five, beautiful, with a dowry of two hundred thousand marks, would like to marry a man of title and good family. She would be willing to be baptized into his religion. A meeting must be arranged for in a dignified manner.

> The manager of a good business would like to marry a pretty widow, very strong, weighing about one hundred and eighty, but of good figure, and with a fortune of a few thousand marks.

There is something attractive in seeing the German *Hausfrau* at her duties, even if she has not the American walk and the American figure. She sets off in the morning with a little servant who carries a net, and into this she pours the product of her marketing—fish, potatoes, all sorts of things which she prices and pokes, bless her heart, as if the loss of a *Pfennig* in a bargain would, somehow, imperil her standing at home. She spends hours in her preserve and linen closets, and hours more in superintending the preparation of the meals and in looking after the children, but almost no time in real companionship with her husband. He does not want her companionship; he wants only obedience and loyalty and admiration, and all this she gives him, for she wants a harmonious home. If she does read books or take an intelligent interest in public questions she is careful to let him think that all she knows or cares about she got from him,



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The Auto-Meter Costs More

Model M

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For the fact is everywhere acknowledged that the Auto-Meter is the aristocrat of speed indicators.

Let us see what merit there is in this cry of cheapness.

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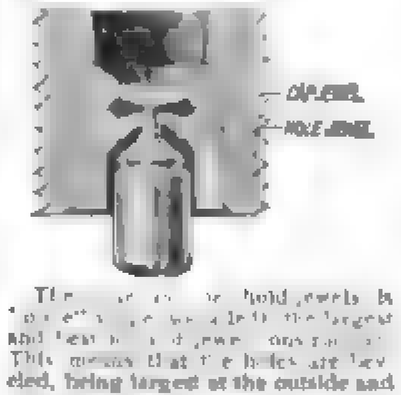

The [illegible] hold jewels is [illegible] the largest and best [illegible]. This means that the holes are beveled, being largest at the outside and tapering toward the center, so that while a body of sapphire is used large enough to withstand breakage, the actual bearing surface which comes in contact with the pivot is [illegible] a hair's breadth. The end of the pivot which comes in contact with the cap jewel is rounded, so that the end or thrust bearing is a mere point. Watchmakers have found that this construction comes so near to eliminating friction entirely that no machine has been devised sensitive enough to measure or indicate the degree of friction which exists.

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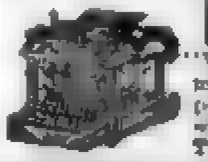

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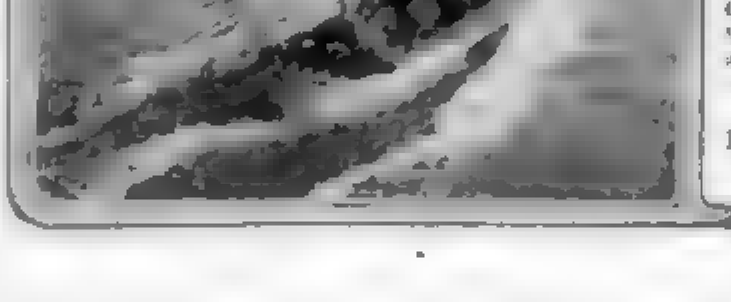

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and keeps at because she likes to follow in his footsteps from afar

And certainly she is successful in her catering. She serves five meals: a simple breakfast of coffee and rolls eaten between seven and nine; a second breakfast at about eleven of sandwiches, sausages, eggs and beer; dinner at about two, when the *Hausfrau* watches anxiously the face of her husband, for this is the chief meal of the day and he must be pleased, especially with the soup. It is a poor housekeeper in Germany who repeats the same kind of soup oftener than once in two weeks. She has plenty of hot dishes of meat and vegetables, few puddings and sweets, but sufficient fruit and conserves. At four o'clock come coffee and cake, and at eight a substantial supper of cold meats, fish salads, rye bread and beer.

The German parents are very ambitious for their children. They want to educate their boys thoroughly—hence the multitudes of young men in the hundred university corps, who drink so much beer without getting drunk, who spend the mornings in sword practice and graduate with their nice, pink faces all seamed with *Schläger* cuts, and yet with a good deal of knowledge, too. These parents want to give their daughters sufficient money to enable them to marry well. They value whatever social distinctions they possess, and they expect their titles to be remembered. Herr Schilling, who is a university professor and a Privy Councillor, expects to be addressed as "Herr Privy Councillor Professor Doctor Schilling." And a young army lieutenant, whether he pays his bills or not, expects a letter from a tradesman to read: "The undersigned permits himself to inform your highly-born, noble self that your honored writing has received respectful attention."

It is the aim of professional families to be, whenever possible, absorbed into army families, for in Germany the army is the nation, and by virtue of it the German officer has a superior social position. When he wishes to join a club he is not to be balloted for like a plain man; his eligibility must not be questioned. As he walks along the street the young lieutenant expects the gray-haired professor of international fame to give way to him; if he does not he may find himself jolted off the sidewalk.

The Officers' Wives

The German officer's wife has more freedom than her inferior sisters of the professions and trades. For one thing, she generally has sufficient money in her own right and, above all, she can amuse herself during Bath Season—that very serious institution which coincides with the school holidays. In early spring she picks out the resort which is gayest or where most of her friends are going, and informs her doctor that she is troubled with the illness for which the resort is a cure—gout for Homburg, rheumatism for Baden-Baden, liver for Gastein in Austria, or nerves for Wiesbaden. The doctor, if pliable, informs the husband, who, after she is gone, is called a straw widower. These ladies are generally cosmopolitan, with a taste for the Austrians, those charming waltzers, perfect whips and great hunters; and with a taste, too, for the social graces of the French. Their linen and preserve closets do not weigh on their minds, and yet it is a question whether they are any more their husbands' companions than their middle-class sisters.

Patriarchal though the German domesticity is, there is something pleasant about it, especially when the family is in some semi-public place and strictness is a bit relaxed. The Germans regard the theater from the educational standpoint; sensational plays there are unknown, and a theater will often present a new play every night, while stock companies abound in which the whole cast is not subordinated to one particular star. Therefore the German family in its lighter moments is not to be found at the theater, but in some concert hall, where they all imbibe beer and listen to good, classical music. There is a vein of sentiment in the Germans that comes out here, and in their poetry and drama. Overgoverned they are, from an American standpoint, overdisciplined at school, individuals, it would seem, only because it has not pleased Providence to make a nation all of one piece of flesh and blood. And yet they can burst out emotionally in a way impossible to the English. This they seem to do at intervals

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when they forget all that is *verboten;* but the ones who do *so* burst out are almost never the plump ladies whose career, their Emperor says, should be confined to children, church and cooking.

Home is not such an important national institution in Italy as it is in Germany, England and France. There is no word in Italian which exactly corresponds to the word "home"—perhaps because the Italians spend so much time out of their houses, in the streets and in cafés, and in calling on other people. Yet there is a great deal of family feeling among them—in the case of aristocrats, whole families often live together in one house or palace, the father occupying the first floor with his unmarried children, while the married children have the upper stories. The homes of Italians are often unattractive, though they do not seem aware of it. The houses of the aristocrats are liable to be empty, moth-eaten and cold. In middle-class interiors flourish paper flowers under glass, magenta vases, brown rep sofas, pink cotton-velvet chairs, walls staring red and green in color, bearing family photographs, and, in all available places, antimacassars worked in wool. When one reflects that these middle-class Italians care very little for any art but music, though one knows the excuse of poverty, wars and politics, it is hard to believe that this nation produced Dante and Giotto, Benvenuto Cellini and Michelangelo.

Interesting people, the Italians; a curious combination of the highly primitive and the highly civilized, complex, keen of intelligence, with beautiful manners and fine sensibilities. At the same time under their skins is that quality of superstition and wildness that made Pan of the woods. They are more naïve than the French, with more real warmth of temperament and less balance, more fervent feeling in poetry, nature and love, and more excess. It is a hard task for the other nations to remember that Italy has grown up.

An Italian husband, whatever his class, is usually much better educated than his wife. Married couples do not have so much in common as French couples, but even if they occasionally quarrel and threaten to part forever, they are held together by their love for their children.

Italian Social Customs

Among the aristocrats living is rather a decorous thing; girls are brought up even more strictly than in France, and are handed over to the husbands chosen for them with about the same amount of education as their great-grandmothers received. Boys are better educated, but are carefully guarded, not being allowed to go anywhere unattended till they are sixteen or seventeen, though at fifteen they are taken to make formal calls on their mother's friends. The girl finds her career only in marriage. The boy finds his usually in the army or the navy; it is usually a great sorrow to his family if a baron takes to bottling wine or olives. The young men may idle and half starve, but the parents' carriage must be kept up, and often four noble families will share a carriage, each family, before its outing, putting on its own carriage doors, emblazoned with a magnificent coat of arms.

Good society in Italy is not really very exclusive. A rich man, whoever he may be, may enter the inner circles if he cares to; but once there he will find that he must respect the cast-iron social traditions. And one tradition is the necessity of keeping the family name and glory alive at all costs. This is sometimes taken advantage of by the middle-class man. There is a certain important noble in southern Italy who began his career as a day laborer in a vineyard. He went to America, got some money and some education, and much ambition. Returning to Italy, he sought out a poor old prince who, far from his own home, was making a living as a crossing sweeper. He paid this old man to adopt him, bought cheap a landed estate, went into business and then into politics, and has now all the power and prestige that would have been his had he been born to the purple.

Middle-class families are growing more emancipated with the years. They still see that their children are escorted to and from school—a laborer will stop his work for that—but they are allowing their daughters more and more freedom in their choice of husbands and of futures. They usually bring up their children badly because they blindly adore them, and because

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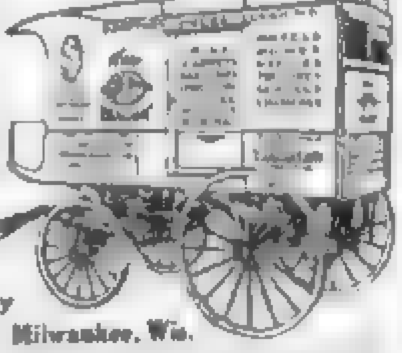

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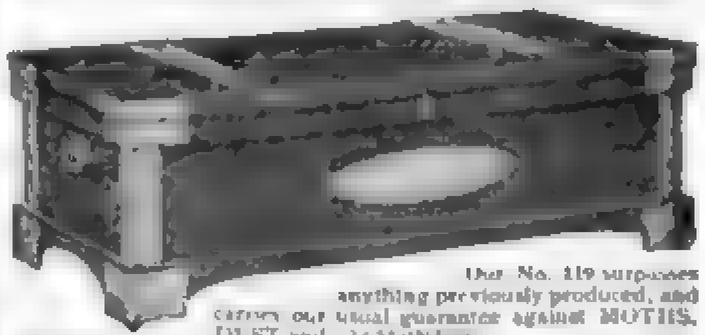

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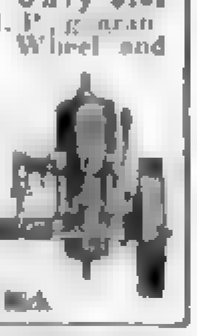

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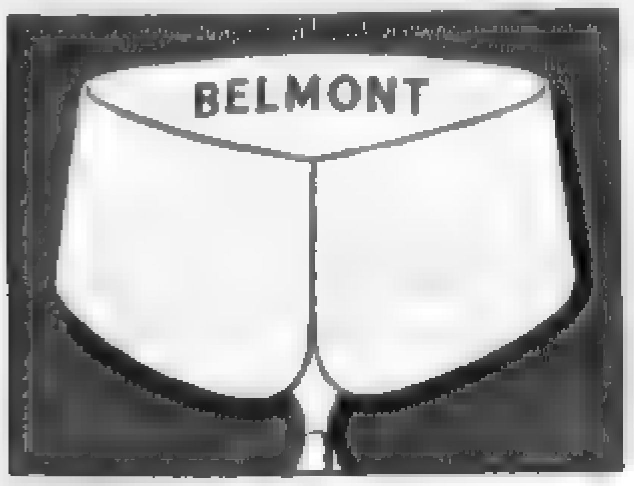

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they have little notion of discipline for themselves or for any one else. Children dine with their parents at the two real meals Italians have — luncheon some time between ten and twelve, and dinner between five and seven. If there are guests, the children are either unduly repressed, or else allowed to monopolize the conversation. Their mother may threaten, but she does not punish; on the other hand, a father will beat his son almost cruelly for getting a low mark at school. They do not seem able to find the mean between indulgence and unnecessary severity. But their conservatism is passing, for, as all classes agree, times are not what they were.

The Italians of the middle class are learning through many sources: through watching other nations, especially through the hints of their friends in America, and through studying and practicing trade; even the workmen are thinking. Italy is making progress as a nation, and as she trains herself nationally, so she will domestically. There is plenty of love in Italian households; all they need is more self-control and more common-sense.

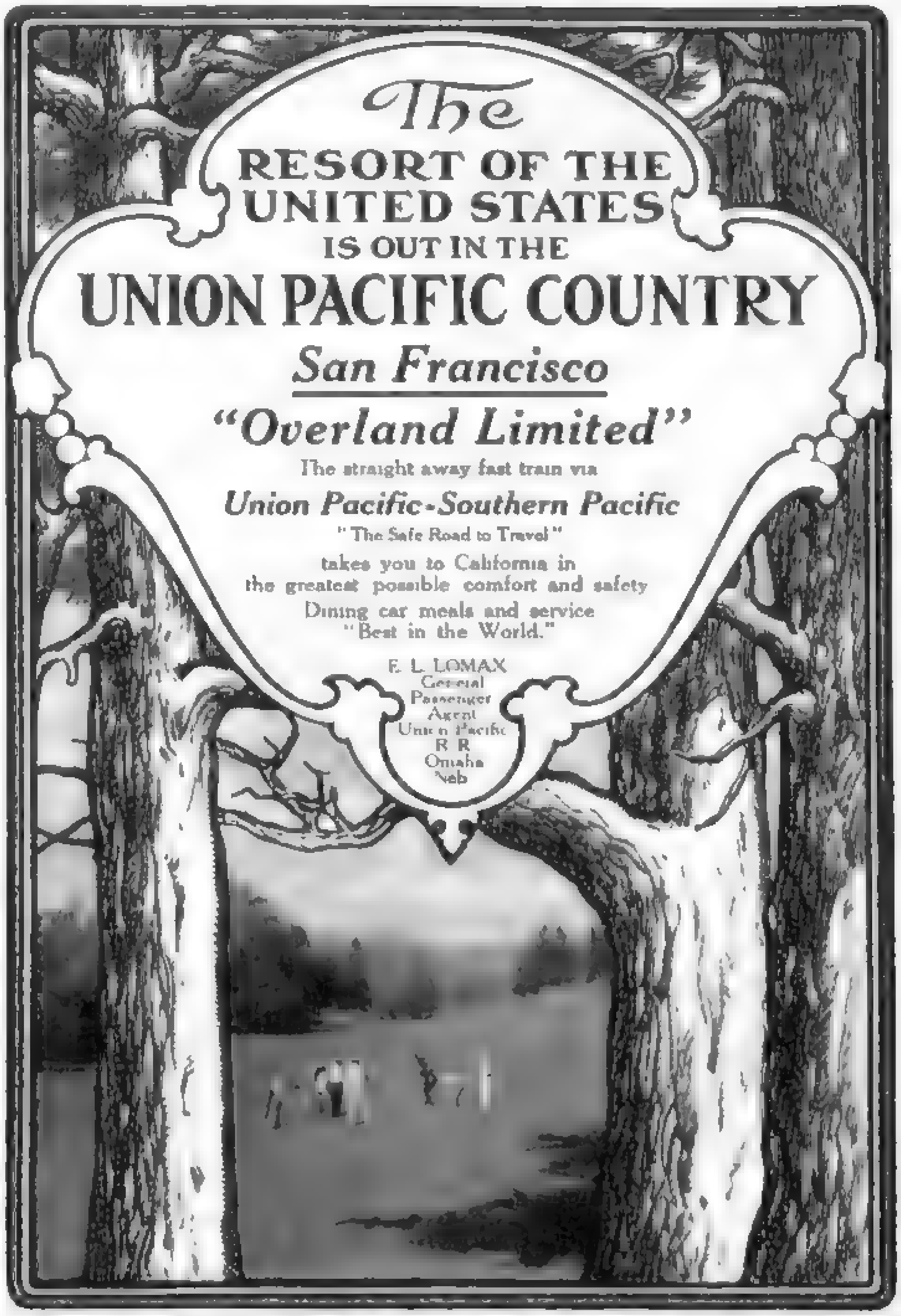
Perhaps the foreigners are right when they say that Americans allow their wives and children too much freedom, but the result is millions of happy mothers and daughters. If mothers and daughters are happy they seem to have a stimulating effect mentally on husbands and sons. Perhaps when Johnnie corrects Father before the minister, Father may have some doubts about the doctrine of the development of the individual; but Father forgets that when Johnnie is twenty-two and making his twelve hundred a year. And when all the children are gone it is pleasant for a man to have still left by the hearth a woman with a personality of her own, and with brains enough to sum up cleverly as well as lovingly the advantages of their life together.

THE HOPE OF THE CITY

(Concluded from Page 15)

in the municipal corporation in which he lives, and were to give as much attention to that corporation as he does to any other that he may hold stock in, a revolution would soon be brought about in municipal governments. Under our system of government every citizen should be a politician in the sense that he expresses an opinion in a proper way on all public questions; but no man in this country should be a politician in the sense that he trades his political influence for a living. That is the trouble with cities and states—railroads, street-car interests, brewery interests and other special interests employ able men to devote their entire time to politics. They have behind them unlimited money, and, with nothing else to do but to think out political schemes and tricks, they acquire a tremendous political influence. The more their influence can be taken away the more government for the people will be advanced. Ours is a representative form of government; it must either represent the best there is, or it is likely to represent the worst there is. Corrupt officials represent the people just as honest officials do. The corrupt official represents the activity of the lawless and the aggressiveness of special interests. In a word, he stands for the apathy, the negligence and the criminal indifference of the law-abiding. Government is representative of the good in proportion as the average morality of the average individual is aggressive; and representative of the bad in proportion as the average morality is low or lethargic.

More honest men are not needed especially, for there are plenty of honest men — in fact, the large majority are honest when they have no selfish reason to be otherwise. The need is for more citizens who can be aggressively honest. Negative honesty is the next thing to dishonesty. There is too much negative honesty and too much aggressive dishonesty. The problem of good government everywhere is to make the honest as active and aggressive as the other kind. Government of and by the people there may be, but government for the people will exist only to the extent that good men interest themselves in behalf of righteous political conditions. The hope of the city is not only to have government of and by the people, but through the aggressiveness of good people to obtain government for the people.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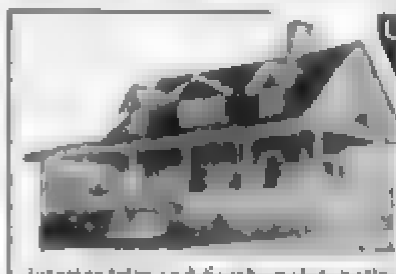

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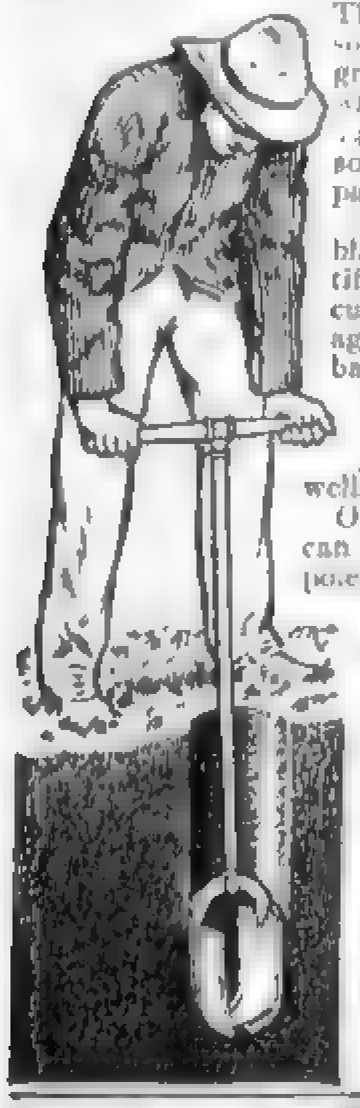

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What Our National Guard Needs

(Continued from Page 10)

The next drill should certainly be given to the subject of food. Every soldier should be able to improvise an oven, start a fire in wind and rain, make coffee in his own cup, dress a chicken, a fish or a pig for cooking, and fry bacon in his own mess-kit. The first part of a campaign to go to pot is the commissary. In the recent manœuvers even the regular army staff fell down woefully and the Guardsmen starved. It is not only on outpost duty but on bivouac that a soldier should know how to board and lodge and "find" himself.

In every company there should be a number of men thoroughly capable of cooking a varied ration, but no man should be left entirely ignorant of the rudiments of cooking. They can easily be taught in an armory.

The question of protecting the camp is too much neglected. A certain perfunctory drill in sentry duty is included in the season, but the privates go to camp with little idea of their duties. And there results a form of stage fright that turns the average sentinel into a numskull. I have seen big men tremble and stammer at the simplest problem.

More attention is usually given to precision in the guard-mount and in the precise posting and relief of the sentinels than to their instruction in the exquisitely confusing problems that confront the lone soldier on post after dark.

I think that an evening should be spent in a park or some dark outdoor region, training the men thoroughly in the actual practice of observing, halting and advancing those who approach the lines. The proper saluting of officers is too much regarded, to the neglect of the very basic principles of guard duty.

Outpost duty is even more important, for here the sentinel must see without being seen. Few officers or men have the faintest conception of the importance of this work. The cossack post is most favored in modern war, but it is hardly more than a picturesque term to most of the Guard. Here again the effort of the drill should be to get away from formula, and get down to business. The principles of cover and of secrecy should be instilled above all.

The Right Use of Maps

Closely allied to outpost duty is that of the advance and rear guard. It is pathetically beyond the practical knowledge of the Guard. Such attention as is paid to it is paid to getting into position. But the formulas are just the things not to learn. Distances must vary entirely according to the ground. And it is in this fathomless ignorance of landscape that our Guard is most dangerously confirmed. Most of the important elements of war-making are not even touched upon in drill, and the few that are grazed are outlined on a flat floor.

There was never a great soldier who did not lean hard upon maps. The National Guard has not the glimmering of a theory about them. The faculty of visualizing a region from studying a contour map is essential to the first wobbling steps of a military infant. Unless he has studied the subject at home as a pastime the National Guardsman does not even know what a contour line is.

As a real musician can look at a manuscript and hear chords, or as he can write down in black and white dots and tails the harmonies he imagines, so a soldier should be able to look at a map of the region he is coming to and see it in his mind's eye, choose the best road, choose the best points to seize or to avoid, and know what to expect. He should also be able to make a rough map of the country he passes through, to serve as a guide for those who follow or as a guide for himself on future occasions.

A military map is covered with strange, sprawling lines like the distorted circles of watered silk. The trained eye can tell at a glance the height of hills, their slope and the points they command. This knowledge is important not only to every officer who may be sent out on a reconnaissance or on detached duty, but to every private as well—for any private may be assigned to patrol work or to a scouting expedition.

The polar ice of this vast ignorance can be materially conquered in the armory by

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TO the average poultryman that would seem impossible, and when we tell you that we have actually done a $1,500 poultry business with 60 hens on a corner in the city garden 40 feet wide by 40 feet long [illegible] any one of the systems of poultry keeping recommended and practiced by the American people, [illegible] it is an easy matter when the new

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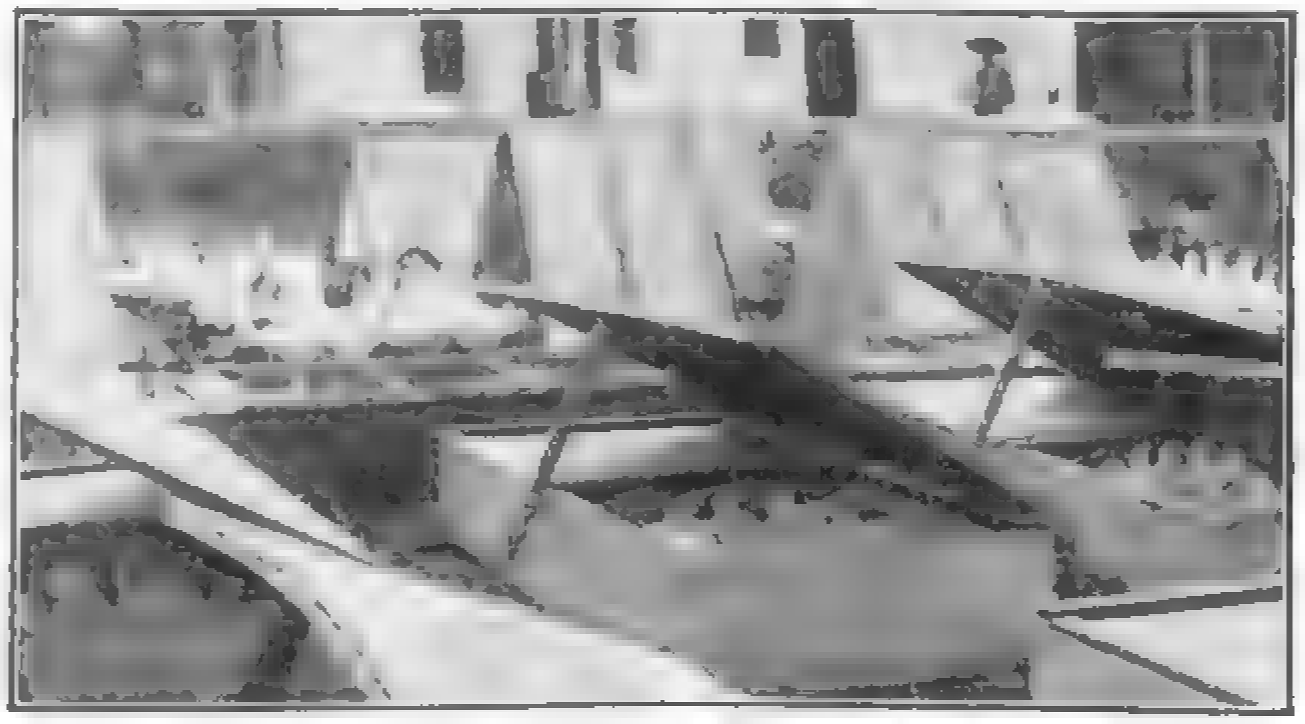

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from selecting the breeders to marketing the product. [illegible] how to make everything necessary to run the business and at less than half the cost required to handle the poultry business in any other manner.

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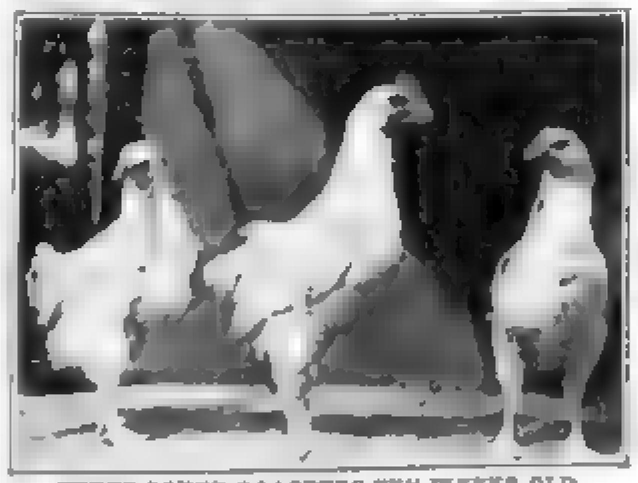

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DEAR SIR: [illegible]
Yours truly,
A. E. NELSON.

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the use of blackboards, wall maps and relief maps. There is no space here to describe what can be done and what should be done. A map of the city's chief park, with its heights and depressions, its roads and woods and waters, could be used to advantage; and every member of every company should be required to make one from his own observation.

Problems in outpost work, in patrolling and in attack and defense should then be posed.

The taking of field notes is another subject of importance that cannot be exaggerated. Captain Rhodes, in an address on the militia, has the following to say on this subject:

"It is my belief that in many companies and battalions there often come times in the long winter months when the monotony of indoor drills begins to pall, and organization commanders are oftentimes at their wits' ends to keep up a healthy interest in military work. To such the following may open up new lines of instruction:

"1. Instruct your non-commissioned officers, theoretically and practically, in the duties of patrolling. Make them tell just what they would do when they start off, and during each phase of their work; introduce new and unexpected factors, such as seeing a hostile patrol, meeting a countryman coming from the direction of the enemy; and vary the dull monotony of mere recitations. This instruction is best imparted with a good map of the country surrounding your station. Get a map of Gettysburg, and on this map have your non-commissioned officers patrol the roads and familiarize themselves with its terrain. Gradually they will become apt pupils and be ready for the war game.

"All instruction in patrolling should include practice in writing field messages. When you have been through a few manœuvers, and have discovered how dependent you are upon patrols for information, and how poorly this information is written down and transmitted, even though obtained, you will fully appreciate how necessary it is to instruct men as to (1) what information is wanted, and (2) how it should be expressed to avoid ambiguity and save time.

"2. Have your officers thoroughly understand the chapters of the Field Service Regulations dealing with orders, information, security, marches and combats. They contain the gist of what is needed in solving the manœuver problems. All officers should learn how to write or dictate orders; not that they may all be called upon to prepare formal orders in the field, but because a study of what orders should and should not contain begets a habit of thought which will stand you in good stead when orders have to be given under battle conditions. Many a battle has been lost because ambiguous or defective orders have created wrong impressions.

"3. Play the War Game. This sounds very mysterious and difficult, and probably was, in the old days of its predecessor, Kriegspiel. But as at present played in this country it is extremely simple, and as a preparation for field manœuvers, especially among officers whose duties keep them indoors for a large part of the year, it is extremely useful."

The Duty of the Umpire

"All that is needed is a large-scale map, showing physical features and roads; a few colored pins and cardboard blocks to represent troops on the map; a little book which explains how the game is conducted, and an umpire. You can buy all of these requisites from the service schools at Fort Leavenworth except the umpire, and you can find umpires among your own officers. The umpire should be an officer of experience and good judgment, capable of making decisions as to whether troops are tactically capable of moving forward, and should be able, if possible, to close the game with a few remarks summing up the mistakes which he has observed.

"The game is played usually by three or four officers on a side, one being the commander, and the others his assistants."

Rhodes then goes on to explain the conduct of this instructive pastime. I dare say that the simplest military problem of attack, defense or reconnaissance to be solved upon a map would absolutely stagger ninety-nine Guard officers out of a hundred; and that the number of non-commissioned officers or privates who could either use a map

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While our fashion-range includes all the more conservative styles, yet first and foremost we are tailors to *young* men—to men who have *young ideas* about their clothes. We make a great feature of styles especially designed for college men and others who fancy the more extreme effects.

Representatives Everywhere

Wherever you live, you can have a Spring suit or overcoat of Mayer-Cincinnati tailoring—$17.50 and up. A postal card request will bring you our booklet, "*Made-to-Measure and All-Wool*," and the name of the Mayer representative in your town or locality who has our great line of Spring and Summer fabrics.

CLARENCE MAYER & CO., Dept. B, CINCINNATI, OHIO

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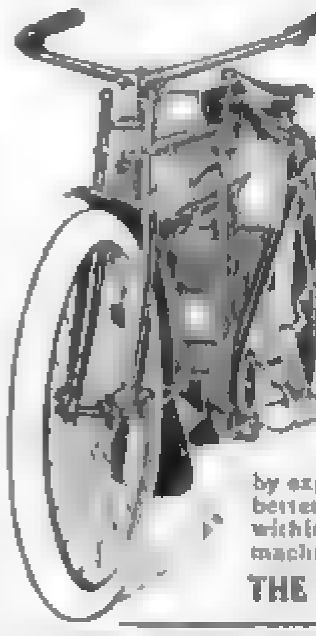

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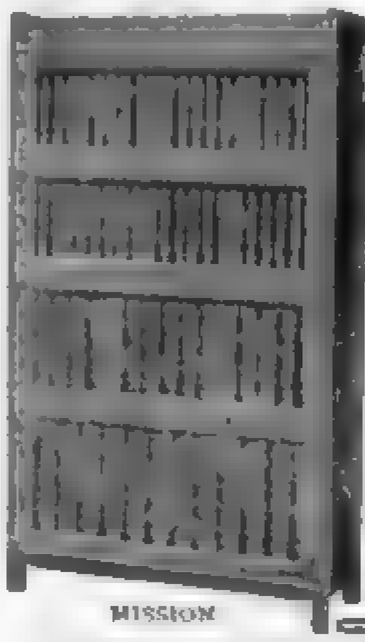
The motor of a 1910 stock Yale 3½ H. P. was started Jan. 24, at 10 A.M., in our Toledo dealer's show window. It ran without groan or grind, without a cooling device of any kind, continuously for 132 hours, or until 10 P. M., Jan. 29. Revolutions averaged 2370 per minute; cyclometer reading 2794.1 miles.

6½ H. P. Twin cylinder $300 F. O. B. Toledo
YALE
3½ H. P. Single cylinder $200 F. O. B. Toledo

Ride a Yale—They Never Fail

When we stopped the motor, the machine was taken out and without adjustment ridden for 25 minutes over the streets at 5 to 35 miles per hour. The [illegible] was examined by experts who pronounced the motor's condition perfect; motor free, compression and bearings better than when started. The Yale proved supreme in this test—as it has in every test entered within the last year, down to its remarkable repair record of 29c per machine. The Yale is the machine for you, as you will see if you will send for the literature

THE CONSOLIDATED MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 1702 Fernwood Ave., Toledo, Ohio



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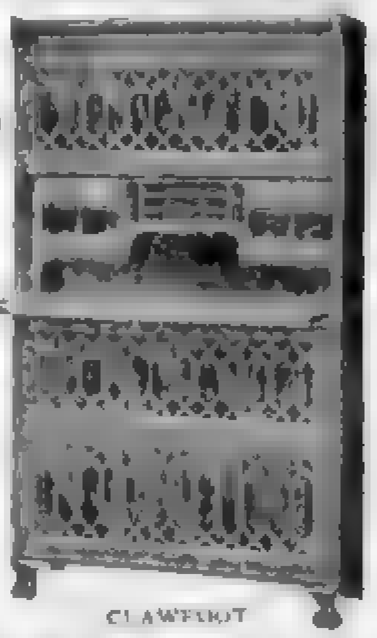

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should send for a Free Sample of Kelso Enamel Line, the best line made, and our

Free 16-Page Booklet

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The 1910 Improved

Kelso Automatic Reel

adds to the sport of fishing and increases the day's catch.

There's no such thing as a slack line for the [illegible] eak away, for the [illegible] as he comes—[illegible] handle the [illegible] is simply constructed and cannot get out of order. Fully guaranteed.

One finger does it

[illegible] express paid, for $5.00. Write for the book [illegible]

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THE NEW PERFUME

50 Times the Strength of Ordinary Perfume

One drop diffuses the odor of hundreds of blossoms and lasts for weeks.

The most exquisite perfume science ever produced. A most appropriate

EASTER GIFT

to the one you love or most admire. 4 odors: Lily of the Valley, Violet, Rose, Crabapple. Free from alcohol.

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PAUL RIEGER, 159 1st St., San Francisco

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Every woman who sends 6 cents in stamps for a copy of McCall's Magazine, "Spring Pattern Catalogue," and "Book of Premiums" will also receive 20, all [illegible]

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The McCall Company, Room 1055 McCall Building, New York City

125-Egg Incubator and Brooder Freight Paid East of Rockies Both for $10

Hot water, double walls, copper tank—best construction. Guaranteed. Write a postal today for Free Catalog. Wisconsin Incubator Co., Box 32, Racine, Wis.

or make one for scouting purposes would be so small as to be negligible.

And there is the whole world of scouting, which I cannot touch on here—the wood lore, the sense of spoor, the tricks of concealment and observation, signalling, recording, escape and communication, which every private and every officer may need infinitely on outpost or reconnaissance.

These are the things that count most in that ultimate conflict for which all this building of armories, all this buying of uniforms, all this gathering together and marching to and fro are supposed to prepare our citizens. Throughout the winter, in the cities of the land, over a hundred thousand men are meeting once a week and spending their time and energy doing the things they ought not to do and leaving undone the things they ought to do. Thousands of officers are giving commands and insisting upon details that have no practical use.

Men are being scolded because their right arms are not horizontal at "port arms" and because their left arms are not horizontal at "present"; because their thumbs are along the barrel at "port" and clasping the barrel at "present"; because there are three fingers in front of the barrel at "order" instead of two.

What a Guardsman Ought to Know

Companies are kept foolishly marking time because the pivot man turned on a fixed pivot this time and on a moving pivot that time. Thousands of dollars are spent changing the color of the shoulder-straps, or the buttons on the dress coat, or the style of the dress swordknot. Thousands of dollars are spent on railroad fares to ranges where thousands of dollars are exploded in firing at fixed targets under conditions that do not suggest warfare.

Meanwhile, the soldiers are not learning what shoes to wear, or how to cook themselves a cup of coffee; how to dig a trench, or to shoot at a moving and surreptitious enemy; how to describe what they see, or how to tell the difference on a map between a swamp and a mountain.

Here and there throughout the country there are organizations in which some of the practical phases of soldiering are taught, but this is because certain officers are independent and energetic enough to go beyond their orders. The one thing needful is that the officers at the top should compel all organizations to learn the essentials first, and drill for parade and for review in their spare time, if they have any.

Some Guardsmen have criticised me for criticising the Guard lest I hurt discipline and impede recruiting. This is the devil's own venerable objection to telling the truth. If every drill were made a lesson in things of importance recruiting would take a leap forward, and it would not be so hard to keep up a passable quota of attendance, because soldiers would feel that in missing a drill they missed something new and true and useful, instead of escaping the doldrums of hoisting the gun up and down and following one foot with another round and round. And discipline would be assured by the only and original wellspring of discipline—the feeling that the superiors know and can teach.

So Near and Yet So Far

SHE was one of those very gushing, effusive ladies who occasionally infest newspaper offices and she had been admitted into the sanctum of the managing editor of the paper on which Homer Davenport was cartoonist. Mr. Davenport was in the room at the time. When the time came for her departure she first grasped the hand of the managing editor, saying: "Good-by, Mr. Niles, good-by!"

Then, turning to the assistant managing editor, she also shook him effusively by the hand, exclaiming: "Good-by, Mr. Bliss, good-by!"

Davenport came next. There was no escape for him. "Dear Mr. Davenport, good-by!" she cried with all the delicate shading of a tragedy queen.

There was silence for a moment after she had gone. Then Davenport found his voice. "Where is she going?" he asked.

"Up to Ninety-third Street," replied the assistant managing editor.

"Suffering cats!" drawled Davenport. "What would have happened if she had been going to One-Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street?"

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Our New Catalog No. 24—it's free

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Try This Suction Sweeper In Your Home Free

This wonderful little machine cleans all floor-[illegible] thoroughly, because it combines *brushing* [illegible]

You know how hard it is to remove adhered dirt from carpets and rugs The Hoover has a rapidly revolving, soft-hair bristled brush, like that [illegible] lies up the pile of the [illegible] ns the dirt Then the power-[illegible] fan right behind the brush sucks up [illegible]—fine dust, scraps of [illegible] matches cloth cuttings and [illegible] tion opening is 12 [illegible] so you [illegible] over the floor in a [illegible] of the time usually [illegible]. The pile of the carpet is left standing upright, bright and fresh as new. There is no hard nozzle to rub off the nap—the only part of the Hoover which touches the carpet is the soft, hair brush

You simply guide the machine—the little motor does the work at an average cost of three cents a week for current. So simple you can understand and operate it the first time. We furnish extra nozzle attachments for cleaning curtains, furniture, and for blowing up pillows, mattresses and drying hair

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We let you try it FREE

[illegible] wired for electricity, send us your [illegible] we will ship you a Hoover to try [illegible] pare it in actual use with any other [illegible] If you do not find the Hoover the [illegible] ctory, return to us and we will pay express [illegible] both ways

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And a new pair Free for any pair that shows holes in that time. These [illegible] without charge,—there is no extra cost for the insurance. Simply good, honest hose that will give long wear because of special yarns and improved methods of knitting and reinforcing.

[illegible] Hose are NOT hard, heavy and coarse like most guaranteed [illegible]

MANHEIM HOSIERY MILLS
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Keystone National Bank, Manheim, Pa.

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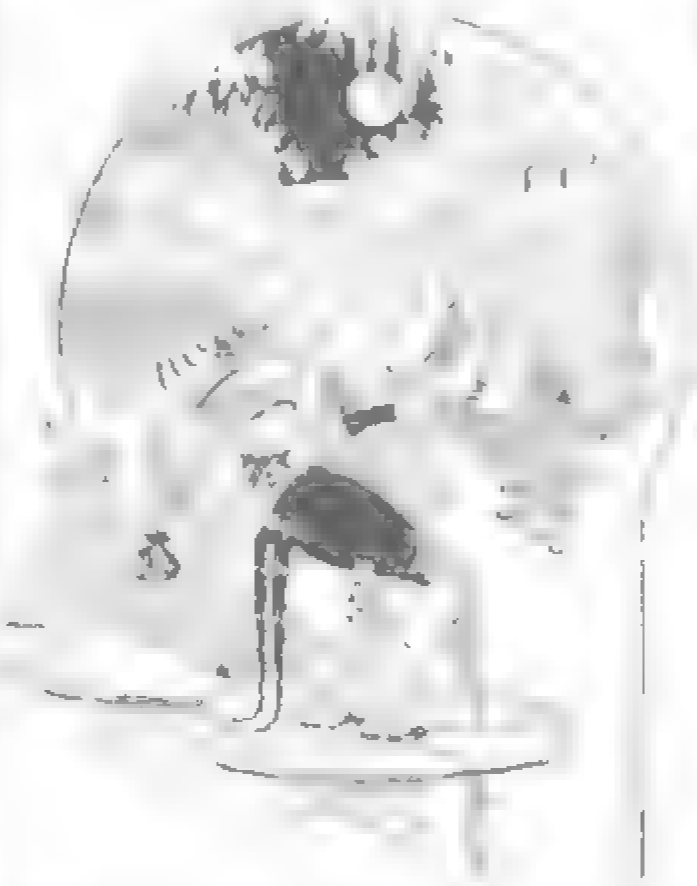
Sense and Nonsense



Young Mrs. Frog: Oh! John Dear, They're Perfectly Delightful—All Dark Rooms, Every One Guaranteed Damp, and Running Water in the Basement.

One More Sinner

WHEN Leslie M. Shaw, former Secretary of the Treasury, was Governor of Iowa he was making a speech on the tariff. A man in the audience, who had something on his mind, arose and said: "Pardon me, Mr. Governor——"

"Well," broke in Shaw, "I have pardoned a lot of people in my time and I presume it would be unjust to draw the line on you."

And there were no further interruptions.

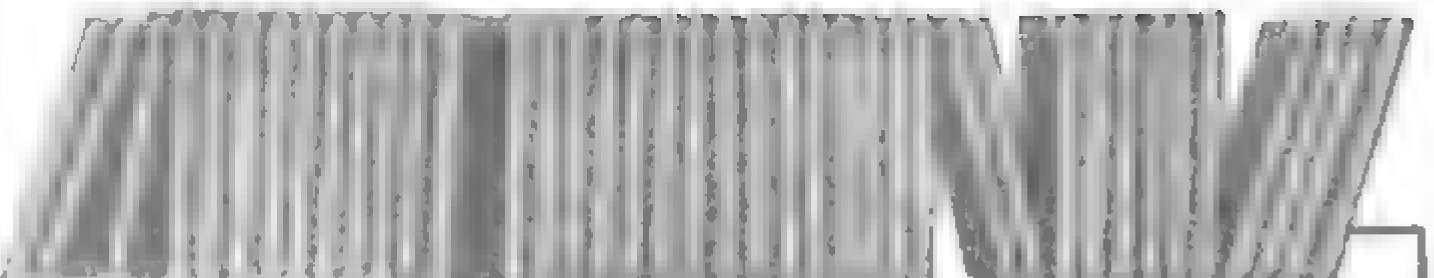
The Exile

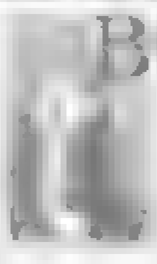
I want to go, want to go, want to go West
again,
Out where the men are the truest and best
again,
Out where my life will have savor and zest
again,
Lord, but I'm sick for it, sick for it all!
Sick to be back where my heart is unbound
again,
Somehow I'm lost and I want to be found
again
Where I belong, on my natural ground again,
Out where the men and the mountains are
tall

I want to go, want to go, want to go West
again,
Feel the brisk air in my throat and my chest
again,
Wing myself back like a bird to the nest again,
Up where it's roomy and open and grand
Up where the sunshine is golden and glorious,
Manners as bluff and as bracing as Boreas,
Nobody distant—and no one censorious,
Comradeship sure of the deep Western
brand.

I want to go, want to go, want to go West
again,
Hear the old gang with its quip and its jest
again,
Ride a good horse and be decently dressed
again—
Corduroys, stetson and old flannel shirt.
Flowers and trees—I have suffered a blight of
them,
Give me the peaks with the gray and the white
of them,
Granite and snow—I am sick for the sight of
them—
Blessed old memories—yet how they hurt.

I want to go, want to go, want to go West
again,
Up near the top of the mountainous crest
again—
Gulches and gorges and cliffs and the rest
again,
Heaving themselves in their grandeur to
view.
Let me just feel the old thrill in my breast
again,
Know old camaraderie mutely expressed again.
Gee, but I want to go, want to go West again,
Back to the mountains, old girl—and to
you! —Berton Braley.





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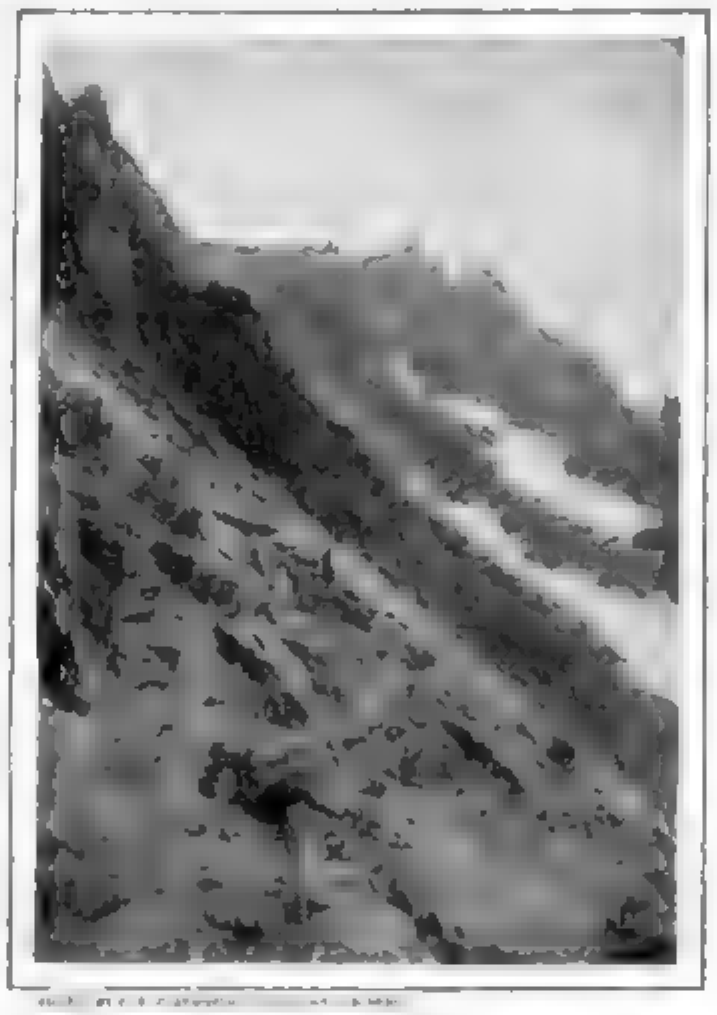
A New National Park

By Enos A. Mills



Through Long's Peak Trail, Estes Park, Colorado

ALL Nature lovers who have visited Estes Park, Colorado, will be glad to hear that Congress is being urged to make of it and its mountainous surroundings a National Park and game preserve. Favorable action concerning this plan is hoped for during this session of Congress.

The landowners in the Park are banded in an organization known as The Estes Park Protective and Improvement Association. This organization owns and maintains one of the best fish hatcheries in the West and annually restocks the trout streams of the park. It is active in trying to prevent forest fires and in trying to protect the wild flowers and the big game.

Members of this organization have agreed not to hunt on their own land or allow any one else to do so. The organization further offers a reward of fifty dollars for the conviction of any one who kills game on the land of any member.

After three years of effort for the welfare of Estes Park this organization had concluded that nothing less than national control can give full use of the various attractions and at the same time preserve and perpetuate these attractions.

The dimensions of this proposed park and game preserve are forty-two miles east and west by twenty-four miles north and south. This region has twenty-four miles of the Continental Divide and all of the Mummy range; and it touches the Rabbit Ear and Medicine Bow ranges. In it are a score of snow-piled peaks and upward of fifty glacier lakes. Long's Peak, king of the Rockies, is the central and most commanding point in this mountain world. It stands 14,271 feet above the tides and is more than one hundred feet higher than Pike's Peak.

In the Mountain Meadows

Chasm Lake, which is on the side of Long's Peak at an altitude of eleven thousand feet, has settings as utterly wild as those of any lake in the world. It is in a rocky rent between three granite peaks, and three thousand feet of broken walls and precipices tower above it. The cliffs and crags above the lake have flung down wreckage and strewn its shores in fierce confusion. Here and there this rocky wreckage is cemented together with winter's drifted snow. Miniature icebergs float in the lake. Here and there are mossy spaces, scattered alpine flowers, some beds of sedge, an occasional flock of white ptarmigan to soften a little the fierce wildness.

Estes Park is a mountain meadow piled with rocky points and sprinkled and grouped with pines. The Big Thompson river winds across it. Forest-robed mountains surround it, and above it stands the Continental Divide, a skyline of crags and snow.

Bierstadt, the artist, spent months among these scenes. Here, for years, Lord Dunraven had large holdings. These are the scenes described in Chapin's Mountaineering in Colorado and celebrated by the famous woman traveler, Isabella Bird-Bishop, in A Lady's Life in the Rockies. Professor Hayden, the father of the Yellowstone National Park, says of Estes Park: "Not only has Nature amply supplied this valley with features of rare beauty and surroundings of admirable grandeur, but it has thus distributed them that the eye of an artist may rest with perfect satisfaction on the completed picture presented."

Boulder Field, Long's Peak, Colorado

Lifelike Targets

FIRING at a target has its limitations. It is inanimate, for one thing, and stationary, for another. Believing that there is more to be gained in quickness and accuracy by shooting at an apparently living and moving object, an Englishman has modified the moving picture so that it is almost as good training for a law-abiding Briton's purpose as a "bad man" on a shooting rampage in a Western mining town.

The target is a roll of white paper on which are projected suitably selected moving pictures. One scene, for example, is laid in an office in which burglars, concealed behind a rifled desk, are firing with photographic noiselessness at the observer. The marksman must shoot before the moving picture burglar. A self-recording system records the marksman's shots and notes the time when he fired, and then determines whether or not he would have killed his photographic opponent in real life under the same circumstances, and whether or not by quick shooting he could successfully defend that home which is reputed to be every Englishman's castle.

Thus a soldier may practice against figures that advance and retreat, take cover and emerge from cover, run or walk or crawl, and which actually appear to be firing at him. He uses his rifle under fairly realistic conditions. Even the smoke from the enemy's rifles can be seen blowing away.

Twelve Million Cans of Hawaiian Pineapple

have been packed this season, and will be sold in the grocery stores of the United States this year. Six Years Ago only One Hundred Thousand Cans were Packed. This means that the demand for

Hawaiian Pineapple

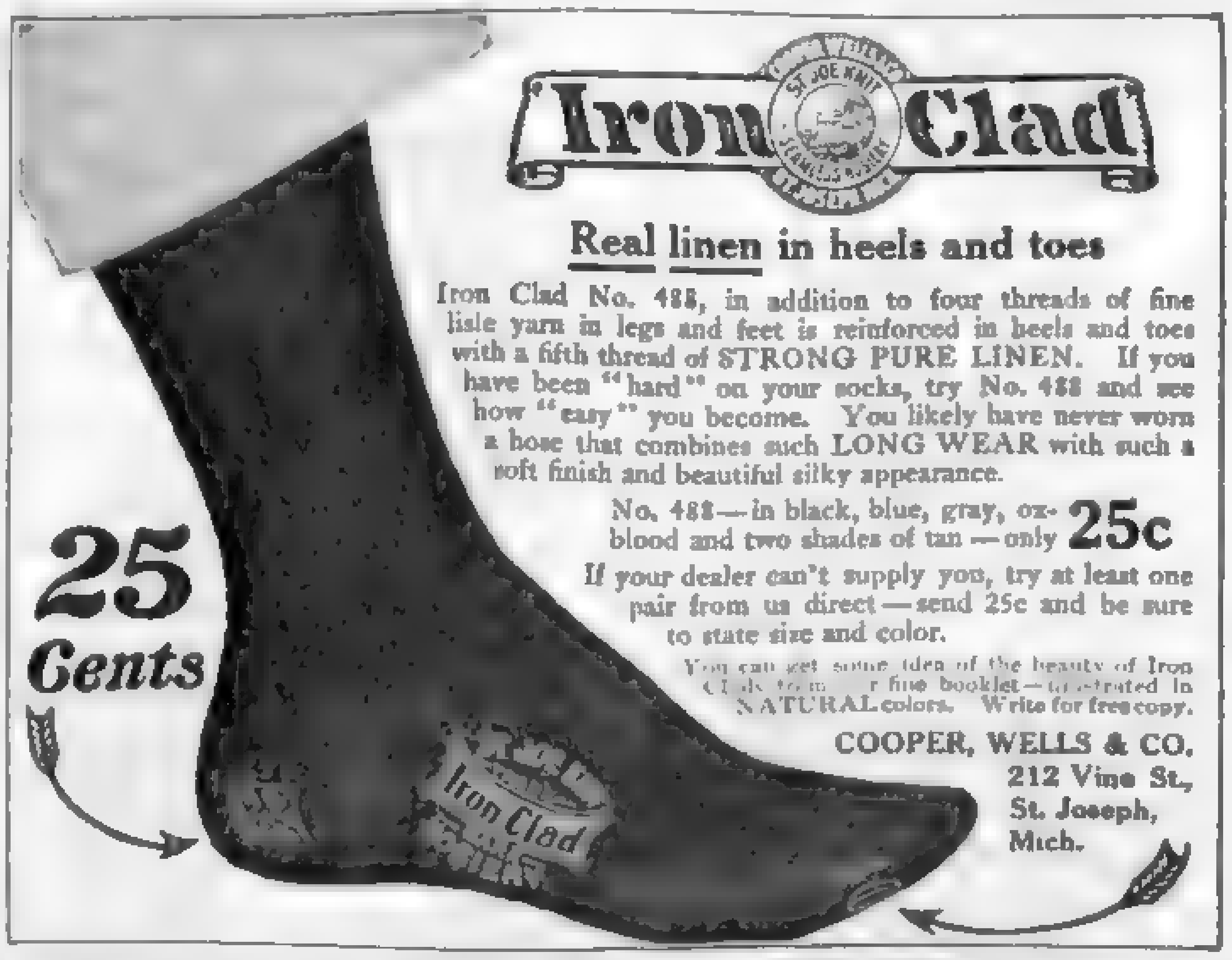
this year is 120 cans for every can packed six years ago.

12,000,000 cans sounds big, but is Only Enough to give One Can to every Seven Persons in the United States Once (a little more than a slice apiece), and we can pack no more until next summer.

Are You Going to Get Your Share Before it is Too Late? Order HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE from your Grocer TODAY. TOMORROW his supply may be gone.

Sliced, Crushed, Grated. Ready to serve as it comes from the can. Drop postal for booklet of recipes.

Hawaiian Pineapple Growers' Association, 1136 Tribune Building, New York City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No. 488 — in black, blue, gray, oxblood and two shades of tan — only 25c

If your dealer can't supply you, try at least one pair from us direct — send 25c and be sure to state size and color.

You can get some idea of the beauty of Iron Clads from our fine booklet — illustrated in NATURAL colors. Write for free copy.

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MAGAZINE MEN

Bob Davis

Arthur Train in the Woods

Clifford W. Ashley

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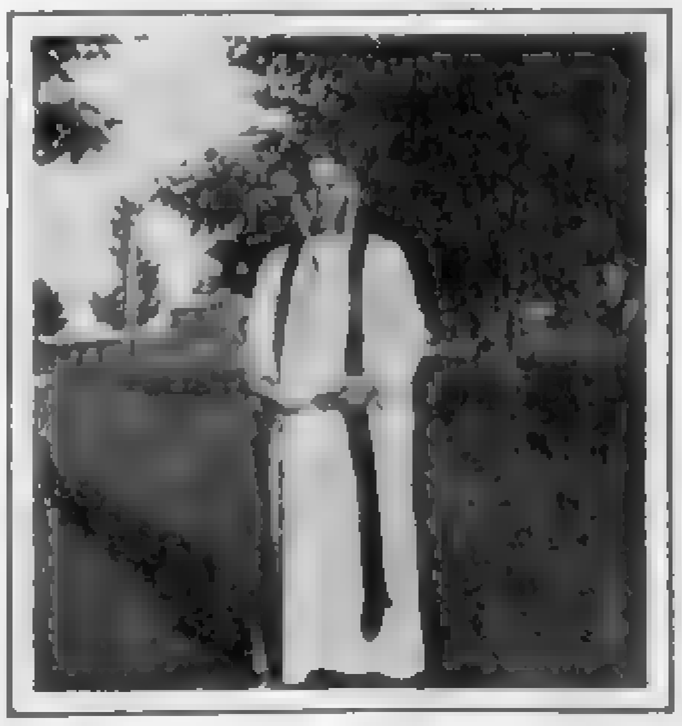
Irving Bacheller



Charles Battell Loomis

Annual Special Sale
Ostermoor Mattress

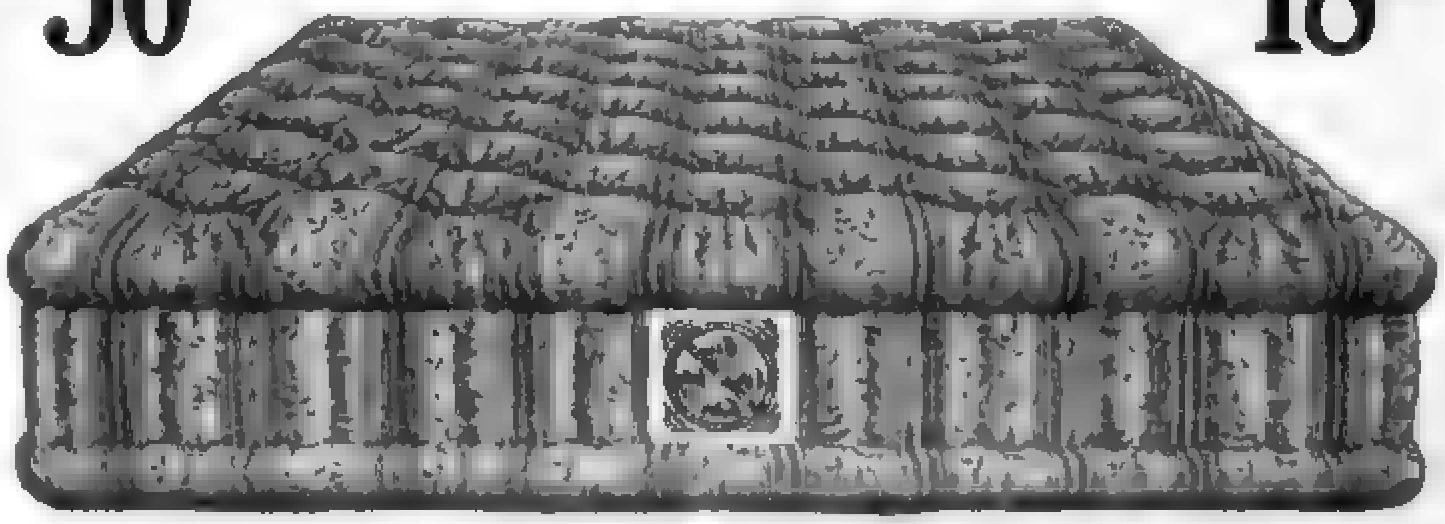
In the course of our enormous business, hundreds of ticking remnants accumulate. We take this annual opportunity to move them. You get the financial benefit—we clear our stock.

Luxurious French Edge Mattresses, *extra thickness, extra weight, exceptional softness*, weighing sixty pounds, finest grade of covering, all full size, 4 feet 6 inches wide by 6 feet 4 inches long, in one or two parts as desired.

Regular Price $30

These mattresses cost $30.00 regularly and are in every way as great, if not greater bargains than those sold last year at special price of $18.50. If you were fortunate enough to secure one, you will fully appreciate the present sale.

Special Price $\$18^{50}$



Mattresses are all full double-bed size, **4 ft. 6 in. wide, 6 ft. 4 in. long,** *in one or two parts,* round corners, 5-inch inseamed borders, French Rolled Edges, exactly like illustration. Built in the daintiest possible manner by our most expert specialists.

Filling is especially selected; Ostermoor Sheets, all hand-laid, closed within ticking entirely by hand sewing.

Weight, full 60 lbs. each, 15 lbs. more than regular.

Coverings, beautiful Mercerized French Art Twills, finest quality, pink, blue, yellow, green or lavender, plain or figured. High-grade, dust-proof Satin Finish Ticking, striped in linen effect or the good old-fashioned blue and white stripe Herring-bone Ticking.

Price $\$18^{50}$ Each
(in one or two parts)
From Your Ostermoor Dealer

Or if he has none in stock, we will ship direct, express prepaid, same day check is received by us.

We pay Transportation Charges anywhere in the United States. Offered only while they last; first come, first served. The supply is limited. Terms of sale: Cash in advance; none sent C. O. D.

Regular Ostermoor Mattress, 4-inch border, 4 ft. 6 in. size, 45 lbs., in two parts, costs $15.50. The $30 French Edge Mattress is two inches thicker, weighs 15 lbs. more, has round corners—soft Rolled Edges—closer tufts, finer covering, and is much softer and far more resilient.

Send your name on a postal for our free descriptive book, "The Test of Time," a veritable work of art, 144 pages in two colors, profusely illustrated; it's well worth while.

Ostermoor & Company,
101 Elizabeth St., New York

Canadian Agency
Alaska Feather & Down Co. Ltd. Montreal

☞ When ordering please state first, second and even third choice of color of covering in case all you like are already sold as there will be no time for correspondence. If you are willing to risk the delay write for samples.

Built—
Not
Stuffed
Trade-Mark
Reg. U. S. P. Of

Oddities and Novelties

Mathematical Prodigies

THE boy who recently held forth learnedly on the subject of the fourth dimension before an assemblage of Harvard professors and students is by no means unique. There have been many before him and there will be many after him. Gauss, the famous German mathematician, began his calculations when he was three years old; Ampère, the French scientist, between three and five; Whately at five; Pugliese and Succaro at about five; Colburn at five; Safford at six; Mathieu le Coq, Bidder, Prolongeau and Inaudi at six; Mondeux at seven; the Countess of Mansfield's daughter at eight or earlier; Ferrol, Mangiamele, Grandmange and Pierini at about the same age.

Professor Frank D. Mitchell, who was himself a mathematical prodigy at three, has investigated these instances of precocity. Brushing aside the uncritical amazement with which these infantile achievements have always been greeted, he insists that when once the interest of a child is aroused in the various symmetries and properties of numbers, the habit of mental calculation is easily fixed and developed. Usually this interest is aroused by the child's occupation or his inability to play. Thus, Mondeux, Mangiamele, Pierini and Inaudi were shepherd boys, whose calling required an ability to count. Safford, Grandmange—born without arms or legs—Pierini and Professor Mitchell himself were variously incapacitated for active play and were, therefore, thrown almost entirely upon their own resources for amusement.

Instead of joining in the popular admiration of these youthful calculators, Professor Mitchell argues that precocity, in mental arithmetic at least, is quite natural. Mathematical precocity, in his opinion, stands in a class by itself, as a result of the simplicity and isolation of mental arithmetic.

Thus Fuller and Buxton were men of colossal ignorance and limited powers of calculations, and so was Dase, who was born at Hamburg in 1824, and was little more than a human ciphering machine, able to carry on enormous calculations in his head. A distinguished university professor tried in vain for six weeks to drive the first elements of mathematics into Dase's brain. Dase's extraordinary ability in mental calculation is evidenced by the fact that he was able to multiply mentally two numbers, each of which contained one hundred figures. It took him eight and three-quarter hours to perform this task, which stands in a class by itself. No other arithmetical prodigy ever equaled that stupendous feat. Dase was able to multiply mentally two forty-figure numbers in forty minutes, and two eight-figure numbers in less than one minute.

Buxton, another astonishing ignoramus, remained illiterate through life, although his father had some education. He had a wonderful memory and could call off long numbers from right to left or from left to right with equal facility. On one occasion he squared mentally a thirty-nine-figure number in two and a half months. He was extremely slow and in this respect resembled a negro by the name of Tom Fuller, who was known as "The Virginia Calculator." Although entirely illiterate, Fuller was able to reduce mentally years and months to seconds, and could multiply mentally two nine-figure numbers.

On a far higher intellectual plane stood Ampère, Bertrand, Gauss, Bidder and Safford, in whom unusual mathematical and general ability and a wide range of interests existed side by side with marked skill in mental calculation. Gauss retained an extraordinary ability for mental calculations throughout life and remembered the first few decimals of the logarithms of all numbers, so that he was able to use the data of a logarithmic table in his mental calculations, and hence possessed a mental slide rule—without doubt a unique possession.

Considering such cases as those of Dase and Buxton at the one extreme of abysmal ignorance, and Gauss and Bertrand at the other extreme of wide culture, it seems that education as such has no influence on mathematical precocity, either to help or hinder it. Why lecture at Harvard in knickerbockers on the higher geometry?

The Eye of the Submarine

A SUBMARINE torpedo boat when submerged would be as blind as a Mammoth Cave fish were it not for an instrument which is known as a periscope and which may well be regarded as a kind of artificial optic nerve. In a general way the periscope resembles the camera obscura which once delighted our less blasé forefathers at Coney Island and similar resorts, before loop-the-loops and hair-raising scenic railways became the rage. At each end of a telescoping tube a reflecting prism is mounted. The upper prism reflects the image of an approaching vessel down the tube; the lower prism throws that image on a white surface. The commanding officer sees the approaching vessel, just as the surrounding country is seen by means of the camera obscura. A special mechanism is provided to turn the tube in any direction, which is the equivalent of turning our heads to see objects behind us or at either side.

Because the eye of the submarine must be rotated in this manner to see all that occurs at the surface, it has happened on at least two occasions that submarines have been run down. A submarine is, therefore, somewhat in the position of a man who attempts to cross a crowded thoroughfare without being knocked down by a wagon or an automobile. In his bewilderment he may not look behind him. Each of the newer submarines is now provided with two periscopes, one for the commanding officer, which may be turned around for observation on all sides, and one for the helmsman. While the commander may be observing on all sides, the helmsman can at all times see exactly what is in front of him

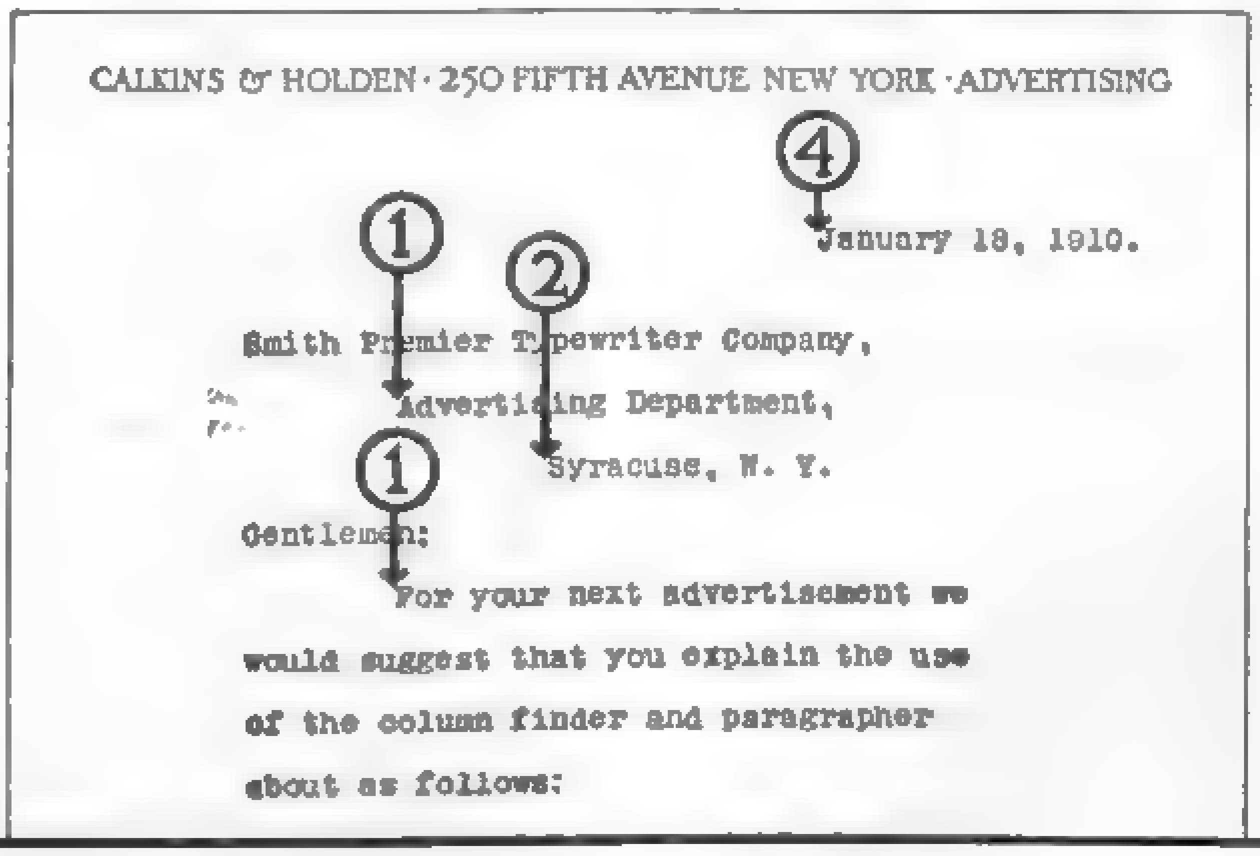
For the purpose of obviating the necessity of turning the periscope, an inventor has recently devised a ring-shaped reflecting prism which forms a circular image of the entire surface. That image discloses every object not only in front of a submarine, but at every angle. Hence one periscope does the work of two, and hence the submarine can now see behind it without turning around.

The Perfect Light

LIGHT without heat is the end of all experiment in artificial illumination. Our best incandescent lamps convert only a minute fraction of the energy in coal into light. The rest is all wasted. Nature does far better than that. A firefly converts nearly all of its luminous energy into light, for which reason it can be held in the hand without scorching the skin.

The study of nature's ideal cold light was begun some years ago by the late Professor Samuel P. Langley, at the Smithsonian Institution in Washington. It has recently been taken up anew by Doctors Ives and Coblentz as a part of an elaborate study for the object of improving artificial illuminants. As a result of their work, carried on with more modern and, therefore, more improved apparatus, they have shown that the best electric light in existence is a poor thing indeed. By burning coal under a boiler, heating water to make steam, using the steam to drive a dynamo, leading the current generated by the dynamo to the most economical electric light which engineers can produce, we painfully obtain a glow which is only about four per cent as good as the firefly's luminosity. Our worst electric light, which is the ordinary incandescent carbon filament lamp, has only about 0.43 per cent of the firefly's efficiency.

The light of the firefly, if it could be artificially imitated, would not be generally acceptable because of its green hue. It would be too much like the radiation of those luminous mercury tubes under which the skin appears a cadaverous green, and the veins rivulets of purple blood. Disagreeable as it is, this peculiar greenish hue happens to be the most intense light attainable with a few colors or a single color. Doctors Ives and Coblentz, therefore, conclude that the firefly has carried luminous efficiency too far to be acceptable for human purposes. It has produced the cheapest form of light known, so far as amount of light for expenditure of energy is concerned, but it has produced it at the expense of color.



CALKINS & HOLDEN · 250 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK · ADVERTISING

④ January 18, 1910.

① ② Smith Premier Typewriter Company,
Advertising Department,
Syracuse, N. Y.

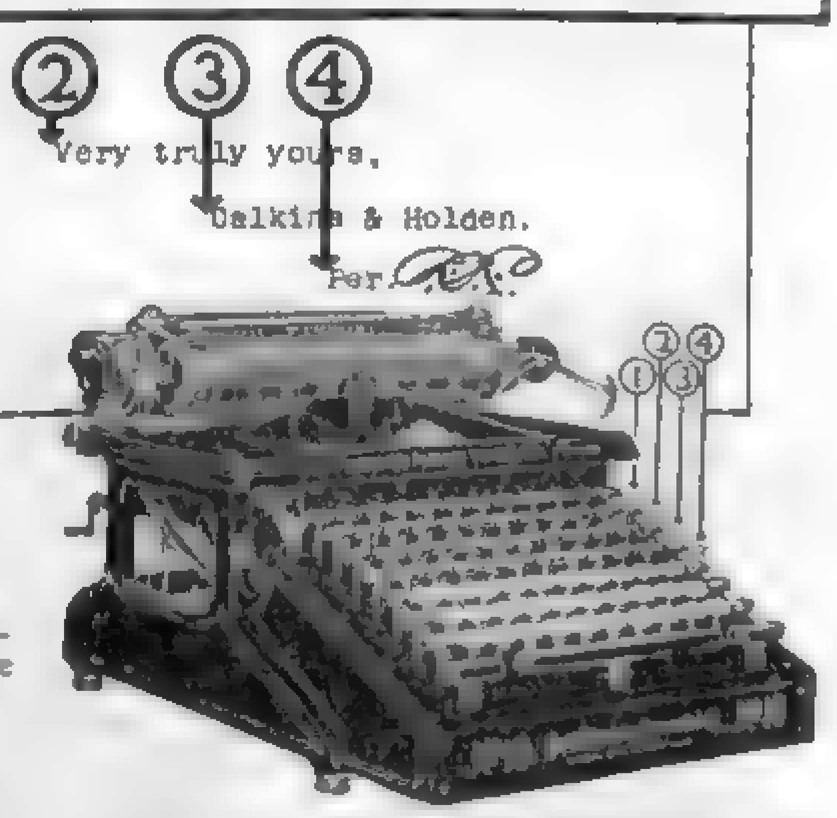
① Gentlemen:

For your next advertisement we would suggest that you explain the use of the column finder and paragrapher about as follows:

Press key 4 and the carriage moves to the point where the date is to be written. So with the address, the paragraphs and the signature—a single key, pressed, brings the carriage to the writing point. This is the Combination Column Finder and Paragrapher—a wonderful time saver in letter writing and tabulating—an exclusive feature of the new Model 10

Smith Premier Typewriter

② ③ ④ Very truly yours,
Calkins & Holden.
Per



Write us about it.

The Smith Premier Typewriter Co., Inc.
Syracuse, N. Y. Branches Everywhere

Save $2,300 on this CRUISER

Only 50 of these Boats can be Built this Season

HERE, at last, is the boat you have waited for—at a price you can afford to pay—**the new 36-ft. raised-deck Racine Cruiser.** Just step aboard this sea going beauty and look her over—38 feet over all she measures,—her beam is 8 ft. 6 in. She will go anywhere there is two feet six inches of water, and you can take your friends on this boat with cruising accommodations for eight; toilet room, owner's stateroom, and cockpit holding ten. The galley is big, fresh water tanks for salt water cruising, ice box, surplus storage and all—a real home on water, independent of all the hotels on earth.

RACINE MUSKEGON

And the price—other builders with limited capacity and old fashioned methods would have to ask $3,500 to $5,000 but our price is $2,200 for the whole outfit. Every detail of hull and fittings is up to the regular Racine standard, nothing scrimped, no pains of labor or material spared, just to make the price low.

Everything that goes with a boat is [illegible] lights, screens, [illegible] Wired for electric lights. [illegible] You will not have extras to buy on this boat.

You Can Own A Boat. You can afford to own this boat and run it yourself. You will require no crew [illegible] and go anywhere.

We will gladly send you also this newest catalogue of the Racine family as well as the other boats we make—everything that goes on water from the largest to the smallest—our 26-foot cruiser at $[illegible], a Speed Boat at $[illegible], Power Dory at $[illegible], etc., etc., etc. Send today for the story of "The Cruise of the Bonita," which will help you select the boat you need.

RACINE BOAT MFG. CO., Dept. J, Muskegon, Mich.

CHICAGO DETROIT NEW YORK BOSTON PHILADELPHIA SEATTLE

Mussel Farms of the Future

By RENÉ BACHE

One-Hundred-Ton Crops From One Acre

WHEN it is considered that the American wage-earner spends more than half his earnings for food, and that the problem of food supply is economically important beyond all others, it seems a pity that a species of shellfish more abundant than the oyster on our coasts, equally palatable, and more nutritious, should be allowed to go altogether to waste—especially in view of the fact that it can be more easily propagated and cultivated than the oyster, requiring no special and peculiar conditions for its growth.

This shellfish is the common mussel. Its possibilities as an article of food for man have recently been made the subject of a special study by the United States Fisheries Bureau, which declares that mussel farms, properly managed, ought to yield something like ten times the money profit ordinarily expected from good agricultural land. In fact, such returns are already yielded by farms of the kind in British waters, where the average annual production is one hundred and eight tons of the mollusks per acre, salable in the market for $262.

The American Indians, long before the arrival of Columbus, were accustomed to eat great quantities of oysters and clams. They never touched mussels, however, entertaining a superstitious notion that they were harmful. This idea they communicated to the whites, who appear to have clung to it ever since. At all events, few people in this country have any notion that mussels are good to eat—though the fact is that, as above stated, they are quite as palatable as oysters and more nutritious. Also, they are more digestible, being particularly suitable as a diet for invalids; and they have the additional advantage of being in season when the oyster is out of season.

The Fisheries Bureau has tested the question by practical experiments. Not only have mussels been served, in various styles, on the tables of the mess of the Marine Biological Station at Woods Hole, Massachusetts, receiving highest and unanimous approval, but scores of persons elsewhere, who have been persuaded to try them roasted, steamed and fried have acknowledged that in flavor they are superior to clams and quite equal to oysters. Quotation is made of the unsought testimony of a mother who, with an invalid daughter, spent a recent season on the Rhode Island coast and there learned to eat mussels. She says:

"Two years ago we boarded for a little while at Matunuck, a few miles from Point Judith. There are large mussel beds there, and we were told that they were particularly nourishing and good for a weak digestion. We boiled them like clams, roasted them on hot stones and found them most delicious. We ate quarts every day and have longed for them ever since."

Rich Crops at Small Cost

Mussels are extremely abundant in the bays and estuaries of the Atlantic coast from North Carolina northward, and likewise along the Pacific coast from San Francisco to Alaska. They are found in beds often acres in extent on the surface of mud or sand at low-tide mark, and also in deeper water, where they can be dredged by the ton. There are places in Narragansett Bay where a man may easily get fifty bushels of mussels a day and keep it up for a whole season, from May to November.

It is a curious fact that in Europe, where clams are wholly neglected, being regarded as unfit to eat, mussels should be highly esteemed as human food and even farmed on an extensive scale. In the British Isles the method adopted is to collect the young shellfish when they are very small and transfer them to beds in favorable localities, usually in estuaries, where the water is brackish and other conditions exist such as are supposed to encourage growth and fattening. It is in such places as these that yields of one hundred or more tons to the acre are common; areas of mud or sand flats, so situated as to be exposed at low tide, being thus productive of an income many times as great as can be obtained from the richest acres of dry land.

This kind of farming, furthermore, has the advantage of requiring little capital, and it demands no great amount of labor. There are no expensive fertilizers to be bought, and plowing or other cultivation of the area planted with mussels is unnecessary. All that is required is a fresh "seeding" annually with young mussels scraped from piles or otherwise obtained in quantities with no great amount of work. These bivalves are exceedingly prolific, and breed in the same way as oysters—the baby mussels being at first free-swimmers and settling down later on, as oysters do, in a fixed spot for the rest of their lives.

French Cultural Methods

The extent of the demand of the European market for mussels may be judged from the fact that one fishing village, in the Bay of Aiguillon, produced last year, by cultivation, two hundred and fifteen thousand bushels of the shellfish, representing a value of more than $112,000. On the French coast, however, an entirely different method from that above described is pursued, wooden structures being provided for rearing purposes. These structures, which are called *buchots*, have the form of a huge letter V, some of them being as much as two hundred and fifty yards in length, with the apex of the V pointing out to sea.

A typical *buchot* is composed of tree trunks driven into the sea bottom pile-fashion, two feet apart, and made into a continuous fence by interlacing them with a mesh of flexible willow branches. The trunks, six inches to a foot in diameter and a dozen feet long, are driven into the ground half their length, so that the structure is extremely solid and permanent. Running at right angles with the shore the *buchots* are placed about thirty yards apart, and there are several rows of them.

Thus the outermost row of *buchots*, in the deepest water, may be as much as three miles from high-water mark, and so situated as to be exposed only at lowest tides. These outer structures are intended to serve merely as spat-collectors, the free-swimming baby mussels fastening upon them in great numbers and taking hold by means of the byssus, or anchor thread, with which each of them is provided. When they are five months old they are scraped off and transferred to the next row of *buchots*, nearer shore, where they are made fast in bundles with wrappings of old nets. Of course, the nets soon rot away, but by this time the mussels have firmly attached themselves to the piles and willow network.

This process is repeated again and again, the larger mussels being continually removed from the wicker-work and transferred to the next row of *buchots*, nearer shore. By such means they are prevented from becoming unduly crowded, and the marketable ones find their way to land.

Within a year they are sufficiently grown to be fit for market, having attained a length of an inch and three-quarters, or two inches. But, before being offered for sale, they are transferred for a while to the highest row of *buchots*, where they are finally gathered for shipment.

Such is the method of farming the mussel practiced on the French coast. It is certainly most interesting, and its value for improving the quality of the product may be judged from the fact that the very poorest cultivated mussels are deemed superior to the best of natural growth. The plan of culture here described, it should be explained, is by no means of recent origin; but, on the contrary, dates back to the year 1025 A. D., or thereabouts, when an Irishman named Walton, the sole survivor of a shipwreck, was thrown ashore in the Bay of Aiguillon, near a little village. He was rescued and kindly treated by the fishermen of that locality, who obtained a distressingly scanty living from the sea, in part derived from the sale of the mussels they gathered. Dwelling for some time among them Walton was able to pay back their hospitality a thousandfold by inventing a contrivance for rearing mussels artificially.

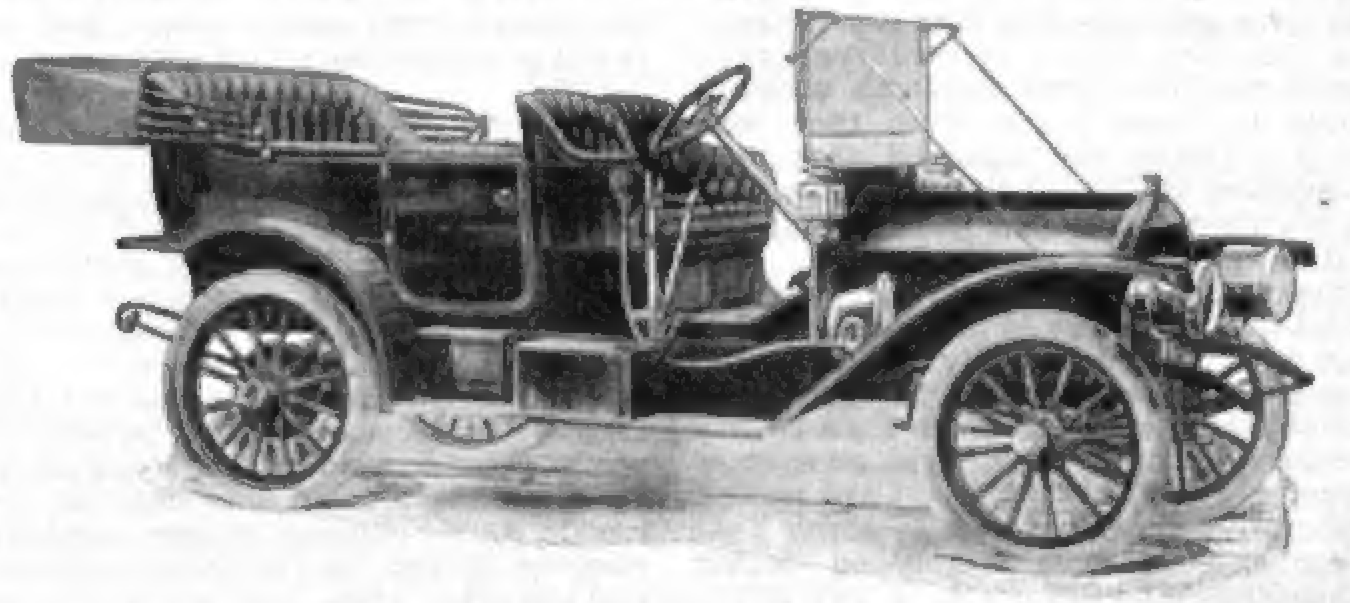
To You Who Want a Complete Car

Investigate the Enger "40." Fully Equipped at $2000—the Value will Amaze You

THE ENGER "40" is actually fully equipped. There is no list of exceptions. There are no "extras" to buy with an Enger "40." It is complete — all ready for your service. Because everything is included at $2000, you know the true price of your car at the outset — just what it's going to cost you in full.

Those who have bought other cars in previous years — as well as dealers in automobiles — will realize how supreme is this advantage.

So much for the equipment. Regarding the car itself — at twice the money you would still appreciate its amazing value.



The Fully Equipped Enger "40" $2000 Complete

In building this Enger model we avoided the experimental stage of automobile making. We had ample facilities — abundant capital. Some manufacturers have a long record of costly experiments to charge against their cars. They have had to abandon expensive machinery — as it became out-of-date. Such things must affect what they are able to give for the money in their cars.

We were able from the first to employ only the most expert craftsmen. We secured the newest, most improved machinery. We used the most approved construction methods. We selected the best known, tested and proved materials.

As a result, the Enger "40" is a masterwork. In looks, it is big, roomy and handsomely fitted, with exceeding beauty of line.

Its weight is kept down — to save in upkeep. Yet it has great speed and power. It is a car of surprising vitality. It mounts the most stubborn hills with a full load. It stands the utmost punishment of the roughest going. It travels muddy roads eagerly.

Each Enger "40" is given performance tests on the roads and hills about Cincinnati — as trying as any in America. A car that shows perfect performance here will do so anywhere.

The price we have fixed as low as we could — to give only a fair margin of profit such as is obtained in other lines of manufacture.

Briefly told, these facts will show you why the Enger "40" is a car of quality unusual at $2000. Send today for our catalog to learn more about this wonderful car.

Specifications of the 1910 Enger "40"

Motor: Four-cylinder, four-cycle; cylinders cast in pairs. 4¼-inch bore by 5-inch stroke. 3-bearing crank shaft.

Horsepower: 40.

Cooling: Water. Gear driven pump. Radiator of ample efficiency. Fan attached to motor, running on two point ball bearings. Center distances of fan pulleys adjustable to take up stretch in belt.

Ignition: Double system high tension magneto with non-vibrating coil — the other, a five unit dry cell battery, through high tension distributor.

Lubrication: Oil uniformly distributed. Splash system.

Carburetor: Latest Schebler—Model "L."—Float feed type, needle valve controlled by the throttle, thus controlling the proper mixture at all speeds.

Clutch: Multiple disc.

Transmission: Sliding gear, selective type, three speeds forward and reverse.

Drive: Direct shaft drive in housing to bevel gears of special cut teeth to afford maximum strength. Universal joint between transmission and rear axle.

Axles: Full Floating Type in rear, special alloy steel, live axle shafts running on anti-friction bearings. Front "I" beam section with drop forged yokes, spring perches, tie rod ends and steering spindles.

Brakes: One internal and one external brake direct on wheels, large drums, double acting and compensating.

Steering Gear: Worm and sector type, adjustable, with ball thrust bearings.

Frame: Dropped, pressed steel, channel section. Width 32 inches.

Wheels: Wood artillery type, with quick detachable rims. Special large hub flanges and special strength wide spokes.

The Enger Motor Car Co.
Gest and Summer Sts., Cincinnati, O.

Wheel Base: 118 inches.

Tires: 34 x 4 inches. Quick detachable.

Tread: 56 inches.

Springs: Front, semi-elliptical, 38 inches long by two inches wide. Rear, semi-elliptical, 50 inches long by two inches wide.

Control: Spark and throttle levers at steering wheel. Steering wheel 16 inches in diameter. Clutch operated by foot pedal. Service brake (external) operated by foot lever. Emergency brake (internal) operated by hand lever. Speed changes by hand lever operating in "H" plate.

Speed: 5 to 60 miles an hour on high gear.

Gasoline Capacity: About 20 gallons.

Upholstering: Black leather over genuine curled hair and deep coil steel springs.

Finish: Royal Blue Body and cream chassis, striped.

Equipment: Top, windshield, magneto, speedometer, one pair gas head lights and generator, one pair side oil lamps and tail lamp, horn, set of tools, pump, tire repair kit, jack, robe and foot rail and tire irons.

Send This Coupon

S. E. P., 5-5-10.

The Enger Motor Car Co.,
Gest and Summer Sts., Cincinnati, O.

Send me at once catalog of the 1910 FULLY EQUIPPED ENGER "40."

Name ....

Address ....

City ....

THRIFT

Boys and Girls Taught to Save

WITH youngsters, nothing pays so well in character and steadiness as a little time devoted to teaching them to earn money and save it.

The superintendent of an Eastern orphan asylum imposes money fines upon the boys and girls under his charge, which develops as well as controls them. Such fines, of course, are nominal, but the youngster has to earn money to pay them, even if paid on the installment plan. This not only teaches him responsibility for his or her own deeds, but also keeps the youngster happy and out of more mischief. The money is earned by odd jobs around the institution as well as through the sale of garden truck and outside employment. The superintendent is asked for work by a dozen youngsters every time he walks across the grounds, and as a result is continually diverting into useful channels an abounding energy that might take wrong directions if it were not utilized.

When the first "juvenile savings annex" was started in connection with a New Jersey building-and-loan society some years ago, even men who had long experience of the steadying power of thrift on grown people predicted that children's accounts would be more bother than they were worth. For it was assumed that most youngsters would want to withdraw their money after a few dollars had accumulated.

But they were wholly wrong. This annex is still maintained and now has about five hundred and fifty young depositors in a town with only two thousand four hundred families. At the last report the boys and girls had more than twenty thousand dollars to their credit, an average of more than thirty-five dollars apiece. Their accounts have been so stable that other societies have established similar annexes.

After the first juvenile annex started in New York State had been running a full year, there were five hundred and twenty-two members, of whom three hundred and five were boys and two hundred and seventeen girls. In twelve months they deposited nearly ten thousand dollars, while withdrawals were less than five hundred dollars. In other words, more than ninety-five cents of every dollar a youngster put into the society stayed there.

An Object-Lesson in Banking

Another building-and-loan association received one hundred dollars from a friend to be placed, a dollar at a time, to the credit of boys and girls who systematically saved a certain nominal amount weekly through one year. This fund was all absorbed by thrifty youngsters, and results were so good that a merchant in that town deposited two thousand dollars to be credited to youngsters who would agree to deposit ten cents weekly for a year. Boys and girls started with a passbook upon which a dollar was credited, and, if the agreement was carried out, got another dollar at the end of twelve months. This fund, too, is being absorbed by the youngsters, and has had a remarkably steadying influence in the town.

In one association maintaining a juvenile savings department the Saturday afternoon deposits of six hundred children will sometimes aggregate one thousand two hundred dollars and the work of attending to them has grown so great that two of the large employers there detail clerks to help take care of these deposits. Even during our recent panic and depression the juvenile deposits at that place were kept intact, and money added to them.

In a certain manufacturing town there is a large grammar-school, located in the factory district. Pupils leave at about fourteen, going to work in the mills. Their parents are chiefly of foreign birth, industrious and saving, but have an ingrained distrust of our banks. Money is hidden in homes, and occasionally a wayward youngster taps the family hoard and runs off with fifty or a hundred dollars.

The principal of this school undertook to teach parents our banking methods through the children. A class was singled out for the experiment, and one dollar collected from pupils in pennies, earned or saved from candy money. Then he took the dollar to a local savings-bank, deposited it on behalf of the class, and asked some elementary questions of the cashier.

Would the class have to pay the bank for keeping its dollar?

No, the bank would pay the class interest for each whole dollar left there a whole year, and the cashier explained how interest compounds.

How could the bank do that?

Why, by putting the dollar at work.

How was this done?

It would be lent, with other people's dollars, to some man who wanted to build a home, who would mortgage a piece of land as security, paying for the use of the money while he had it.

How could the class feel certain that its dollar would be safe?

The cashier explained how a savings-bank is safeguarded in that state.

The school principal then went back and reported all this to the class, and the pupils got so clear an idea of how a savings-bank works that it was decided to add to the deposit until enough money had been saved to present the school with a flag.

How Thrift is Taught in England

By way of demonstrating that money would earn more if the owner put it to work himself, the principal gave the class a dollar, with which a newspaper business was started. Pupils canvassed for customers who would take afternoon papers by the week, and took turns delivering them. With about fifty patrons the profits came to a dollar and a half weekly. By the time a handsome flag had been bought these youngsters were depositing earnings of their own at the savings-bank, and the effect upon their parents has been good.

In the English public schools thrift is frequently taken up as a class topic, the growth of small savings being shown in arithmetic examples. Thrift is shown to be more than saving money, however. It is making the best use of things. Pupils are taught how health, clothes, time and ability may be economized; they are shown the advantages of cash payments and how money is lost by people who buy goods on installments or credit, the dearness of cheap articles, the best kind of clothes and food to buy, and so forth. Savings accounts are often opened with pupils by the teacher, money being deposited either in trustee savings-banks or with the British Post-office, which facilitates children's savings by accepting postage stamps bought one at a time and pasted on deposit slips.

A father has taught his three boys to set aside part of their time for work, helping them earn money either by giving them home tasks, or by making suggestions as to outside enterprises. Ten hours in the day are allotted to sleep, two hours for meals, six in school, four for play, leaving two hours for work. These youngsters get nominal wages for chores at home and have earned considerable money during their schooldays by delivering papers, selling garden truck from back-yard plots, taking small printing jobs, and the like. Half of their earnings must go into the savings-bank. Much of the money they spend is invested in useful articles, such as cameras and printing-presses, with which something may be learned and money earned. The youngest, aged nine, has forty-eight dollars saved; the next boy, eleven years old, has nearly a hundred dollars; and the oldest at fourteen years possesses above two hundred dollars. Twice a year, when the bank credits interest on their passbooks, the father doubles the amount of interest out of his own pocket. This plan has made father and sons close companions, and their sensible talks on various practical projects have far outweighed the actual money results. The father earns a fine income, and adopted this plan when the oldest boy was eight years old, because he recognized that it would be a good deal more necessary for his boys to learn to earn and save than might be the case if they really needed the money.

Woodworth

Woodworth Treads are made of specially treated chrome leather studded with steel rivets. They are held in place by coil springs along the sides. They fit all makes of tires, and anyone can easily put them on without taking the tire from the rim.

Good tires fitted with Woodworth Treads last from 25,000 to 50,000 miles.

Woodworth Treads are puncture-proof and prevent skidding. The spring adjustment holds them close to the tire. There is never the slightest looseness or wrinkling, therefore, no chafing or heating.

Woodworth Treads are the only protectors guaranteed not to injure the tire. We agree to give a new tire of the same make for any tire damaged by our Treads when used according to our instructions.

Tires are high. Send for 1910 catalog and learn how to save them.

Leather Tire Goods Co., Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Canadian trade supplied from Niagara Falls, Ont.

A Canthrox Shampoo

Is a Pleasure and a Delight

It cleanses the hair and scalp so thoroughly, so completely, so satisfactorily—and yet so easily and gently! You never saw such an abundance of fine, rich, creamy, cleansing lather. It removes every particle of dust, oil and dandruff—relieves itching scalp—dries quickly without streaking—and leaves the hair bright, soft and fluffy.

Canthrox Is Sold By Druggists Everywhere

50c a Package Containing Fifteen Shampoos

If asked for, Canthrox Shampoos are given in many first-class Hair Dressing and Shampoo Parlors.

Just dissolve a teaspoonful of Canthrox in a cup of hot water—and your shampoo is ready.

For a 2c Stamp—One Shampoo

To enable you to try Canthrox Shampoo we will send upon receipt of your name and address, and a 2c stamp to pay postage, sufficient Canthrox for a single shampoo. Canthrox, unlike many soaps, contains nothing that is likely to cause the hair to become streaky, coarse or brittle, or split at the ends.

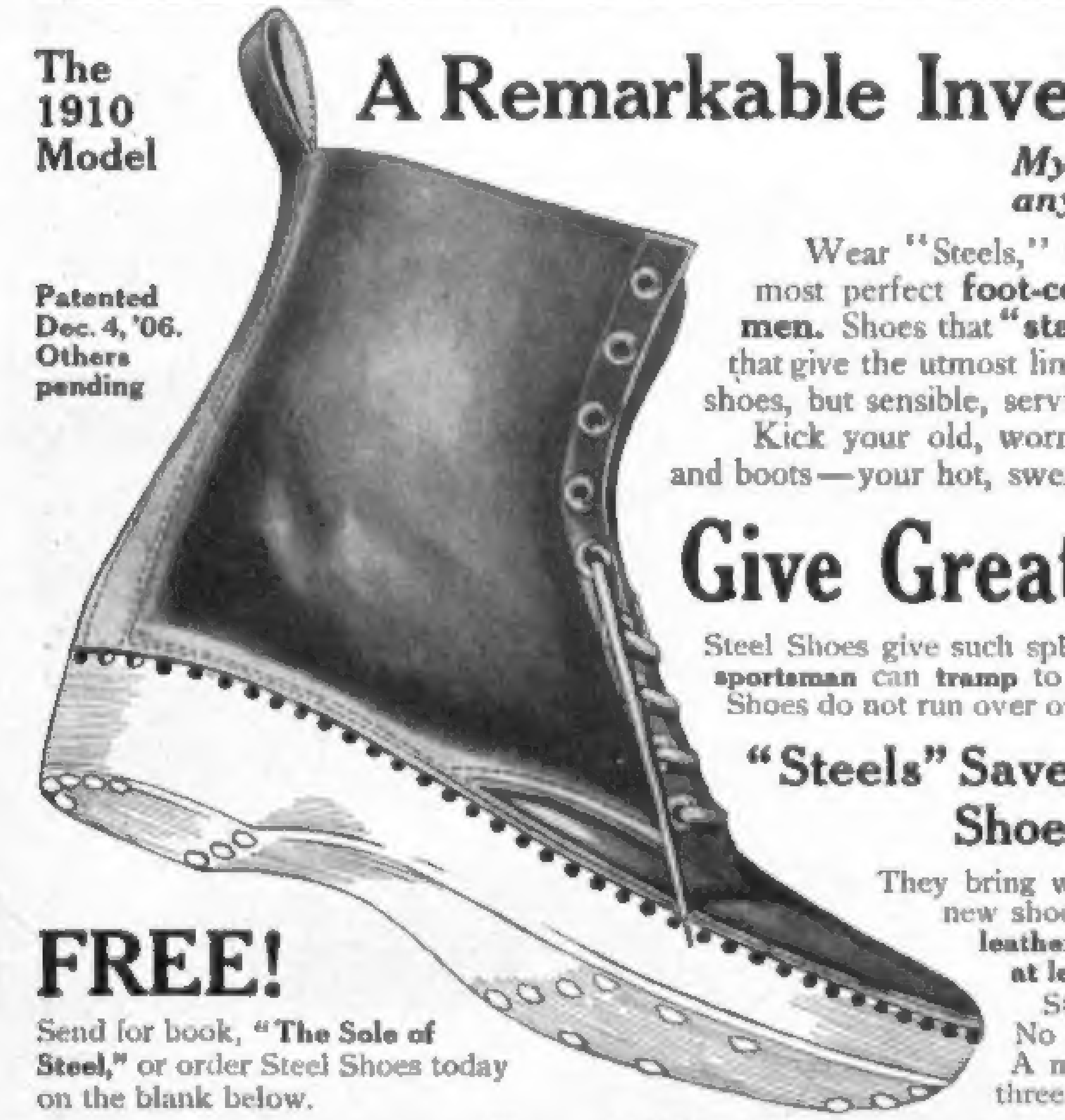
H. S. PETERSON & CO.,
212 Kinzie Street Chicago, Ill.

For Comfort, Economy and Service,—Wear

Ruthstein's STEEL SHOES!

Give Protection Against Colds, Rheumatism, Stiffness! No More Blistered, Aching Feet!

"Farewell—a long farewell to all my Corns and Bunions!"



The 1910 Model

Patented Dec. 4, '06. Others pending

A Remarkable Invention that Adds Years to Life of Shoes!

My Steel Shoes have done more for the Workingmen's feet than any other invention of the last 100 years.—N. M. RUTHSTEIN.

Wear "Steels," the wonderful work shoes with **soles of steel,** whose life is measured in **years!** Enjoy the most perfect **foot-comfort** you ever knew—and the great **shoe-economy!** Steel Shoes are **real** shoes, for real **men.** Shoes that **"stand the racket"** of roughest service, anywhere and everywhere, in any kind of weather. Shoes that give the utmost limit of protection from dampness and chill and illness resulting from cold, wet feet. Not "freak" shoes, but sensible, serviceable, **wearable** footwear—**high grade from top to toe!**

Kick your old, worn, lop-sided, leaky, hard, warped, twisted, ill-fitting, foot-torturing, **leather-soled** work shoes and boots—your hot, sweaty rubber boots, felt boots and arctics — into **"Kingdom-Come!"**

Give Great Satisfaction to Workers Everywhere!

Steel Shoes give such splendid protection that the **wearer** can work all day in mud, slush or snow with **warm, dry feet.** The **sportsman** can **tramp** to the end of the **trail** and these sturdy shoes will **never fail** to keep his feet free from **discomfort.** Steel Shoes do not run over or get tight in places after being wet, like old-style all-leather shoes. Easy on—easy off!

FREE!

Send for book, **"The Sole of Steel,"** or order Steel Shoes today on the blank below.

Order a Pair of Steel Shoes

Direct from This Advertisement

Steel Shoes are health-savers and money-savers for all classes of outdoor workers.

—For Sportsmen, Lumbermen.

—For Farmers, Stockmen and Dairymen.

—For workers in Gas Plants, Creameries, Paper Mills, Foundries.

—For all who work on Brick or Concrete Floors.

—For Railroad Construction Crews, Trackmen and Switchmen.

—For Mine, Mill and Smelter Men.

—For men in hundreds of different occupations.

Protect Your Feet and Pocketbook!

Steel Shoes protect the feet from **accident,** as they cannot be penetrated by jagged rocks, protruding nails, etc.

—They protect the feet from **dampness,** preventing illness and **saving doctors' bills.**

—They bring relief from **corns, bunions, soreness** and other **foot-troubles.**

—They **save time** by permitting you to work despite **bad weather.**

—They save $5 to $10 in shoe **money** every year, and enable you to dispense with rubber boots, felt boots and arctics.

—They cost no more than the best "all leather" working shoes.

Wear "Steels"

Fool the Doctor!
Cheat the Undertaker!
Save Money and be Comfortable!

"Steels" Save You $5 to $10 a Year in Shoe Money and Repairs!

They bring welcome relief from **burdensome bills** for new shoes. One pair outlasts 3 to 6 pairs of best **leather-soled** work shoes—an actual saving of **at least $5 to $10 a year!**

Steel Shoes never go to the Repair Shop. No new heels! No half-soling! No patching! A man who wears Steel Shoes does not need three different styles of working shoes.

Never "On Your Uppers" if You Wear Steel Shoes!

The steel soles and sides of Steel Shoes are practically indestructible. All the **wear** comes on the adjustable Steel Rivets with which the bottoms are studded, and the **wearer himself** can replace Rivets **instantly,** making soles **as good as new!**

Steel Shoes are Made Wear Proof and Waterproof

Steel Soles and Sides! Waterproof Leather Uppers! Bottoms Studded With Adjustable Steel Rivets!

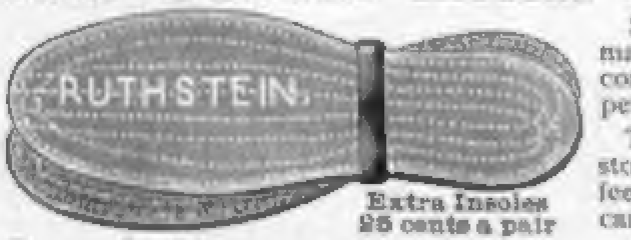
This is the happy combination that makes "Steels" **invincible!** The sole and an inch above, all around the shoe, is **stamped** out of a special, **light, thin, rust-resisting steel. One piece of steel from toe to heel!** Absolutely no cracks or seams to hold moisture or mud. The Adjustable Steel Rivets give a **firm foothold,** and protect the soles from **wear.**

When the Rivets wear down, **simply replace them!** Fifty Extra Adjustable Steel Rivets cost only 30 cents and should keep the shoes in good repair for at least two years.

The soft, pliable uppers are made of a **special tannage** of high grade **Water-proofed Leather** and firmly riveted to the soles. The rigid soles keep the uppers in shape as long as you wear the shoes.

Steel Shoes weigh no more than ordinary all-leather work shoes.

Hair Cushion Insoles Give Wonderful Elasticity!



Extra Insoles
25 cents a pair

Steel shoes have thick, springy Hair Cushion Insoles, made of fine selected horsehair and felt. So springy and comfortable that they **rest** the feet. These Insoles absorb perspiration and foot odors.

They absorb the jar and shock when you walk on hard, stony ground, cinders or concrete floors. They keep your feet free from callouses, blisters and soreness. The Insoles can easily be taken out and cleaned.

Steel Shoes in Different Heights, for Varied Uses

Sizes 5 to 12. 6 Inches, 9 Inches, 12 Inches and 16 Inches High

Steel Shoes are made with tops of different heights to meet the special requirements of all classes of men.

Steel Shoes, 6 inches high, $2.50 per pair; better grade of leather, $3 per pair; **extra** grade of leather, black or tan, $3.50 per pair.

Steel Shoes, 9 inches high, $4 per pair; **extra** grade of leather, black or tan, $5 per pair.

Steel Shoes, 12 inches high, $5 per pair; **extra** grade of leather, black or tan, $6 per pair.

Steel Shoes, 16 inches high, $6 per pair; **extra** grade of leather, black or tan, $7 per pair.

Each style of Steel Shoe is **worth** at least $1.50 more per pair than the best **all-leather** work shoes of the same height.

Special to The Saturday Evening Post Readers!

Order Steel Shoes for Your Working Shoes and Scientific Shoes for Dress and General Service Under My Guarantee of Money Back if Not Satisfied When You See the Shoes

For ordinary work I strongly recommend the 6-inch high Steel Shoes, at $3.50 a pair, or the 9-inch high at $5 a pair. For all classes of use requiring high-cut shoes, such as hunting, lumbering, ditching, etc., I recommend our 16-inch high Steel Shoes at $6 per pair, or in the extra grade of leather, black or tan, at $7 per pair. For dress and general service order a pair of "Scientific" Shoes, at our special price of $4; or with "Tread Easy" Cushion Soles, at the special introductory price of $5 per pair.

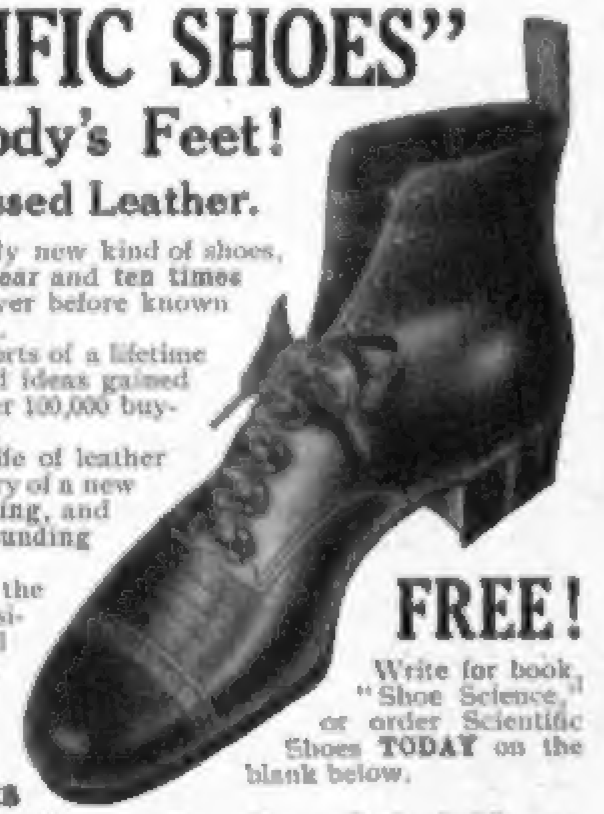
Remit the price of shoes desired and I will ship promptly. You run absolutely no risk, as your money will be refunded if you are not satisfied when you see the shoes. Mail the Order Blank today!

Ruthstein's LATEST TRIUMPH

"SCIENTIFIC SHOES"

For Everybody's Feet!

Made of Processed Leather.



These are an absolutely new kind of shoes, with **three times more wear** and **ten times more comfort** than was ever before known in Fine Footwear for Men.

They represent the efforts of a lifetime of study, experiments and ideas gained in meeting personally over 100,000 buyers of high-class footwear.

I have lengthened the life of leather **three-fold** by the discovery of a new scientific process of **tanning,** and produced shoes of **astounding durability.**

Scientific Shoes meet the needs of all classes—business men, professional men, farmers, policemen, mail carriers, mechanics —all who are constantly on their feet.

FREE!

Write for book, "Shoe Science," or order Scientific Shoes **TODAY** on the blank below.

One Pair Outlasts Three Pairs of Ordinary Leather-Soled Shoes

Men who are in the habit of buying shoes at $2.50 and $3.00 a pair will find it cheaper to buy our $4.00 shoes. These shoes will more than save the difference in price on repair bills alone, not to mention their comfort, their water-proof feature and fine appearance.

The special process of tannage makes the leather stronger, more waterproof, more flexible, more durable and superior in every way than that used in any other fine shoe.

Their Comfort Is Wonderful

"Scientific Shoes" Banish Corns and Bunions

These are the best and easiest fitting all-leather shoes in existence. They are made over a remarkable Natural Last, the only **anatomically correct last** ever used in making fine shoes. They conform to the shape of the feet so **perfectly** that they actually eradicate corns, bunions, callouses, soreness and blisters.

They give splendid protection against Rheumatism, Colds, Pneumonia, Stiffness, Discomfort, by keeping the feet warm and dry in cold, snow, slush or mud. Their high-class, stylish appearance attracts universal admiration.

Sizes 5 to 12. Save at least $2.00 a pair by ordering Scientific Shoes at these **Special Prices,** offered simply to **introduce the shoes quickly.**

Scientific Shoes, **special price** $4.00, are better than any $6.00 all-leather shoes of other makes.

Scientific Shoes, **special price** $5.00, either **with or without Tread-Easy Cushion Soles, are made of absolutely the finest grade of leather that can be tanned, and are better than the best fine shoes made regardless of price.**

The Tread-Easy Cushion Sole adds at least $1.00 to the value of "Scientific Shoes," but until further notice I will, if requested, send the $5.00 shoes with Cushion Soles **without extra charge.**

ORDER TODAY! Be the first in your neighborhood to wear a pair of "Scientific Shoes" for dress wear and "Steel Shoes" for your working shoes. Their comfort and durability will astonish you. **State size shoe you wear.** Your money back **without delay or argument** if you are not delighted when you see the shoes.

ORDER BLANK

for Steel Shoes and Scientific Shoes

Steel Shoe Co., Dept. 377, Racine, Wis.

Gentlemen:—I enclose ________ for $________
in payment for ________ pair **Steel Shoes,**
________ pair **Scientific Shoes**
with Cushion Soles (Yes or No) ________
Size ________ Width ________
Name ________
Town ________ State ________
County ________ R.F.D. ________

N. M. RUTHSTEIN
Sec'y and Treasurer

STEEL SHOE CO., Dept. 377, **Racine, Wis., U.S.A.**

Canadian Branch, Toronto, Canada
Great Britain: Northampton, Eng.

B. Lichtman
1909

I say

Genuine Joy
Genuine Appetite
Genuine Health and therefore
Genuine Complexion

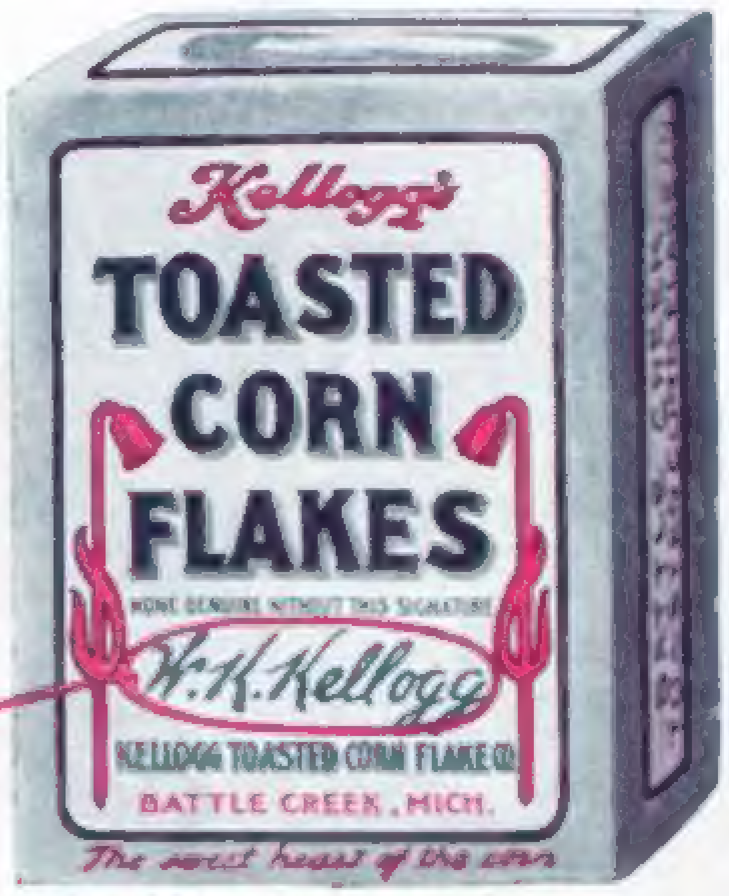
All come from eating the **GENUINE**

Kellogg's

TOASTED CORN FLAKES

NONE GENUINE WITHOUT THIS SIGNATURE

W. K. Kellogg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CORN
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W. K. Kellogg
KELLOGG TOASTED CORN FLAKE CO.
BATTLE CREEK, MICH.
The sweet heart of the corn

Copyright 1909—Kellogg Toasted Corn Flake Co.

THE KIND WITH THE FLAVOR—MADE OF THE BEST WHITE CORN